

The Ladies' Repository 1869.

OCTOBER.

"THE FUTURE OF ROMANISM IN THE UNITED STATES."

OUR nation is standing between two eras.

Her feet are planted on territory from which she is about to take her departure into untrodden fields. Like Abraham, staff in hand, about to begin his journey westward at the bidding of Providence to abide in a land he knew not, the American Republic is just setting forth, with a faith scarcely as strong as that of the patriarch, to discover in the future her political Canaan. Behind her lie the ruins of a system at war with every principle of Christian civilization. The temple slavery had erected for herself, out of blood and bones, is prostrate with the earth. Traces of its ruins are still apparent in the vices, prejudices, and manners that were a part of itself. Yet they exist only as broken arches and shattered pillars, to be dissolved by the touch of time and the remodeling hand of Christianity.

As a system of civilization slavery is in ruins. The nation is already leaving it. Her back is toward the past, her face is turned to the future. Before her lie the unhewn materials for a grander superstructure—a temple dedicated to humanity, to God. Not an edifice that shall shelter a favored race, and expose a weaker and more needy, but a temple of constitutional liberty that shall throw its protecting arches over the outcast from all nationalities in terms of social and political equality. Can this temple be constructed? If that be possible, will it stand? Will it endure the test of time? Is it a dream of social idealists, a delusion of political maniacs, or an attainable success? The answer to this important question involves a study of influences, favorable or unfavorable, an investigation of forces, social, political, and religious.

VOL. XXIX.—16*

It must be confessed that wise statesmen and far-seeing patriots differ in conclusions. Very many are acquiescing in the radical tendencies of the American nation without the faith that nerved the heart of Abraham. They doubt the expediency of introducing the principle of universal suffrage into the Federal Constitution without at least some qualification that will serve as a door of escape in possible emergencies. What, say they, if the destructive forces among us should rebound upon us with bludgeon blows? What if this ballot power, more potent with us than the bayonet, should fall into the hands of the ingathering hordes of Europe and Asia? What if the Pope should empty his moral rottenness on our shores, and, with the aid of demagogues and the kindred vice of our own land, outnumber us at the ballot-box? What if Cuba, Canada, and the semi-barbarous States on our Southern borders, should gravitate to us with their ignorance and lawlessness?

It must be confessed that no subject, since the presentation of the slave conspiracy, is engrossing the attention of thoughtful patriots like the probable or possible influence of the Fifteenth Amendment. In the consideration of this subject there is probably no one hostile element that looms up before the national imagination with a darker outline, and a more foreboding aspect than the future of Romanism. Here, in our midst, is a vast religious system, hostile to the genius of our institutions, silently and stealthily grasping for political power, consolidating all kindred forces that will ally themselves in the selfish anticipation of spoils and authority, and using them to further the interests of their religious hierarchy. Can they accomplish their purpose? Will our amended Constitution aid the consummation of their cherished plans? In other words, what is to be

the future of Romanism on our soil, protected by the welcoming flag of the Republic? Many are alarmed at the prospect, others are confident of the ascendancy of Protestantism, and the peaceful subjugation of the man of sin. But we fear neither party hold very definite reasons for their hopes or fears. We need calm and well-grounded convictions on this question. It will not do to be alarmed at phantoms of our own getting up, nor yet to slumber in indifference while the enemy is sewing his tares among us. The fearful ones should examine the premises from which their conclusions flow, and the confident should fortify their conscious security by diligent investigation of facts and principles. Unreasonable alarm is a confession of weakness, while careless indifference is a crime against ourselves. To indulge either is to betray ourselves to the rout.

In forming a judgment of the future of Romanism, it is necessary that we examine the basis on which the system rests. Every system must have a basis, a distinctive foundation principle, on which the superstructure reposes, and no correct judgment can be formed of its future without a clear apprehension of that principle. That once disclosed, we can judge of its probable success or defeat by a calculation of the relative strength of the cohesive forces that combine to give it permanency, and the repulsive and disintegrating forces that combine for its destruction. Romanism has such a basis, and it is not difficult to discover it. Heaving aside the rubbish of form and ceremony, the aggregation of centuries, and digging directly toward our object, we discover its foundation stones emblazoned with that talismanic word of Christianity—"Faith."

Faith, the holiest principle of spirit-life, the parent of virtue, the eternal source of activity, sentiment, affection, progress, is the cornerstone of Romanism. Indeed, so far is this assertion true that the Church will not willingly permit any thing else in the souls of its adherents. All faculties and endowments of the mind and heart must be dwarfed, crushed, extirpated, if need be, so that faith may reign without a rival. Now here is truth—"without faith it is impossible to please him." Faith is a prime necessity of probational life. Without it probation is practically ended. Pilate might have been arrested by the tender and searching inquiry of Jesus, "Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?" had he not been a universal skeptic in relation to all spiritual truth. The loss of faith in the reality of the invisible is the most deplorable calamity that can befall a human soul. When that is the

prevailing condition of the heart the hour of judgment has practically arrived.

But here is also error. Romanism says, Faith is the *only* necessity of probational life. This is a half-truth, and hence erroneous, for a half-truth can no more be truth than a hemisphere can be a full-orbed world. Faith is not all of life. Other spiritual endowments are just as essential. Reason is as essential; intelligence is as essential. For the apostle says, "So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God."

Now Romanism rejects reason and intelligence, and the Word of God as the natural antagonists of faith. She says to her benighted millions, "You must not reason or investigate even the Word of Life. You must only believe;" and the better to accomplish her object, she closes the Bible, darkens the realm of nature, shuts the eye of the intellect, and stultifies every mental endowment.

Her theory is, exalt faith by the extirpation of reason, by the waste and desolation of all the faculties of intelligence. So far as Romanism builds on faith she is right; so far as she rejects reason and intelligence she is wrong. A true Christianity must be constructed by reason and faith conjoined, pulling up the superstructure of truth with the skill of reason, as far as reason can reach by demonstration, and completing the rest with faith when reason fails of a foothold.

But faith can not exist without previous intellections. Belief implies an object of apprehension, and apprehension implies mental action. Hence Romanism must yield to the pressure of necessity. She can not wholly extirpate mental action without extirpating faith. But true to her theory she yields no more than imperious necessity demands. She permits just enough mental cultivation to apprehend her own teachings, and nothing more. She educates, but never liberally. Her culture is narrow, bigoted, blighting. Necessarily so. For broad culture is only possible with the cultivation of every faculty, and such culture she discards. She teaches her millions to believe, but what? Ay, here is the fundamental error of her organization—*believe the Church*. Have faith, but in what? God, revelation? No, *the Church*. We make the same charge against Romanism that Christ made against the scribes and Pharisees, that they taught not God's words, but their own traditions.

Just here Romanism and Protestantism differ. The name indicates the distinction. Protestantism, "I protest." You assert, I differ. Your dogmas are neither from revelation or reason,

and I reject them. They differ, therefore, not in faith, but in the objects of faith. Romanism says, "Believe the Church." Protestantism says, "Believe the Word of God." Romanism closes the Bible, and cries out with assumed authority, "Believe what we tell you or be damned." Protestantism opens the Sacred Word, and reverently declares, Search the Scriptures and believe them or be damned. Such we apprehend is Romanism, when stripped of its outer garment and gaudy furbelows. Such is its basis and superstructure. Such are its assumptions to-day, as exclusive and arrogant as ever. Its spirit has not changed. It is the same yesterday, to-day, and, for aught we can see, forever. It has not abated one jot or tittle of its claim to universal sovereignty. It aims at the subjugation of all nations to its sway of ecclesiastical infallibility.

To accomplish this coveted end, it would not hesitate to ally itself to any force. It would resort to the terrors of the Inquisition as readily as to the school or press if it dare. All instrumentalities, physical and moral, the bullet, the ballot, the conscience, the appetite are alike subservient to Popery. The only question is success. The chosen plan is the one that wins it.

Now what is the future of such a system in the United States? All superficial judgment is fallacious here. We must measure the silent forces of the hour if we would reach any just conclusions. Figures may lie in some cases. So many Catholic votes to-day may be of no avail to-morrow. So many emigrants to-day may only be apparent prosperity. The question is simply narrowed down to this, can such a system live here? can it expand? Has it vitality—cohesiveness under the radiance of full-orbed light? Turn to history. Popery has fought one great battle under conditions peculiarly favorable for a universal and lasting success. The European world was hers; none disputed her sway. She ruled without a rival. In the total eclipse of intelligence in the Middle Ages she sat a spectral monarch among the shadows, her head crowned with stars, her feet upon the souls of millions, and in her outstretched hand the black thunderbolts of excommunication, threatening perdition to all who dared to peer into the storehouse of nature or revelation for a ray of truth. The spiritual slavery of man was then complete. When Luther was born, a ray from the rising sun flashed athwart the gloom. Then began the struggle between light and darkness. It was the contest of thick darkness with the first glimmerings of twilight, and hence necessarily unequal. It was the promise of light, rather

than the light. It was the turning of the key, rather than the opening of the door; the warning shot of the picket, rather than the last volley of victory. In that day, when the spirit of inquiry burst the bonds of mental slavery and persisted in asking questions of nature, revelation, and reason in the face of flames, inquisitorial agonies and death, Romanism received her death wound. Since Luther hurled the inkstand at the devil, the history of Popery is the history of blood-letting, a slow but inevitable decline.

Continental Europe to-day is not Catholic, but infidel or rationalistic. By continental Europe, we mean the forces that mold society and shape the destiny of coming generations. It is true millions adhere to the mother Church, but not the millions who are giving tone and substance to society. European education is anti-Catholic, and is destined to become more so as the years roll on to the boundary of our century. Already the Church is laying up her treasures near the setting sun in the religious El Dorado of the great Republic. Already we hear confused whisperings of the hegira of the Pope from his hiding-place among the seven hills to the more secure sanctuary of the broad-breasted prairie. Europe is griping in agonies, and the result of her throes will eventuate in casting out the Pope on the virgin soil of the West. With the Pope will come his rottenness, some of which has already nauseated American society. Can the nation breathe the moral putrescence and live? We answer most unhesitatingly, yes, more than live. She will eventually inject her own pure blood into the leprous carcass of Popery, and bring bounding life out of rottenness and death.

We make this assertion with only one qualification; namely, that the evangelical Christianity of America keep her soul from formalism, and her heart free from worldliness. No other qualification is necessary. This conviction is forced upon us from historical experience and the nature of Romanism. For if the twilight of science and revelation was sufficient to drive the darkness out of Europe, how much more surely will the meridian splendor of these spiritual forces illuminate the fugitive shadows that remain! True, the shadows and the darkness are one in spirit and intent, but the darkness had the power to carry the animus to the overt act of brute force, while the shadows dare not. Now if the faintest twilight could turn the darkness into shadows, and disarm them of their murderous potency, how much more will the full light destroy with an everlasting destruction the shadows themselves!

It is urged in reply that Romanism is seizing hold of our instrumentalities, such as the school, the press, the general diffusion of literature. We should only rejoice in these facts. They will hasten her impending ruin. Father Hecker is emancipating thousands of Catholics from ecclesiastical thralldom by appearing side by side with us on the platform. Momentary strife may be engendered in localities by efforts to overthrow or control in the interests of the Church our school funds, but no widespread ascendancy can be gained. Our public school system is disintegrating Popery. No one understands this better than the Romanist. Hence their vain struggle against it. The truth is, if the Church does not lay hold of modern instrumentalities she will fall; if she does, she will only the more surely fall. Her system will not bear the light. If she educates her laity in American atmosphere, she emancipates them from ecclesiastical thralldom. Individuals may still cling blindly to her superstitions, but the masses never. Faith in the infallibility of man or a Church, with history open before him, is an absurdity too apparent to deceive any one strong enough to do much harm. True, firm, permanent faith can only exist with the broadest intelligence, drawn from the living fountains of revelation.

All other faith is necessarily crude and crumbling. Faith based on false data may save the soul, but it is likely to fall before a vigorous assault of skepticism. Skepticism is the legitimate offspring of ignorance. It is not the result of knowledge, but partial knowledge. Men are not skeptical because they know, but because they do not know. Keeping in mind this principle and that kindred one, that men always fly from an error to another lying in the opposite pole of conviction, we need not hesitate to decide the future of Romanism, *rank rationalism*—from the pole of blind faith to the opposite pole of no faith at all; from the rejection of reason and the blind exaltation of faith, to the rejection of faith and the deification of reason. Thought will open the eyes of the blind zealot of Popery, but instead of seeing the true God, he will only see self as an incarnate deity. While we would not underrate the machinations and dangers of Romanism, yet we see more to be dreaded in the gay, flippant, epicurean literature of the school of the Atlantic Monthly than the special pleadings of Father Hecker; more of brooding evil in the radicalism of so-called liberal Christianity, than in the organized ignorance of Rome. For a blind faith like Catholicism can not live in the light of the nineteenth century; but like owls must sit, and gape, and die from the very luster of the light.

But when its faith dies of the heat, there is nothing left but the barren waste of a perverted reason.

It takes faith and reason combined to complete the equipment of a soul, and between the two, faith or reason, we prefer the grander endowment—faith. The faith of the nation in God and his Word is being shaken by the easy, classic, sunshiny rationalism of New England, and the children and grandchildren of Catholicism will yet become its most willing disciples in refined heathenism, or, what is the same in essence, in the most brutal excesses of libertinism and vice.

THE POWER AND BEAUTY OF FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

THE expression of thought in figures of speech has been employed in all ages of the world, and in every state and stage of society. The orators of every nation and of every language employ it. It is the soul and life of poetry. It clothes material objects with life, and endows them with thought, feeling, and action. A beautiful writer claims that "the language of the imagination is the native language of man. It is the language of his excited intellect; of his roused passions; of his devotion; of all the higher moods and temperaments of his mind." Certain it is the mind when excited naturally finds expression in figurative language, and without it feels that it would be impossible to give utterance to the sublime thoughts and feelings that exist within.

Writers employ it as a means of gaining access to the hearts of their readers. Some weary us with the profusion of this ornament—often all splendor, no solidity. If we attempt to examine them closely we find we have, as some one quaintly remarks, "something glittering before us, but without form or comeliness." To invite one to such an intellectual repast is like an invitation to dine on flowers. Others, more happily, catch the just proportion, and their writings, abounding in unstudied grace and beauty, cause the heart instinctively to open to their charms. Griswold says of Poe, that "at times he wrote in forms of gloomiest and ghastliest grandeur, and again, in those of the most airy and delicious beauty. The imagery of his wonderful creation was from worlds which no mortal could see but with the vision of genius."

A touch of the imagination in description, however simple and common place the subject, will outdo in its effect the labored arts of the logician, and delight all who are alive to the charm and beauty of figurative expression. Thus an elo-

quent writer describes so prosaic and unimaginative a thing as the city of New York, not as being distinguished for commercial energy, but as a mighty personality, with "one hand grasping the golden harvests of the West, and with the other espousing the everlasting sea." The artist catches some of the choicest conceptions of the beauty, which graces the productions of his chisel, from these "beauteous children of the brain."

By a command of these skillful touches the orator thrills, as with a magic spell, all hearts and bends them at will. How often has a fragment of beautiful imagery touched a chord of sympathy in the hearts of an audience, and secured a welcome abode for unpleasant truths, just as the leaden instruments of death, which whistle on every breeze during a battle, are disarmed of their terror by the martial strains of some national air.

The political speaker uses the language of the imagination as a mighty power in impressing upon his hearers the principle he pleads. No style appeals more keenly to the emotional nature, or fixes more readily the attention; and judgment and reason will sometimes yield to the fascinating sway of this gift when wielded by an eloquent but impassioned speaker.

Who can measure the influence in the Revolutionary times of the heart-stirring eloquence of Patrick Henry? Hear his thrilling appeal: "There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come. It is in vain to cry peace; there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Why stand we here idle? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death." How thrilling and emboldening to his hearers must have been the words of the impassioned orator when, at the distance of nearly a century, we, too, almost hear the clanking chains, and our very eyes seem to behold the onset of the martialled hosts with the banner of freedom proudly streaming above them!

Rufus Choate, the celebrated orator of old Massachusetts, personifies the American Union as "the free empress, mother of States themselves free." He describes her as "reposing secure and serene among the mountain summits of her freedom. She holds in one hand the olive-branch of peace, and in the other the thunderbolt of reluctant and rightful war." Then

there flashed forth one of those patriotic bursts of figurative eloquence that must cause a responsive thrill in every true American heart: "There may she sit forever—the stars of Union upon her brow, the rock of Independence beneath her feet."

How exquisite are some of the delicate touches of figurative language! It speaks of the dew-drop dancing on the leaf; of the ocean, spreading its arms around the globe; of Satan, wearing his coronet of sin; of the shadow of Deity, sweeping along the currents of time; of the stereotyped words of ages as fossil history. We turn from a study of the beautiful in literature, feeling we have almost reached the acme of the arts, or have found the true theory of the sublime and beautiful. The heart, "catching the thoughts that stir the intellect, rolls them forth in living numbers."

What seems more true to life, more touching than the beautiful figure used by Longfellow!

"As at the tramp of the horse's hoof on the turf of the prairie, Far in advance, are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa; So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil, Shrinks and closes the heart ere the stroke of doom has attained it."

Not of all lives, however, is this true. All hearts do not falter at the "hoof-beats of fate." Thank God for those athletes in the battle of life, who teach us by their example a braver, nobler lesson; who return from the conflict like the son of the Spartan mother, in honor to their home—their far-distant home, with their shields. Such characters are as that one which is purest, because coming from the hottest furnace; as that brightest thunderbolt elicited from the darkest storm. O, to live thus, that

"When the summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death;
We go not like the quarry slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Turning to sacred literature, other and new beauties of figurative language impress themselves upon us. In the Bible we find our most striking illustrations. There are written "strains of rapture and bursts of magnificent imagery" such as never issued from uninspired pen. Poetry has been called the greatest and most powerful of all languages, and here the grandest of themes called for its use. When God spake to man by the Hebrew prophets, their souls, filled with sacred inspiration, "rolled off their burden in inimitable song," and men were led to say, "How beautiful upon the mountains are

the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; that publisheth peace; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth!"

Much of the most beautiful imagery of the Bible is called forth by the exquisite use of natural objects for illustrations of the attributes of Deity, the beauties of religion, or the glories of the Church. We look over the green fields adorned with flowers, and picture to ourselves our Savior, in his Sermon on the Mount, pointing out over the beauteous Oriental landscape before him, while the memorable saying fell from his lips, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Thus he wrote upon the very hearts of his disciples a lesson of providential care. We listen to the murmuring music of the winds in the tops of the trees, and we find in the Bible, "He maketh the clouds his chariot, he walketh upon the wings of the wind; the Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm." We look with awe upon the majestic mountain towering in gloomy grandeur above us, and we remember who "hath weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance." We view the glorious sun and the "midnight host" of stars, and they tell us "he commandeth the sun. He spreadeth out the heavens. He maketh Arcturus, Orion, and the Pleiades, and the chambers of the South. He telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by name." What heart-swelling desire arises to lift reverently the veil, that we may approach nearer to that divine Artist who gave "existence, color, and finish to this magnificent picture, and hung it in the gallery of the universe for the study and delight of all nations!"

Who can forget the heart-broken but matchless lamentations of Jeremiah over the destruction of Jerusalem! Our souls grow with sympathy for the venerable "patriot-saint" as we listen to the wail echoed back from the desolate ruins of the once holy and beloved city—"How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger; and cast down from heaven unto earth the beauty of Israel! Zion mourneth still. She spreadeth forth her hands, and there is none to comfort her; she weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are upon her cheeks; she is covered with a cloud, and all her people sigh." We yield the tribute of reverent admiration to the powerful beauty of this lament of the "prophet-lyrist—this seer of a thousand generations," as involuntarily rises before us the vivid picture of the grief-stricken mother spreading forth her hands and bemoan-

ing the desolation and ruin of her once fair and beautiful daughter—the holy city—now become a monument to the displeasure of God.

Again, in still another passage of powerful word-painting could we not almost fancy ourselves among the shouting multitude that surrounded the King of Hosts as he returned victoriously from battle—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in—the Lord, strong and mighty—the Lord, mighty in battle!"

We might draw, almost indefinitely, from these ancient lyrics, passages in illustration of our theme. The sublimity of idea and splendor of poetic imagery form a study of which one never wearies—which never cloy upon the taste. Generations, almost without number, have felt their hearts glow in wondering admiration of these heart-songs of Judah's lyrist and the prophet bards. Their lips, touched with celestial fire, sang in sweetest numbers their heaven-inspired melodies, and they bring us near to the borders of that "glory to be revealed." Their strains of unequalled power and beauty are destined to roll on in undying echoes over generations to come. They are written for eternity. For even the exultant triumph of the "more excellent glory" can find expression only in the grand imagery of thought and feeling. "The new heaven and the new earth;" "the holy city coming down from God, adorned as a bride for her husband;" "the tabernacle of God with men;" "the river of water of life;" "the tree of life growing on either side of the river, and bearing its fruit every month;" "no more curse;" "no night;" "the sea of crystal;" "the white robe;" "the palm of victory;" "the harpers;" "the voice of many waters;" and "the company which no man can number"—all these are only some of the unveilings of the unseen world of glory, conveyed to us through the figurative language of the Bible.

May the voice of writer and reader mingle in that triumphant shout of the gathering myriads round the throne!

"Sing! O ye heavens, for Jehovah hath done it!
Shout, O ye depths of the earth!
Burst forth, ye mountains, into song!
Thou forest, and every tree therein;
For Jehovah hath redeemed Jacob,
And glorified himself in Israel."

As spiritual pride disposes persons to assume much to themselves, so it also disposes them to treat others with neglect. On the contrary, true Christian humility disposes persons to honor all men.

NEGLECTED OLD AGE.

IN some of those "dark corners of the earth" which are full of the habitations of cruelty," aged people, who have become helpless, are carried outside the village; provisions for a day or two are left by their side, and then they are permitted to take their own time to breathe their last.

When I was an inexperienced child I used to shudder over the dismal picture, and wonder at the heartless cruelty of the heathen; but I have lived to know that the villages of Christendom often afford a far more piteous sight, and that the consciousness of being a burden to those they have reared is a deeper grief to neglected old age than the shorter but more merciful custom alluded to.

Some heathen people strangle their old parents, which method would be preferable to the slow agonies of starvation, but the ingenious torture of dependence upon unwilling children belongs to civilization.

They sat by the fireside in the old-fashioned kitchen which had been their home for more than fifty years. To this house they had come on the eve of their wedding-day, when youth and strength had made the world look bright and beautiful, and life glorious. Their children had been born here. In infancy and in childhood this had been their shelter and home, until, one after another, each had departed to fill his or her place in the world outside.

The old man's hands trembled with the palsy; those hands which had carried so long and so bravely the burdens of life. He was nearly blind, and his wife was deaf. They had borne much of joy and sorrow together; it all came back to them as they sat before the fire; they remembered just when and where the companions of their youth had slipped away from their society, and been laid away to sleep peacefully until the resurrection. Two of their little ones were resting under the turf at the foot of the garden. They died many years ago, but they were babies still, and the old mother sitting always in silence, could hear yet the prattling music of their voices, and feel the soft clinging arms around her neck. They never grew old. But every thing else had changed. The new church, built on the site of the old one, was full of strange faces. The familiar forms had gradually thinned out as the graves on the Burial Hill thickened.

Yes, they had borne grief together, but the most bitter sorrow of all was to be experienced now, for the little but independent home of

their own was to be given up; they were too old and feeble to longer take care of each other. The oldest daughter's husband had bought the dear homestead, and the children were each in turn to shelter and provide for the venerable parents.

One would suppose that there could be nothing sad in such a prospect. It would seem to be so natural and proper for those hale men and strong women tenderly to guide the tottering feet over the few steps that remained of the journey of life. But there are a great many feeble, aged people all over the land who would gladly exchange the attentions that their children grudgingly bestow for the more independent charities of the alms-house. There are thousands who know that they are only kept out of the poor-house by the false pride of those they have reared so painfully. There are thousands who thus prove how "sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

And these old people, sitting there so sadly together, with so little of life remaining, knew that they had lived to be a burden to their nine children. Yet neither of them breathed the thought to the other. The wife's affection, the husband's love still strove to shield its object.

They made a beautiful picture as they sat there together, albeit, its sadness made the heart ache.

It was the last day of their home-life. On the morrow the noise of young children and the strong voices of their elders would ring through the quiet rooms, and the familiar furniture be displaced to make room for the possessions of the new comers. The old mother's eye ran lovingly from one cherished object to another. That great square bureau and the round cherry table were made by her husband himself, and placed in the very corners they now occupied before he brought her home as his bride. The looking-glass with its carved frame had been her mother's. Seventy years ago it had leaned forward from the walls of her father's house just as it hung now. She could n't remember how long those peacock plumes had drooped over the top of it. Little Harry had brought them home one day, and it was forty years since she bent over the little coffin to kiss his lips for the last time.

The flag-bottomed chairs had been a part of her bridal outfit. So were the bright-headed fire-irons, and they seemed now to gleam with a forlorn brightness like the forced smiles that cover a grieving heart.

The tall clock in the corner ticked on slowly and heavily just as it had done for half a century. O, the brightness that had faded out

of the world during that time! How had life, with all its promises and hopes, narrowed down to the bare prospect before them! If only they might die as they had lived, caring for others rather than being cared for.

Be patient still, ye weary, precious ones. God will soon gather you to his rest. The light is already breaking over the hills for you. He who has gone to prepare a place for you will soon welcome you to what will indeed be home.

After the change the short Summer soon passed by, and the mellow Autumn came. It was a clear day in early October. Four months since the daughter and her family moved into the old place. The old furniture was packed away in the garret, and the rooms were nicely papered and painted. Large windows, opening nearly to the ground, had displaced the little casements with their tiny panes of diamond-shaped glass, which used to be kept so clean by the grandmother's hands.

The house had been painted on the outside, and the sunny south room, where the aged couple always sat together after the toils of the day, had been made into a gay parlor, which, according to the custom of the time, was kept shut up.

Only one room remains unaltered. That is a small apartment at the back side of the house with one high window opening into the barn-yard. That is where the old folks stay.

The view from the one window is certainly not very attractive, but then old folks are not supposed to care for fine prospects.

"They will be more out of the way there than any where else in the house," said the daughter when her husband objected to the arrangement.

"Out of the way, indeed. That's so. The room is lonesome enough for a jail. I wouldn't shut my horse in there."

"I wish, Tom, that you would not meddle with the affairs of the house. You can do what you please outside."

"But, Jane, they won't live long if they are kept in such a gloomy place," remonstrated the husband.

"Father can't see whether it is gloomy or not. And nobody dies till the set time comes. I'll risk it."

There are other reasons why she does not like to have the old folks about. The boys and girls are getting old enough to have company of their own. Young merry people come to the house, and fill the rooms with the music and laughter of their happy years.

The blind old man has a cough, and it is disagreeable to have him hacking and spitting

when people are by. He ought to know better than to do it. The old grandmother who has brought up such a family of her own, sometimes speaks out before she thinks when she sees the careless little ones getting into mischief. It is no business of hers. She has no right to interfere. She ought to know it.

Yes, it is much better for them to stay in the little back room "out of the way." Much better. But it is so strange that God does not take them "out of the way" altogether, seeing that he must understand what a convenience it would be. Still he does n't, so the grievance must be borne somehow. But it is very hard.

The clear October day is a chilly one. Not unpleasantly so to vigorous, active people who are stirring about in their work. But old people and little children like to nestle in the warm sunshine.

"The cold weather will soon be here," thinks the daughter, "and new arrangements must be made. There is no place for a fire in the little back room, and it will cost something to make one. Enough to buy the new dress that Emma covets."

It is n't worth while to make any alterations, for the old folks can't live many years surely. There is an end to every thing else, and there must be to them. No one can live forever. The Bible says it is appointed unto man once to die. You do n't suppose these feeble old creatures, whose faltering steps and trembling hands so touchingly appeal to us, are going to be exceptions to the general rule.

The ever-loving hearts that petition Heaven so constantly for a blessing to rest upon their children will soon cease to beat; the tremulous voices, no longer musical, will soon be forever silenced. So, what is the use of making that old room comfortable?

Jane's kind-hearted husband is not satisfied. "I think," he says, "we had better let father and mother have the south-room this Winter. You see they have lived in it so many Winters it will seem home-like."

"Give up the parlor! Why, Tom! Are you crazy? I wonder what the girls would say to that."

Jane has been in the habit of ruling her husband pretty decidedly, though she would not confess it even to herself. All the neighbors know it, and all agree with the husband's unspoken thought that submission on his part is the only way to have peace. She hopes she shall never live to see women vote, it is so unwomanly, and she does not sympathize in the least with the great army of spinsters and widows who have no husbands to rule over.

It is very seldom, indeed, that Tom urges his wishes in opposition to hers, but he is so obtuse that he can not see the propriety of crowding the old folks into a dark corner. The silver gray hair and bowed forms inspire him with reverence, and he longs to brighten the brief time in which the "grasshopper will be a burden."

So he speaks again. "Your father is getting very feeble, Jane. He will not be comfortable in that back room even if your mother is. I mean at night. Of course they will not sit there during the day."

"No. I mean that sister Mary shall have them this Winter. She says she is not well enough to see to them, but that was the agreement. Three months at a time with each of us. Do n't you remember?"

"Well, I had forgotten it. That is a fact. They have lived here all their days, and old people dislike changes. I think we had better keep them. We shall never be poorer for it. Besides, Mary's husband is—well, just a little close in his calculations, and they would not feel as free as they do here with me. Bless them!" says Tom, warming up bravely; "I do n't remember my own parents, but yours, Jane, have always treated me like a son, and I should really like to have them stay here and live in the south-room this Winter."

"I dare say you would. You would sing a different song if you had the care of them as I have. And so you thought I was going to look after them as long as they lived, and let Mary and the rest just come here to visit them. Why, there is n't one of them that is not better able to do it than I am. John is well off, and Dick has n't any children, and Peter is really rich. Mary's husband is n't poor if he is stingy. Mary thinks the boys ought to take care of them altogether."

"But a son's wife, Jane, is not so near as a daughter. At least she ought not to be."

"I do n't see why you need to meddle with it. I am willing to do my part, but I am not willing to do what belongs to all the rest."

"Think of your parents, Jane, and not of your brothers and sisters. This has been their home so long. It goes to my heart to send them away."

"You need not. If you will attend to the outdoor work I will manage in the house."

"Well, Jane, I suppose it is useless to talk. I only hope that the good Lord will take me out of the world before I am old enough to be dependent on the children."

The old man saved them the trouble of farther planning for him. It was on the day set for

their departure to their daughter Mary's house that, having prayed together for the last time in the old room, they went out once more, hand in hand, to walk around the garden. All at once the old man brightened up and spoke cheerily.

"Mary," he said, "the home across the river seems very near to-day. I feel as if our Father were drawing me right into his arms."

As he spoke she felt the clasp of his hand loosen, and he slipped down at her feet. He was quite dead when they carried him into the house, with a strange glory, a peaceful beauty on his face that made one think of the angels.

And now the old mother was left alone in the world. Alone, with nine living children and a small host of grandchildren. As really alone in her need of human love and tender appreciation as if she had been cast upon a desolate island. Alone, with a constant dread upon her which was far worse than loneliness—the terrible sense of being always *in the way*.

Some little compassion must have stirred the heart of her daughter, for she was suffered to remain in the dear home place during the Winter. She sat silently in the corner, knitting and thinking, knitting and remembering, pausing only when the sweet memories of the past contrasted too painfully with the desolation of the present. Did you ever see a feeble old woman cry? Did you ever think out of what depths of anguish came the slow, scant tears?

Little children cry easily. Their tears are like April showers, through which the sunshine is always breaking. They have nothing in common with the bitter grief of neglected old age. The sorrow of childhood is easily soothed and forgotten; but the grief of the poor old heart, aching with neglect, yearning for sympathy, is silenced and hidden, not removed.

With the first approach of the returning Spring the old lady was expected to leave home and go to her daughter Mary. She was quite willing to go. A new home could scarcely seem stranger than the old place with its bright garnishing and alterations, and nowhere else would she so miss her departed husband. She knew that Jane wanted the little back room for the hired man to sleep in. It was better to change, if only to attempt once more the impossible feat of getting "out of the way."

"Now, mother," said Jane, as she packed the old lady's clothing for removal, "just listen. Try to hear what I say." Jane cleared her throat and pitched her voice high enough to satisfy the most ambitious soprano in any mortal choir of singers. "Remember what I tell you. When you have staid with the others as

long as you have here, you can come back. Nine months it is now. Do you understand?"

The old lady nodded her head, but she did not seem quite to understand. So Jane shouted again, "You must stay nine months with each of them and then come home."

"Yes," said the old lady; "I hear. How long will it all be?"

"There are eight of them. Eight times nine are seventy-two. About six years."

The old lady looked up wistfully into her daughter's face. "I am eighty-five years old now, Jane."

She said no more, but, walking slowly to the window, her eyes ran eagerly from one well-remembered and beloved point in the view to another, resting longest on the little graves at the foot of the garden.

Jane's kind-hearted husband could not bear the uncomplaining sorrow of that mute farewell. He hastily pulled his hat over his eyes and went out to the barn, where he hid among the hay and cried like a baby. There Mary's husband found him when he came out to feed his horse, which, having come only two miles after the old lady, could scarcely have needed a luncheon, provided it had been furnished with a breakfast.

"Tell you what it is," he began at once without seeming to notice the emotion of his companion, "Mary and the rest of the family think it is a pretty hard case if mother has got to pull up stakes and leave home at her time of life. I think you might have kept her. She can't last long to bother any body. I suppose she aint much trouble, is she?"

"No; none at all."

"Do n't eat much, does she?"

"I can't tell about that; I never watched her."

"You need n't speak so short. I only want to talk matters over. It seems pretty clear that none of the old lady's children want her; that is the truth; there is no use in mincing the matter—unless it is Nancy. I suppose she would really like to do for her. But she is as poor as poor can be herself, with a house full of babies."

"Nancy!" said Tom, brightening up at once. "I did n't think of her. She is not a child of mother's—only brought up here."

"Came here from the work-house, did n't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, she came over to my house last night a-fussing because you are going to turn the old lady out, and crying like a baby over old times when she was young, and sick, and had n't no friends, and was took in here."

"Now, Jacob," said Jane's husband, looking stealthily about him to make sure that there were no listeners near, "I have a plan that suits me, and it will suit you. Only you must promise to keep it to yourself, or I will give it up."

"I'll promise if it's any thing in reason. Let's hear it."

"Instead of carrying the old lady home, I want you to take her to Nancy for a visit. I will see Nancy to-morrow and arrange that the visit shall last as long as the dear old mother lives. I will pay her enough to make it worth while to attend to her."

"People will talk," Jacob was hoping to represent his town's people in the State Legislature, and public opinion was a matter of dollars and cents with him.

"Let them talk," said Tom, who perfectly understood his companion's motives, and who knew moreover that he had not the ghost of a chance politically; "let them talk. I do n't care a straw for what folks say if I am on the right track. As for you, no one would think it strange if mother paid Nancy a visit, and the election will be over before any one suspects that the visit will last her lifetime."

Jacob made no further objection. It did seem a good plan, making Nancy happy and the old lady comfortable, and costing him nothing but the time lost in moving her.

"Do n't give Jane a hint of this," said Tom. "You will spoil every thing if you do. Drive off quietly and let time reveal what it will."

Jacob drew himself up grandly. "Let me see, I have lived hard on to fifty years, and I never told a woman any thing worth knowing in my life."

"Nor a man either, in my opinion," thought Tom, but he did n't say so. Instead, he went into the house with his brother-in-law and watched the old lady's departure with a cheerful face that greatly astonished his wife.

She astonished him the next day. She went about the house with a long, sober face that puzzled her children as well as her husband. Was she, then, regretting the past?

No. The truth was, Jane's conscience and her selfishness were having a sore battle. She missed the bent figure in the corner in a way that she had not anticipated. In its stead was an emptiness that was a perpetual reproach. "It was her home really," said Conscience, "and she had a right there."

"But I wanted the room," said Selfishness. "I am crowded now. The house is too small at the best. Besides, it is n't pleasant to have an old person round."

"When you were a child, do you suppose it

was always pleasant to have you round? When you had the mumps, measles, chicken-pox, hooping-cough, etc., do you imagine that the care of you was particularly agreeable?"

"But she is so deaf. It is almost impossible to make her hear. Then she is so childishly glad to get any news. The neighbors were always annoying me by persisting in telling her every thing. What difference does it make to her who is married or who dies? Precious little did I ever tell her."

"That's so," responded Conscience emphatically. "You forgot entirely how patient she was with you when a little child you followed her about the house wearying her with incessant questions. Did the mother's self-forgetting love refuse to answer the little one?"

"But she is really useless. She can't even knit without dropping the stitches. Her hands shake so. It is as much as one can do to keep her work in order. We'll see how Mary likes it."

"Ah, but," said Conscience, "those trembling hands have grown feeble in labors of love. Who could number the kind acts they have performed for you alone? They have never been idle. Even now, when the shriveled fingers can no longer take up heavy burdens, they still lovingly try to knit stockings for you and your family. I am very glad," said Conscience, turning in disgust from a longer discussion, "I am glad that a righteous God will finally be judge between you and her."

Selfishness always has the last word. "Right or wrong," it said now, "I shall not bear all the burdens that belong to nine pairs of shoulders. I have done my part. Now let the rest take hold."

Conscience retired into the background. Only for a time, until sickness, or death, or old age shall awaken it again. To stifle it more effectually Jane began to talk to the neighbors in regard to her own long-suffering kindness toward her mother. "I miss her, Mrs. Bent, of course; but she was such a care. No one knows what I have done for her. You know what old people are. It is fortunate that there are so many of us to share the burden. I have done my part, but it was very trying, and I don't think I could have held out much longer. I suppose she would have chosen to stay here, I was so tender of her, but I am quite worn out. Father was a steady care till he died, and since then mother has been more childish. It has been a hard Winter."

None of this talk blinds the neighbors in the least. They have been looking on very attentively, and they have drawn their own conclu-

sions from all they have seen. They listen with outward courtesy—with seeming respect; but, till her dying day, Jane will be known among them for the hard-hearted, unnatural daughter that she is, and all her efforts to assert the contrary will but serve to keep the subject before the people. "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," and no one ever mistakes them for acts of beneficence.

Meanwhile the old mother is making her visit to Nancy. The unmistakable delight of Nancy in welcoming her to her poor abode has brought a warm glow to her heart that has made her almost young again.

When Jane's husband goes over to see her, which he does very often, he finds her quite willing to prolong her visit. The baby has taken a fancy to her, and there is such a wonderful comforting power in the soft touches of its rose-leaf fingers.

"Nancy wants me to stay awhile to help her see to the baby," she says, and the idea of being useful makes her quite happy. Nancy is careful to keep up the innocent fiction.

"I am really glad to have her here," says Nancy. "Please God, I will make her forget that she is dependent."

Nancy was never good looking. She has lost one eye and the other squints. Her hair is red, and it won't brush down smoothly. But Tom, sitting there and watching the ready tact and kindness that brightens the old mother's life, thinks she is the best-looking woman he ever saw in his life. He sees the spiritual beauty shining through the rough exterior.

"Bring her a bit of candy or a few lozenges," Nancy says when he takes his departure. "It is not the sweet she will care for, but she will think some one cares for her. That idea is every thing to old people."

Nancy's husband is often an invalid, and would die of discouragement were it not for his cheery wife. It is impossible to tell how strongly he relies upon the love squinting at him from that one eye. The six children, all under ten years of age, come scrambling under their mother's apron in a thunder-shower and cling to her as their rock of refuge. They are very poor, as Jacob said, but there is a blessing on them.

We leave the old lady with them, thanking God, as she does, for the light that has come to her evening-time. A few more steps, lovingly guided now, and she will enter into the joy of her Lord. A few more days and the pearly gates will open to her. There will the mansion which our blessed Savior has gone to prepare be given her to possess forever.

WHAT HAS BEEN DISCOVERED BY SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

THE phenomena of the heavens are of so striking a character as to attract the attention of the most barbarous races, and they have indelibly stamped their influence on the religions of the early nations. As mankind became civilized, superstition gave place to knowledge, and enlightened Greece supplemented its mythical cosmogony with the noble science of Astronomy.

When learning redawned upon the world after the interregnum of the Dark Ages, a desire to investigate the phenomena of the stars again occupied the minds of thinking men, and the names of Hipparchus and Ptolemy were succeeded by those of Galileo, Kepler, Newton, and others, destined to achieve fame in this grand field of thought. Thus for ages have the laws of the planetary motions been the main source of scientific distinction; and only of late years are astronomical results beginning to pale before discoveries in other directions, and the great intellects of the world to find worthy employment in new-born sciences.

By some of these savants the nature of light has been examined, and with results which are gradually giving rise to a new astronomy. The origin and rapidity of light, and its properties of reflection, refraction, and color, long the chief subjects of optical investigation, have yielded in interest to a new branch of the science, from which have flown results of the highest importance.

It has been found that within the constitution of light are hidden secrets as wonderful as the most striking of its open revelations. Each of the flying beams that reaches us from the innumerable host of stars tells the tale of its origin in tones strangely significant to modern science. In the brief space of ten years this new mode of research has taught us more of the formation of the universe than had been gained in all the previous ages of human existence.

Yet it is ever true that the most striking results spring from the simplest causes. Telegraphy and photography are processes which, if predicted a century ago, would have appeared inconceivable vagaries; yet, knowing their *modus operandi*, they are to us simple and necessary results of the principles of nature. Equally difficult to untaught conception, yet equally simple and necessary to our present state of knowledge, are the results of spectrum analysis.

The following is a brief *résumé* of the origin and achievement of this newest of the sciences. The first step toward its formation was made by

Sir Isaac Newton when he discovered the power of the prism to decompose light. This consists in the fact that a ray of light, after passing through a transparent prism, becomes expanded into an elongated spectrum, no longer white, but presenting an invariable succession of colors, from red to violet.

Optical science was long satisfied with this glance into the interior constitution of light, occupying itself with the phenomena of the prismatic colors, and theorizing on the nature of white light. The later researches of Young and Fresnel into double refraction and polarization have no direct connection with our subject, and may be passed over. In 1802, Dr. Wollaston, in closely examining a spectrum, found it to be crossed by two dark lines. Not perceiving the significance of this fact, he dropped the subject, which was afterward taken up by Fraunhofer with remarkable success. This distinguished optician, applying more delicate means of observation, was surprised to find very numerous dark lines crossing the spectrum. Of these bands of darkness he succeeded in accurately mapping the positions of five hundred and ninety. Since his time the investigation has been vigorously prosecuted, and the number of lines greatly increased, Brewster having counted two thousand, and new ones being observed with every improvement in the delicacy of instruments. The spectroscope employed in these researches is usually composed of two telescopes, the light which enters one through a narrow slit, being decomposed by a prism, and its spectrum examined through the second glass. In more perfect instruments, however, the light is made to pass successively through several prisms, each of which increases the dispersion of the ray.

On leaving the solar beam, and examining terrestrial sources of light with this instrument, the range of facts was rapidly extended. One significant discovery was that the light from an incandescent solid or liquid body—as, for instance, a mass of white-hot iron—gave a continuous spectrum, without a trace of Fraunhofer's lines. The next step was to examine the vapors of substances rendered luminous by a strong flame. Here a spectrum of an entirely new character appeared. There was now seen a number of bright lines, separated by dark spaces, each line being colored to agree with its position in an imaginary spectrum. These lines were invariable for the same substance, though varying with every change in the element acted upon. The metal sodium, for instance, gave two strong lines in the yellow band, while magnesium yielded three lines in the green.

But when the ray emanating from an incandescent solid or liquid was made to pass through one of these elementary vapors, a spectrum was formed resembling the solar spectrum, in consisting of a band of light crossed by dark lines. But these lines, instead of agreeing in number and position with those of the solar spectrum, were exactly coincident with the bright lines emitted by flame containing the same vapor.

M. Kirchhoff, noting these various facts, at a flash made out the whole puzzling mystery. Others before him had closely approached the same discovery, but to him alone must be yielded the honor of its clear enunciation. Starting from the established fact that the different colors of the spectrum are caused by differences in the speed of vibration of the light-medium, the rapidity of vibration increasing from the red to the violet ray, he assumed that each vaporized element, when incandescent, emits rays with fixed rates of vibration, thus forming bright lines in those portions of the spectrum with which these rapidities correspond. On the contrary, when light from another source passes through these vapors, they absorb the exact rays which they emitted before, thus destroying the continuity of the spectrum, and producing lines of darkness which agree in position with their own bright lines.

This simple theory forms the whole basis of spectrum analysis, and is found readily to explain its phenomena. Advanced only in 1859, it has already led to numerous and important discoveries.

Thus the solar lines were evidently caused by the action of vapors on light fitted to yield a continuous spectrum, the light of the sun probably originating in a solid or liquid incandescent body, and then passing through a gaseous atmosphere containing elementary vapors. It was at first questionable whether these lines were produced in the atmosphere of the sun or in that of the earth, but an appeal to the stars has thoroughly settled this doubt, as will be seen further on. Here was un hoped-for information in regard to the physical constitution of the sun, setting at rest certain opposed hypotheses of solar action, and proving the sun and earth to contain numerous elements in common. The presence of these elements is proved by the strongest evidence. Thus the bright lines in the spectrum of iron vapor have been closely compared with the black solar lines, and are found exactly to agree. When we consider that this agreement is not confined to one or two, but extends to more than four hundred and sixty lines, and that these agree not alone in position, but also in their relative strength, it

becomes impossible to doubt the presence of iron in the sun.

Besides iron, the sun contains sodium, calcium, magnesium, chromium, and hydrogen, with indications of numerous other elements.

On extending these researches to the fixed stars, most important results were obtained. These immensely distant orbs, which we could connect with our own system only by a doubtful analogy, are found to be really composed of elements similar, in many cases, to terrestrial substances, and to resemble the sun in constitution by yielding a spectrum crossed by black lines. At the same time they appear to contain elements unknown to us, and differ greatly among themselves in composition. Yet it is an interesting fact that the elements most widely diffused in the stars are just those most essential to earthly existence. We may name iron, also hydrogen, one of the constituents of water; sodium, the base of common salt; magnesium; these three, with oxygen, representing our sea.

In some of the stars—as, for instance, Aldebaran—about eighty dark lines have been carefully measured, these forming but a small portion of the numerous fine lines in their spectra. By a close comparison of these lines with the bright lines yielded by terrestrial vapors, we find clearly displayed the closely double line in the yellow characteristic of sodium, the three magnesium lines in the green, the strong hydrogen lines in the red, and also at the blue limit of the green, besides lines peculiar to numerous other elements, as iron, calcium, bismuth, tellurium, antimony, and mercury. Seven other elements are plainly indicated, and yet others doubtfully.

There is great diversity displayed in the manifestations of different stars, so much so as to render many of them incapable of classification with our sun. Father Secchi, the ecclesiastical savant, distributes them, as spectroscopic objects, into three classes. One of these classes is composed of stars assimilated in character to our sun, yielding, like it, numerous fine lines, and displaying many of its elementary characteristics. A second class consists of stars in an apparently different condition, as they yield colored bands in the red and orange. The third class is the most dominant, comprising half the visible stars. These are the white stars, like Sirius, characterized by a black band in the green-blue, and a second in the violet. In this class are included two stars exactly opposite in character, having luminous instead of black bands in the green.

Among stellar phenomena, perhaps the most striking is the occasional appearance of a new

star. Such a stellar birth has been several times recorded, both in ancient and modern times, the new stars suddenly shining out with a strong luster, and usually as suddenly disappearing. Perhaps the brightest of these was the temporary star of 1572, whose luster surpassed that of the planet Jupiter, and which was visible at midday. Yet it entirely disappeared after about three months' visibility.

In the year 1866 such a star blazed up in the constellation of the Northern Crown, rapidly attaining the second magnitude. It soon began to decline in brightness, falling in twelve days to the eighth magnitude. It was subjected to spectroscopic observation by William Huggins shortly after it began to fade. This experienced observer was surprised with the phenomenon of two distinct spectra. One of these was the ordinary spectrum of dark lines, showing the existence of a photosphere of incandescent solid or liquid matter inclosed in a vaporous atmosphere. Overlying this was a spectrum consisting of four bright lines. This plainly proved the existence of a second source of light, shown by its peculiar spectrum to be a luminous gas. Two of these lines were the prominent hydrogen lines, and their great brightness showed the gas to be hotter than the photosphere. The conclusion was obvious—the observer beheld a blazing world. A sudden flood of free hydrogen gas had apparently burst from the interior of the star, and was fiercely burning in contact with some other element. The intense heat of this conflagration had also heated the photosphere, so as to render its spectrum more vivid.

If, then, the stars are thus liable to become enwrapped in the flames of burning hydrogen, we may speculate as to what would be the fate of the inhabitants of the planets were our sun to emulate the vagaries of its sister orbs, and burst out in mighty conflagration. That it is not free from flaming hydrogen we shall presently see.

But there are other objects in the skies, a knowledge of whose nature is requisite to a complete system of astronomy. They consist of faintly luminous patches and spots of diffused light, that seem to be fantastic wisps of the world-vapor whence the globes were formed, rather than the combined glow of numerous excessively distant stars. These objects greatly aided the hypothesis originally conceived by Kant, but given to the scientific world by Laplace, which looked upon the universe as originally a mass of thinly diffused vapor, from which, by a long process of cooling and condensation, the present globes were formed. It

viewed these dim masses as nebulae in various stages of formation into stars.

With the improvement in telescopes, however, many of these objects opened out into clusters of minute stars. Lord Rosse's great reflector was peculiarly successful in this investigation, resolving many of the nebulae, while revealing others yet fainter. Yet some well-known nebulae remained unresolved, and great doubt was felt if these shadows of light could really flow from the glow of innumerable stars.

The first application of the spectroscope to one of these nebulae, as by a miracle, settled the controversy. When only three very faint lines of light appeared in place of the ordinary spectrum, the observer could hardly credit his instrument. But further tests yielded the same result. Here was clearly a stellar object of a new character, yielding the spectrum of luminous gas, and fully establishing the existence of gaseous nebulae. Closer observation added to these lines a very faint continuous spectrum, without apparent breadth, crossing the middle of the lines. Now the object examined had a minute central point of condensed light, which obviously gave this spectrum.

These three nebular lines coincide, one with the brightest of the nitrogen lines, the second with the green line of hydrogen, the third is unknown, though very near one of the barium lines. Not all nebulae display these three lines, some yielding only two, others one only. About one-third of all the nebulae observed yield this gaseous spectrum, while the remaining two-thirds give a stellar spectrum. It is a significant fact that among these latter are all those which have been resolved by the telescope. Again, as in the nebula in Andromeda, the spectrum formed is only partly continuous, wanting the red and part of the orange. These diversities show that there is yet much to be learned in the stellar phenomena, spectral science being still in its infancy.

The next important application of the spectroscope was to comets. They were found to yield two spectra—one spectrum being that of reflected solar light, the other that of their nucleus. This latter was the spectrum of a luminous gas, having a bright line identical with the nitrogen line of the nebulae. Here was information surpassing the powers of the telescope, and assimilating the formation of our solar system to that of the widely removed stellar spaces. In the case of the Comet II—1868—examined by William Huggins, quite different indications were given, the lines displayed closely agreeing with those of the highly heated vapor of carbon. The spectra of the planets scarcely vary

the solar lines, save by a few atmospheric lines interposed by some of them, as Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. The meteoric showers, too, which have of late years attracted so much attention, have, in their swift flight across the sky, been forced to flash their character through the prisms of the spectroscope. It is found that their trains undoubtedly contain sodium and another element—either potassium, sulphur, or phosphorus.

It may be thought strange that nothing is said of the presence or absence of oxygen, that most active of earthly elements; but the spectral lines of oxygen vary so much at different temperatures, that nothing can yet be premised concerning them.

The spectroscope has, moreover, proved useful to astronomical science in another particular. There are certain apparent movements among the so-called fixed stars which are probably caused by a real movement of our sun. In fact, the whole solar system is conjectured to be changing its position in space some one hundred and fifty millions of miles every year. But movements of the stars which indicate a real change of place are also observed. This proper motion has been noticed in over five hundred stars, and in some greatly exceeds in velocity that of our sun.

But the telescope only reveals to us motions transverse to our line of vision, yielding no information in regard to stars which may be moving directly toward or from the earth. Of such motions we could only learn by a change of brightness which might take several thousand years to become observable. But by aid of the spectroscope we are enabled in a moment to solve this apparently unanswerable enigma.

Light is supposed to consist of ethereal waves, which are excessively short, and which move through space at the speed of 180,000 miles per second. Variations in the length of these waves produce the various colors. But it is evident that if two waves be crowded together each will become shortened, thus producing a change of color. Now, if a star move rapidly toward the earth, each new wave must gain on that preceding it, causing a crowding of the waves and a change in their length. The prisms of the spectroscope instantly reveal this change, and also that opposite change resulting from a star receding from the earth. From the amount of this change in the case of Sirius, it is calculated that this star is receding from the earth at the rate of twenty-nine and a half miles per second. A similar motion has been discovered in other stars. The nebulae have been closely examined, but so far no change of posi-

tion has been detected; they seem immovably fixed in their places.

In these days nothing escapes the eager and persistent glance of science. During the solar eclipse of 1860 peculiar rose-colored protuberances were seen darting like flames to a great elevation above the sun's surface. These appearances caused astronomers to look forward with the greatest interest to the eclipse of 1868. It was known that this eclipse would be total for a period of seven minutes, a duration that would not occur again for centuries. That this unusual opportunity might not be lost, parties of observation were stationed at several points on the line of totality, reaching from Arabia to Malacca. The photographic and spectroscopic instruments employed by these expeditions were of the utmost delicacy, and, in spite of trouble from drifting clouds, very important results were obtained.

The protuberances were readily seen, in some cases of remarkable height, estimated at from twelve thousand to ninety thousand miles, but rapidly changing in shape and extent as the sun moved on from station to station. M. Janssen describes one of these appearances as resembling the flame of a vast forge urged by a powerful blast through the openings in a combustible mass. Another he likens to a group of snowy mountain peaks resting on the limb of the moon, and illuminated by the setting sun.

On applying the spectroscope to these protuberances, their nature was at once made manifest. Various bright lines, separated by intervals of darkness, met the eye of the observer. No result could be clearer. They were plainly masses of luminous vapor, volumes of flaming gas leaping strongly upward from the surface of the sun.

The number of these lines varied very much in the different instruments, Lieutenant Herschel seeing but three, while Janssen saw five, and M. Rayet no less than nine, of which only one was unknown, the others agreeing with prominent solar lines. The presence of hydrogen and magnesium was plainly indicated, with unknown elements, among which carbon may possibly have been present.

Thirty years ago it was known that the light of the edge differed from that of the body of the sun, and it was then conjectured that a peculiar solar envelope might exist. The discovery of solar protuberances lent force to this conjecture, and two years ago Mr. Lockyer conceived the idea of directing his glass to the edge of the sun, and in this manner isolating the light of these strange masses. It was only in October last, after the date of the eclipse

observations, that he succeeded in realizing his idea, and in producing in his instrument two distinct spectra—one the ordinary solar spectrum, the other a spectrum of colored lines, as above described.

Meanwhile, during his observation of the eclipse, M. Janssen conceived the same idea, and on trying the sun with his spectroscope the very next morning, plainly beheld the bright lines of the protuberances on the edge of the solar disc.

This important discovery will obviate the necessity of awaiting the fleeting event of an eclipse for a continuance of these observations, and will, moreover, afford the useful test of an ordinary solar spectrum placed in direct comparison with the new bright lines. It has already served to disprove the presence of sodium, which was indicated in the eclipse observations. Lockyer, by his new process, has already arrived at the following interesting conclusions: He finds reason to believe that the sun is surrounded by a gaseous envelope of great regularity, alike in equatorial and polar regions, and nearly five thousand miles high. The protuberances seem to be temporary ebullitions of gas, as they rapidly vary not only in size and position but also in composition, some yielding lines which are not found in others. May not the sun-spots, those dark depressions in the solar envelope, have some connection with this new-found phenomenon?

We have devoted so much space to these cosmical facts that we can but briefly detail certain terrestrial discoveries, perhaps quite as interesting. The utmost delicacy of chemical analysis yet achieved is coarse compared with the refinement of spectral investigation. Unknown facts have been clearly revealed by its aid, and new substances discovered. An excessively small amount of metallic vapor in a flame reveals itself in the lines of this tell-tale instrument. The one hundred and ninety-five millionth of a grain of sodium—an amount minute almost beyond our conception—gives plainly the yellow line of sodium. In like manner we can detect the sixty millionth of a grain of potassium or barium, the seventy millionth of lithium, and the one hundred millionth of calcium.

Elementary substances have been found lurking in the most unsuspected situations, rare metals diffused through common vegetables, while the most minute elementary constituent of the animal body can be readily detected. Mineral poisons can not easily hide out of sight of this keen investigator.

We may conclude with a description of the

greatest triumph of the spectroscope. The discovery of a new chemical element is of late years a matter of very rare occurrence. Since galvanic analysis gave us the metals of the alkalis—sodium, potassium, and others—but little has been achieved in this line of research. Yet spectrum analysis has already added four new elements to the list. The first of these was found by Professors Bunsen and Kirchhoff, in the residuum of the mineral waters of Kreuznach, Germany. Finding in their spectroscope some unknown blue lines, they instantly conjectured that some new substance was present. On evaporating twenty tons of the water they obtained a small quantity of a new metal, which they named cesium, from *cæsius*—sky-blue. In other mineral waters they discovered a second metal, called rubidium, also from its color. An Englishman—William Crookes—has discovered a third metal, connected with native sulphur, which, from its green lines, he named thallium. While searching the ores of Freiberg, Saxony, for this last metal, a new indigo-blue line appeared, and led to the isolation of a new metal, which, again, from the color of its lines, has been called indium.

These substances have since been obtained in sufficient quantities for the investigation of their properties, and their elementary character fully proven. This gives a reliability to the revelations of the spectroscope which it might otherwise have lacked, and opens out a vista of probable future utility, whose extent it would be difficult at present to predict. It has already been usefully applied in detecting the purity of dye-stuffs, in aid of the Bessemer steel process, and in other directions. Let it be borne in mind that the above are but the first-fruits of this remarkable instrument; and if its maturity should carry out the promise of these ten years of its youth, we may hope for many useful and surprising discoveries in the time to come.

AN Irish schoolmaster, who, while poor himself, had given gratuitous instruction to certain poor children, when increased in worldly goods *began to complain of the service*, and said to his wife "that he could not afford to give it longer for nothing." She, however, at once replied, "O, James, don't say the like! O!—that—do n't. A poor scholar never comes into the house that I do n't feel as if he brought fresh air from heaven with him. I never miss the bit I give them; my heart warms at the soft, homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door almost opens of itself to let them come in."



GIDEON'S FLEECE.

"And Gideon said unto God, Let me prove, I pray Thee, but this once with the fleece."—JUDGES vi, 39.

ALL night long on hot Gilboa's mountain,
With unmoistened breath, the breezes blew ;
All night long the green corn in the valley
Thirsted, thirsted for one drop of dew.

Came the warrior from his home in Ophrah,
Sought the white fleece in the mountain pass,
As he heard the crimson morning rustle
In the dry leaves of the bearded grass.

Not a pearl was on the red pomegranate,
Not a diamond in the lily's crown,
Yet the fleece was heavy with its moisture,
Wet with dew-drops where no dew rained down.

All night long the dew was on the olives,
Every dark leaf set in diamond drops ;
VOL. XXIX.—17*

Silver frosted lay the lowland meadows,
Silver frosted all the mountain tops.

Once again from Ophrah came the chieftain,
Sought his white fleece 'mid the dewy damps,
As the early sun looked through the woodlands,
Lighting up a thousand crystal lamps.

Every bright leaf gave back from its bosom
Of that breaking sun a semblance rare ;
All the wet earth glistened like a mirror,
Yet the fleece lay dry and dewless there.

Type, strange type, of Israel's early glory,
Heaven-sprinkled when the earth was dry ;
Mystic type, too, of her sad declining,
Who doth desolate and dewless lie.

When all earth is glistening in the Presence
Of the Sun that sets not night or day,
When the fullness of His Spirit droppeth
On the islands very far away.

Dream no more of Israel's sin and sorrow,
Of her glory and her grievous fall;
Hath that sacrament of shame and splendor
To thine own heart not a nearer call?

There are homes whereon the grace of Heaven
Falleth ever softly from above—

Homes by simple faith and Christian duty
Steeped in peace, and holiness, and love:

Churches where the voice of praise and blessing
Droppeth daily like the silver dew,
Where the earnest lip of love distilleth
Words, like water running through and through.

There are children trained in truth and goodness,
Graceless, careless in those holy homes,
There are hearts within those Christian temples,
Cold as angels carved upon the domes.

Places are there sin-defiled and barren,
Haunts of prayerless lips and ruined souls:
Where some lonely heart in secret filleth
Cups of mercy, full as Gideon's bowls.

Where some Christ-like spirit, pure and gentle,
Sheddeth moisture on the desert spot,
Feels a tender spirit, in the darkness,
Dewing all the dryness of his lot.

Christ! be with us, that these hearts within us
Prove not graceless in the hour of grace;
Dew of heaven! feed us with the sweetness
Of Thy Spirit in the dewless place.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

A LITTLE flower-seed that I laid
Within the ground one day
Has wakened feelings strangely meet—
Prophetic, shall I say?

The pretty flower for which I longed,
Hid in its coffin bed—

The substance of a thing hoped for,
From something seeming dead—

Has risen from its silent tomb

A thing of joy and beauty,

And taught a lesson unto me

Of life, and love, and duty;

Life, that is hidden with the Lord,

Is safe in his good keeping;

And love that sows life's duteous fields

Will one day know the reaping.

A little thing how oft imparts

Suggestive trains of thought,

That lengthen into happy dreams

With holy meanings wrought;

Bright ladders whereon Faith may climb,

Almost to touch the stars,

And catch pure gleams of heaven's own light

Through gates that stand ajar;

Sweet symphonies that fill the soul
With wonder and delight,
And whisper glorious things of truth
Now hidden from the sight;
The sweet fulfillment of all good,
That waits the break of day,
From whence all sorrows disappear,
All shadows flee away.

Henceforth shall golden dreams of love
Bridge o'er the sea of Doubt,

And faith unfold the promises

Safe from all fears without;

Now, that "the stone is rolled away,"

That our dear Lord is risen,

I know that he will one day free

My soul from this—its prison;

That in the valley some call dark

There waits a sweet surer rise,

The Savior there will heal the blind,

And bid the lame arise,

And unto one eternal day

Bid us go in rejoicing,

While to these mysteries we shall say

Amen with sweetest voicing.

NOW.

BLEST is the man who lives to-day

As if the last were not;

Who puts his sharp regrets away,

Whose failures are forgot.

Who never stops his path to trace,

Or rests on triumphs won;

Who never backward turns his face,

Or counts what hath been done.

Who never saith, "Here I mistook

At parting of the ways,

And here I lowered my heavenward look

To wait for worldly praise."

Nor, sadly sighing, "Here I missed

A good I might have gained—

Here silent grew the lips that kissed,

Here light of dear eyes waned."

Who weeps not, "Here the heavens were bowed

To work my lasting loss,

And here from out the wrathful cloud

I brought this heavy cross."

Who never thinks, "It might have been;"

But saith, "This is my time;"

Who fails not in this earthly din

To catch the heavenly rhyme.

Who hails with joy each dawning day,

And worketh with a will;

Who casteth not his hope away,

But, with his burden, still

Bears faith unfailing, undismayed—

Who can not flinch or fear,

Unquestioning takes what God hath made,

And liveth now and here.

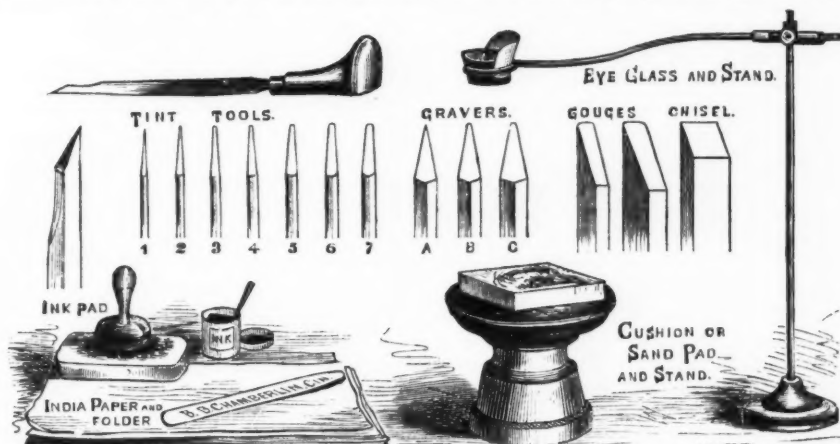
A Chapter on BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS.

AMONG the wonders of the day we number the rapidity with which we are favored by the publishers of our own and foreign lands with illustrated works in prose and verse. What a feast for many of us to stroll into one of our large bookstores, just before the Winter holidays, and inspect the choice treasures fresh from the hands of, we might say, the wonder workers! What trophies of the genius, taste, and skill of the nineteenth century—the culmination of ages of patient thought and persevering labor!

One class of illustrations seems to meet just now with special favor. We refer to engravings on wood. This is due to several causes: the

facility of their production, in which, compared to steel engravings, they occupy a somewhat similar position that the spirited sketches of a painter do to his more elaborate efforts. Secondly, the close connection between the engraved effort and the work of the designer. Wood engraving requiring the direct use of the brush and pencil, instead of a roundabout process, secures to us the personal efforts of the artists themselves. Thus, among designers and engravers, do we find some of the most eminent names in art. Wood engravings have certain valuable peculiarities—brilliancy of effect, a richness and crispness of touch, with a gracefulness and freedom of handling, all highly prized in artistic effort. The book illustrations of our day are faithful exponents of general art, and the revolution that is now taking place in the art world is illustrated in each of its several phases.

The production of these illustrations is a matter of much mystery to the general public,



WOOD ENGRAVER'S INSTRUMENTS AND APPARATUS.

and yet fewer processes are more simple when properly investigated.

We have referred to the immediate use of drawing in connection with wood engraving, as distinguishing it from other branches of the art. The office of the designer or draughtsman is generally distinct from that of the engraver, whose business it is to translate, as it were, the lines and shades of the drawing into the language of engraving, so that a printed impression shall be a reproduction, as near as may be reached, of the original drawing.

The material used is box-wood, obtained from the vicinity of the Black Sea. It is a relative of the garden box. It grows to an extraordinary age, pieces we have had in our possession

numbering several hundred rings. The choicest quality is of a rich yellow color. To obtain blocks for large engravings it becomes necessary to join small pieces together. The large plates of the Illustrated London News are divided into perhaps twenty pieces, held together by screws. By dividing the parts among as many engravers the secret of an easy and rapid production of a large picture is explained. The blocks are an inch in thickness, obtained by slicing the logs crosswise, so that the engraver works on the end of the grain. With keen instruments this material, although difficult to cut lengthwise, yields to the engraver's wishes with the greatest facility, and no material could be more completely under his control.

As in the handling of a pen or pencil, the use of lines is necessary to express the character and forms of objects, so is the engraver forced to observe the same method, and he who manages his instruments to the best advantage to express character, texture, and forms, is the best artist. A last observation on the technicalities of the art is, that the lines producing the impression in a wood engraving are those in relief, the opposite idea to that of the steel and copper-plate, in which cases the impression lines are sunk or carved into the material, as any one may observe by inspecting a visiting-card plate.

The history of the book illustrating art, in its connection with this branch of engraving, is full of interest.

It might be one of the most puzzling of the many puzzling questions of the day to settle as to what nation or people originated this art. The proud citizens of the Celestial Empire claim as ancient a record of its practice, in its simple forms, as perhaps any other, unless it be the Egyptians and Babylonians. Stamps of wood were used by all these—by the latter two races, instead of paper, clay was used, and whole libraries have been discovered, moth and mildew proof, consisting of baked bricks.

Europeans, however, claim the invention of pictorial representations by means of wood engraving, the earliest known specimens of which bear the date of 1423. The first efforts were devoted to talismanic and religious purposes. Among these were a portrait of St. Christopher, and one of St. Bridget, of Sweden, the former considered of great utility in preserving from sudden death all who should look upon each day. Portraits of the three kings of Cologne had also the same virtue attributed to them.

The introduction of playing cards was the next enterprise of the engravers. The strange devices with which so many are in our day familiar, have changed but little since their first introduction, and may be considered striking mementoes of the dark ages. This enterprise proved a popular hit. At Bologna it became a regular business, and the artist had discovered the road to fortune. But he was not to remain unmolested in his success. The voice of the priest St. Bernardin was raised so vehemently against the vice of gaming, which was extending at a rapid rate, and against those whose ingenuity was facilitating its progress, that a bonfire of well-nigh all the cards in the city soon rejoiced the vision of the ardent prelate as a testimony to

his zeal and influence. He was not disposed, however, to divorce mercy from justice, and in response to the bitter complaints of the discomfited artist presented him with a praise-worthy substitute for the banished devices, which fortunately proved even more remunerative than the former ones. It was a simple tablet repre-



ST. BERNARDIN'S DESIGN, 1423.

sented a sun with resplendent rays surrounding the name of Jesus, denoted by the initials "I. H. S." The portraits of the good priest were ever after accompanied by the tablet held in his right hand.

The next step in the art was the production of "block books," consisting of pictorial subjects executed in a bold style, with explanatory

texts, often accompanied with showy initial letters in the style of the manuscripts of the monks. We are now on interesting ground, for, with the introduction of block books, we behold the dawning of the age of the printing-press. A German nobleman becomes greatly interested in the rising art, supplies himself with letters engraved in metal instead of the usual material, devises a press to facilitate the taking of impressions, and presents to the world the fruits of his ingenuity and perseverance. In the Royal Library of Paris is a Bible in two large folio volumes which he began, taking eight years to



FROM THE "POOR PREACHER'S BIBLE," 1462.



ALBRECHT DURER.

complete, and upon which it is recorded 4,000 florins were spent on the first four sheets. A single copy was the entire edition. It was illuminated and rubricated—terms referring to the large initial letters and decorated margins. The rubricating applies to the use of red ink in the small capitals and underscoring of important sentences. The work was published on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1456.

The next year appeared the first publication of the partners of Gutenberg, Faust and Schäfer. This was a Psalter. The first typographical work containing wood engravings, illustrating the text, was a book of German fables published in 1461. This was followed the next year by the "Poor Preacher's Bible."

Ten years after, 1471, arose a genius destined to give the newly developed art an impulse it had not as yet received. This was Albert Durer, born in Nuremberg. He received his first ideas of engraving from his father, who was a goldsmith. He united great technical

skill with remarkable power of designing and drawing. His first subject was the Apocalypse, then the History of the Virgin, and Christ's Passion. His greatest work was entitled the "Triumphs of Maximilian." This was engraved on pear wood, a much inferior material to the box-wood now in use. It consisted of ninety-two pieces, forming, joined together, one large picture ten feet high by as many wide. Durer was one of the greatest names in art, and may be considered as the founder of that system of careful drawing and close attention to anatomy now distinguishing German art.

The married life of this artist has furnished material for more than one popular novel. With many of his profession his love of the beautiful led him to marry a beauty. She proved, however, to possess no fondness for the profession of her husband—saw nothing of value in his labors, and was as unappreciative of his genius as a Hottentot. His loving personification of the beautiful was all that, but in disposition

terrible. Ofttimes was he startled out of his silent studies and contemplations of the flowers, and fields, and skies by the harsh outcries of his upbraiding spouse. She was, in the strictest sense, a "matter of fact"—a "practical" woman, and would have preferred to have her husband's talents buried in the earth, than that the family should have been behind their neighbors in what constituted worldly prosperity, and the "keeping up of appearances." In spite of her maledictions and fears the world honors the name of Durer, and inscribes on his tombstone "a great artist and a good man."



THE OLD MAN,
From Holbein's "Dance of Death," 1500.

Durer was worthily succeeded by Hans Holbein, born at Augsburg in 1498. He was an artist of great originality. One of his most important works was the "Dance of Death," which insured his fame.



"RICHES WALKING OUT."
Early Wood Cut, Fifteenth Century.

The earliest English work illustrated by wood engravings, was the second edition of Caxton's

Book of Chess, published in 1476. The art made considerable progress in Italy. The second book published was a military work—Verona, 1463—now resorted to by antiquarians to prove the existence of certain inventions previous to the time generally attributed to them. In the work may be found illustrations of a boat with paddle-wheels—a gun with stock fitted for the shoulder, and a bombshell. This work also contains illustrations of the coat-armor of different nations and of individual rank, and is altogether one of the most curious and interesting of all illustrated works. Late in the sixteenth century Venice took the lead of all cities in her typographical triumphs.

It may be amusing to us of this day to learn that the art was considered now to have reached its climax, and henceforth should suffer a decline from its high position. The seventeenth century has barely a name to offer as worthy of note. Wood engraving suffered by competition with copper plate, and the attention of artists was turned in this direction to the almost total neglect of the sister branch. But at last this field became scarce of tillers, and in fact the whole realm of art languished, and neither painter, sculptor, nor engraver appeared to honor their profession. Louis XIV was in power and fashion the god of the hour.

In the eighteenth century appeared the best French engraver of the times in John Michael Papillon, who was the first chronicler of the art. His career was commenced at the age of eight, and at the age of nine he executed a satisfactory piece of work for his father without previous instruction. Papillon's marriage was a direct contrast to that of Durer. His wife was the daughter of a sculptor, and had herself made pretty drawings for fans. Instead of proving an obstacle to her husband's endeavors she, on the contrary, aided and encouraged him, and, no doubt, his great success was to her an ample reward for her sympathy. His fame spread through Europe, and the demand for his labors became as extensive as his fame. In the Royal Library, Paris, there are 5,000 pieces of his own engraving. Papillon was a sort of expiring taper to the art, and at his death it continued its downward tendencies.

At length, in the year 1753, was born an artist whose mission it was to revive the falling art and start it on the career in which we find it today. This individual was Thomas Bewick—generally known as the *reviver of wood engraving*—born at Cherryburn, Northumberland. His father was a collier, and his first labors were in the coal-pit. Discovering a remarkable talent for drawing, every effort was made to



THOMAS BEWICK.

advance him in his favorite pursuits. He was placed with a copper-plate engraver at Newcastle, but devoted much of his time to experimenting on wood. He succeeded rapidly in his undertaking and soon became distinguished—

leaving a name imperishable as a restorer of a well-nigh "lost art," lost at least in the rank it once held as a sister of painting and sculpture.

Bewick was a most earnest student of nature, and in his delineation of the fields, the streams, old cottages, the nooks and corners of the Northumberland region are a rich mine of truth, keen observation, and deep feeling. No wonder that the poet Wordsworth was charmed with those delineations of the scenes of his favorite haunts, and thus refers to the artist:

"O now, that the genius of Bewick were mine,
With the skill that he learned on the banks of the Tyne,
Then the muses might deal with me just as they chose,
For I'd take my last leave both of verse and of prose."

In Mr. Ruskin's Drawing-Book he devotes a high position to this master, and recommends the attention of the student to his works with the following notice:

"BEWICK.—The execution of the plumage in Bewick's Birds is the most masterly thing yet done in wood-cutting; it is worked just as Paul



THE HERMIT—ANGEL AND GUIDE.—Illustration to Parnell's "Hermit."

Veronese would have worked in wood had he taken to it. His vignettes, though too coarse in execution and vulgar in types of form to be good copies, show, nevertheless, intellectual power of the highest order; and there are pieces of sentiment in them, either pathetic or satirical, which have never since been equaled in illustrations of this simple kind; the bitter intensity of the feeling being just like that which characterizes some of the leading pre-Raphaelites. Bewick is the Burns of painting."

A fair idea of the nature of this artist's talents may be had by alluding briefly to the subjects of a number of his most interesting vignettes.

Lame Man contemplating a Guide-post.—

One can not but sympathize with the cripple in his quandary as to the right road, and ardently hope he may be spared the consequences of an unfortunate decision.

A Venerable Horse, spending his last hours under the shadow of a rock, contemplating the skull and bones of a departed predecessor.

Two Blind Fiddlers, led by a boy. The musicians are doing their very best instrumentally and vocally, under the supposition that an audience is listening, which is not the case.

A number of Geese entertaining a fox with well-received flatteries, while the hunters are cautiously approaching in his rear to cut off his retreat.

Dog devouring Sheep, the young lamb standing by, the picture of the most abject terror, and yet unable to leave the spot. Her bleatings are bringing the farmer in hot haste across the fields to the rescue.

Blind Man crossing a Stream on a Narrow Plank, led by a dog. Rain falling and wind blowing furiously, the man's hat sailing off beyond prospect of recovery.

An Aged Gentleman, transporting his young wife, baby, and well-filled market basket over a stream. The man's earnest effort to reach his destination without mishap, and land his earthly treasures in safety, seem to be fully appreciated by his affectionate better-half.

A Hen, having a family of goslings in charge, making a terrible ado over their strange conduct in taking to the water.

One of the most intensely pathetic and touching of his designs, and one that has seldom if ever been surpassed, is that representing a Winter scene, with somber sky, and landscape covered with snow fields, ice-bound river, and mountains mantled with the white covering, not a sign of human life in sight. Near by is a ruined habitation, a few timbers and a bit of thatch remaining to indicate a roof. In the

foreground is an old mother sheep and lamb, in the last stages of hunger and thirst. The ewe, pained at the bleatings of her offspring, is agonizing by biting at a birch broom.

His pictures have the merit of arousing a train of thought by their suggestiveness, and are poems and histories in themselves; or, as a writer in Blackwood expressed it, "there is a sermon in every vignette."

The establishment of Bewick and his brother at Newcastle was the starting-place of many eminent engravers and designers, who have continued the career of the art commenced by their predecessor. One of the most distinguished of these was William Harvey, the designer of the celebrated editions of the Pilgrim's Progress and Arabian Nights, published by Lane and Charles Knight, of London. He has been succeeded by Cruikshank, Kenny Meadows, Gilbert, Thomas, John Leech, Zeniel Weir, and Birket Foster.

Cruikshank and John Leech are names of great note, and the volumes of Punch illustrated by them are rich storehouses of genius and fine drawing. Birket Foster's landscapes are full of interest and beauty, and his ever-ready pencil awakens renewed expressions of enthusiastic favor with each new volume issued.

In our own country the art is making commendable progress. Just at present the ambition to rival foreign publications is meeting with gratifying success. Dr. Alexander Anderson was the pioneer of the art in America, and many of us may well recollect the efforts of his skillful graver in the Webster's Spelling-books and Morse's Geography of our school days. Our highest name is that of Felix Darley, an artist of great powers, and a noble delineator of the scenes and characters of his native country. The Sketch-Book, and other works of Irving and Cooper, are monuments to his genius, and the engravings are some of the best specimens of American skill and excellence.

Gustave Dore, of France, is a name now attracting universal attention, and the power as well as wondrous facility of his execution are matters of astonishment. We may not approve of much of his designing—in fact, may not be able to repress our displeasure—yet his genius must be acknowledged. We find in him that which reminds us of a Rembrandt in chiaroscuro, a Michael Angelo in anatomy, action and skill in foreshortening, the wildness and force of Salvator Rosa, the weirdness and grotesqueness of Durer and Holbein, the landscape power of Turner and Calame, and his happy choice of the branch of engraving which has been the subject of our consideration

as the medium for the communication of his ideas to the world, has resulted in enhancing the display of his great powers and exhibiting the capacities of this noble art to the best advantage.

AUTUMN AMONG THE POETS.

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above."

WAS Tennyson ever in America? In Italy he of course has been—Italy, the home of poets and of poetic souls. Bathed in the glories of the classic past, her hills and falling palaces have fitly nurtured poets' dreams and shadowed poets' tombs. But in the richness of our October days,

"When Autumn's yellow luster gilds the world,"

and the translucent air imparts the charm of vivid nearness to objects more remote, and gives a glory as "from being far" to those at hand, we feel transported to the poets' own clime of perpetual dream-shifting phantasy and clairvoyant sight.

"He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
He saw through his own soul."

It is not "the lingering blazon of an old renown" upon these hills by "la belle riviere," but the foreshining of the "golden year," when all men's good shall be each man's rule,

"And universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea."

In "these old woods whose reverend echoes wake," the Autumn sun, like Midas, changes all to gold. The towering trunks, grander than pillars of Corinthian or Doric art, glow on this sunward slope with mingling tints of lively bronze, any rough prominence or projecting knot catching the more brilliant touches; each separate leaf among the many colored hosts presents a trembling point of light, while those of russet hue might be a thousand golden amulets; the grass, not yet quite dead, shines through the fallen foliage in spots of bright or mottled yellow, and borders the brown paths which cross among the trees in breadths of glowing bronze, losing themselves in mellow distances of warm hazy light.

"T is the haunt
Of every gentle wind whose breath can teach
The wilds to love tranquillity."

The soft, sad breeze repeats the fabled woes of Hylas—

"Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feathered choirs neglect their song;
For her, the jimes their pleasing shades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.

Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the Spring;
Ye birds that, left by Summer, cease to sing;
Ye trees that fade when Autumn heat remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?"

And, rising to sighs of louder grief, fills all the grove with Ægæon's sharp lament,

"Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?"

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods; adieu, the light of day;
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains."

The leaves now flutter singly by, and now in dancing multitudes whirl through the air or skim along the ground like flocks of lighting birds. The wind has already blown them into little heaps, one here and there, and yonder, sheltered by a broad trunk and several low scarlet bushes, is spread a couch that might give slumber to another Cynthia. Wandering at random by the winding paths, we come, just at the brow of the ascent, upon a sudden precipice of several hundred feet in depth, bristling with scrubby pines and various kinds of shrubs and tangled vines. The vines and bushes of different colors, chiefly red, show flauntingly among the sober evergreens. Below, a broad creek, almost a river, and turning several mills, flows quietly along in the deep shadow of the westward hill, which throws the pictures of its topmost trees far to the other side, and half way up the opposite bank. Across the creek lie yellow meadow lands, some yet standing in shocks of corn, with a background of Autumn-tinted hills bright in the sun of early evening. Among such scenes by "Evan's banks. . . forever dear, or bonny Doon sae sweet at gloamin'," his native muse found Burns at the plow, as the prophet Elijah did Elisha, and flung her mantle over him.

"When ripened fields and azure skies
Called forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk."

How the sweet spirit of the fading year lingers in the heart of the "simple bard, rough at the rustic plow!"

"The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,
Nae laverock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e;
Thro' faded groves Maria sang
Herself in beauty's bloom the while,
And ay the wild wood echoes rang,
Farewell the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wint'ry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies, dumb, in withering bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air,
But here, alas! for me nae mair,
Shall birdie charm or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonny banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!"

In the "Lament for Glencairn," what tender sympathy with nature's mood in the picture of the aged bard "laden with years and meikle pain," and how the murmurs of the "winds lamenting thro' their caves," accord with the deeper note of human grief!

"The wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Looked on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream.

He leaned him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mold'ring down with years;
His locks were bleached white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
And as he touched his trembling harp,
And as he tuned his doleful sang,
The winds lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes along;
Ye scattered birds that faintly sing,
The relics of the vernal choir!
Ye woods, that shed on a' the winds
The honors of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
But nocht in all revolving time,
Can gladness bring again to me."

A narrow shelf, varying in width from one to two feet, traverses the face of the perpendicular rock at a distance of about three yards from the top. Seeking a way of descent, we find groove or gutter worn during heavy rains, and partially filled with earth, and leaves which may be used as a path by carefully clinging to roots and grasses. Recent showers have washed down quantities of a loose soft shale, which forms a thin stratum near the upper surface, rendering the ledge unsafe, great caution being needful to retain the footing. Pursuing this airy pathway, with some pains we find ourselves unexpectedly in a small cave or grot scooped in the rocky wall, a large flat stone in the center offering a convenient seat. Here the ledge widens, forming a jutting porch or balcony in front of the romantic little chamber, which seems so buried in the heart of sylvan quiet we might fancy that

"One step;
One human step alone has ever broken
The stillness of its solitude; one voice
Alone inspires its echoes."

and that voice and step our own. The winds have in some way borne dead leaves from the grove above in such quantities as half to fill the back of the apartment. The mass must have been years in accumulating, presenting the appearance of layers in different stages of decay, a few bright gems of this season's coloring enlivening the whole. Here we could think to find the ashes of that poet whose untimely tomb

"No human hands with pious reverence reared,
But the charmed eddies of Autumnal winds

Heaped o'er his moldering bones a pyramid
Of moldering leaves in the waste wilderness:"

so like this silent nook, perched among solemn pines on the gray precipice, to the spot that Shelley makes the funeral altar of wild wandering genius,

"He did place
His pale, lean hand upon the rugged trunk
Of the old pine. Upon an ivied stone
Reclined his languid head, his limbs did rest,
Diffused and motionless, on the smooth brink
Of that obscure chasm; and thus he lay,
Surrendering to their final impulses
The hovering powers of life."

Poor Shelley, like the creature of his brain, "gentle, and brave, and generous," like him, obscurely perishing at the end of a misguided career. Standing erect with outstretched arms upon the stone which has served as a seat, we lack a foot of touching the wall of the grot on either side, and twice that distance mocks our height above, the huge fossil impression of an extinct fish staring upon us from the ceiling. The ledge along which we have come now grows so narrow as to be impracticable, and, retracing our steps, we hesitate to make use of the path by which we descended, the damp debris being slippery and dangerous to the foot. Making our way further on we find the shelf widening, and proceed more easily until gradually, by a slight ascent, it strikes the top of the hill in an open field of yellow stubble. Before the pageant now outspread of earth, and air, and sky, our inmost soul cries, "Holy! holy! holy! Lord God of hosts! Heaven and earth are full of thy glory!" We seem like one but just emerged from the dim and dangerous ways of sin and exile, into the light and liberty of the sons of God.

"See, from the clouds His glory breaks!"

The gorgeous hills melt into the gorgeous heaven; the "full-orbed sun, canopied in crimson cloud," sits upon one tall top fusing the entire atmosphere from south to north, and far beyond the zenith in molten glory. The golden vault of sky is ribbed with crimson, purple, and violet shading almost imperceptibly into the blue of the eastern hemisphere, which is veiled in a feather-like tracery of soft and lustrous white. To the south a deep ravine appears to lead right through a rift opening in the resplendent wall like a door into eternity. We are reminded of a sunset picture long ago, just after a sharp midsummer storm. Near to a level crimson island, washed by the sea of infinite blue, and fringed with golden shores, one heavy bank of cloud still darkened the horizon. A few fragments of broken cumulus, moved by the gentle current of the air, drifted slowly across

the jagged mass, and over the strip of sky between, on to the radiant stretches of the island cloud which reached far back into the shining west. In our childish fancy those fleecy fragments were white, and holy souls painfully journeying over yawning gulfs and rocky heights to the blessed isles. We well remember the solemn feeling with which we watched them, one by one, descend to cross the narrow strait, and observe them grow purer and more spirit-like against the azure of the open sky.

"O, Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forest glad!
Thy gentle wind, and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad?
Ah! 't were a lot too blest
Forever in thy colored shades to stray,
Amid the kisses of the soft south-west,
To rove and dream for aye!"

SOMETHING ABOUT BELLS.

"Vivos voco. Mortuos plango. Fulgura frango."

THREE years ago the little steamer on which we were sailing lay fast anchored in Long Island Sound. A fog prevailed, so dense that sky and land, and every beautiful thing, was shut out from sight, except the faces of two dear friends. We were only three leagues away from Hell-Gate, the monster guard that Nature has provided for New York harbor, and no good mariner ventures through that narrow pass but in the broadest light of day; and so we waited, while it seemed for the time that we were cast out of the world, save that; from a neighboring island, we heard an ever-tolling bell. Its tongue was the only one speaking to us of the proximity of mother earth, and it brought a longing to look upon her face.

The deck was slippery with moisture, and there was no relief in going thither to peer through the misty air, although frequent whistlings and puffings betokened the nearness of other steamers, fog-bound and impatient of delay; so, to while away the tedious hours, the captain told us all about his trim little palace—how once it was the flag-ship that bore brave Captain Gilmore into the bay of Charleston, when rebellion raged on land and sea. From that moment we loved every timber in her frame-work, every rod and wheel in her machinery, and said there never was a prow so graceful, nor banner so proud as waved above her—albeit we could see neither the one nor the other, for the white vapor enshrouded mast, and pennon, and keel.

After we had heard the story of the gallant

captain I sat down within our state-room to listen to the tolling of the bell, and to fancy that on an enchanted isle, not far away, lived watchful sprites, who warned sailors when to anchor; and, from sea-nymphs and island-fairies, fell to speculating upon bells, their variety and utility, thought how largely they enter into our religious associations, how intimately connected they are with our feelings of joy and of sadness, how faithfully and delicately they convey intelligence to the unheeding children of men; and so fully was my mind given up to a contemplation of their marvelous endowments that I determined to make them a study.

The delightful research commenced by turning the leaves of the Bible from the opening chapter until reaching Exodus xxviii, 34: "A golden bell and a pomegranate; a golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of the robe round about."

The majestic high-priest in miter and ephod, and in garments fashioned "for glory and for beauty," seemed to stand forth from the page of inspiration, and I saw

"The tinkling hem of Aaron's train,"

and heard "his sound as he went into the holy place before the Lord."

But the sacred vision vanished, for, suddenly, the sun shone out after six hours' hiding, disclosing a half score of steamers around us—a community we had been, with but a veil between us—now it was lifted we saluted each other with shrieks of piping steam, then, with nod and smile from deck to deck, we went on, glad and gay, into the rocky channel of the Infernal Portal, passing in our course the enchanted island; and lo! a slight, stony projection, capped with green, bearing a little brown cottage and a white-washed light-house, and the nymph who had beguiled us was a stout old Irishwoman, in cap and spectacles, who had only been ringing the fog-bell, as was her duty. But the morning's lesson was not forgotten; and I gladly place before you, O gentle reader, the result of my search through ancient records, modern cyclopedias, and poems ringing with melody, as are the bells they tell us of.

The earliest mention of them and of their use among the Hebrews has been already quoted. According to the Rabbis, these were of gold, seventy-two in number, and alternated with the brodered pomegranates upon the hem of the ephod. They probably answered the same purpose as the bells used by the Brahmins; also, by the Roman Catholics, during the celebration of mass and the sacraments.

The consecration of bells dates back to a very early period; they were washed with water, anointed with oil, and marked with the sign of the cross in the name of the Trinity; and even now, in Popish districts, they are solemnly blessed before being set apart to their work of calling worshipers to their devotions. Chrism and oil are used in the benediction. This fact, together with names being given them, causes the ceremony to be called the baptism of bells. This custom bears the date of the year 1000.

To curse by bell, book, and candle refers to a solemn form of excommunication, used by the same sect, the bell being tolled, the book of offices for the purpose being used, and three candles extinguished, with certain mummeries.

The Romans by this signal announced the time for bathing; the early Christians adopted the same for designating the hour of prayer; kept up still by Protestants in the church-going bell, and by Romanists in the *Angelus* at morning, noon, and night—at sound of which all devout ones join in this rite.

We come now to notice the supposed mysterious connection between this instrument and the souls of the departed, and its influence and power over the unseen. In proof of the credence given to this one writer narrates the custom of ringing the passing bell. "It served a double purpose; it advertised all Christians to pray for the escaping soul, and it scared away the demons who were hovering around with the hope of seizing the liberated spirit as their prey, or, at least, to molest and impede its flight to heaven." A relic of this old-time practice is common in many villages to this day, in the habit of tolling the bell when a funeral procession slowly winds to the burial place. In administering extreme unction to the dying the priest has a sonnette tinkled before him. Their ancient motto became the text of Schiller's wonderful "Song of the Bell,"

"Vivos voco. Mortuos plango. Fulgura frango.
The living I call. The dead I bewail. The lightnings I break."

Mrs. Jameson, in her exquisite work, "Sacred and Legendary Art," quotes Durandus, who explains the meaning of the third clause—the significance of the other two being apparent—"The lightnings I break." "According to him the devil can not endure the sound of a consecrated bell: 'It is said that the wicked spirits that be in the region of the air fear much when they hear the bells ringed, and that is why they be ringed when it thundereth, to the end that the foul fiends should be abashed and flee, and cease from moving of the tempest.'"

In this work I find, also, that St. Anthony, who, unfortunately, was buffeted of Satan and haunted by demons from blooming youth to the frosty age of one hundred and five years, is represented in paintings by Albert Durer and others, as "carrying a bell in his hand, or suspended either to his crutch or to a cross near him, which refers to his power to exorcise evil spirits, a very proper thing to introduce in connection with the Hermit, who had so great occasion for it in his own person, and was renowned for the aid he afforded others in like predicament."

Let us read a little more of the legend, that we smooth-sailing Christians may see how sorely beset, yet never despairing, was this noted Egyptian anchorite. After a fierce encounter with the powers of evil he "cried out and defied the demon, saying, 'Ha! thou arch tempter! didst thou think I had fled? Lo! here I am again. I, Anthony! I challenge all thy malice! I have strength to combat still!' When he had said these words the cavern shook, and Satan, rendered furious by his discomfiture, called up his fiends, and said, 'Let us affright him with all the terrors that can overwhelm the soul of man.' Then hideous sounds were heard; lions, tigers, wolves, dragons, serpents, scorpions, all shapes of horror, 'worse than fancy ever feigned, or fear conceived,' came roaring, howling, hissing, shrieking in his ears, scaring him, stunning him; but in the midst of these abominable and appalling shapes and sounds, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light, which fell upon Anthony, and all these terrors vanished at once, and he arose unhurt, and strong to endure. And he said, looking up, 'O Lord Jesus Christ! where wert thou in those moments of anguish?' And Christ replied, in a mild and tender voice, 'Anthony, I was here beside thee, and I rejoiced to see thee contend and overcome. Be of good heart; for I will make thy name famous through all the world.'"

An old writer thus quaintly describes the threefold duties of bells:

"When we lament a departed soul,
We toll.
When joy and mirth are on the wing,
We ring.
To call the fold to church in time,
We chime."

Having dwelt long enough on the first "duty," I pass to the second, "we ring." In municipal records of the middle ages occurs "ryngyng ye curfewe." The curfew was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, it being rung at nightfall for the

extinguishing of fires on the hearth, and for the retiring of the inhabitants within their houses. This practice gave rise to poetical allusions by Campbell and Gray, but it was used simply as a police measure; as all houses were made of wood then it prevented their destruction by fire, and, also, in great measure cut off the commission of crime by night. In the year 1100 this obligation was removed by Henry I, though the evening bell still rang; and this custom is not yet wholly done away, though modified as to the hour. This fact is given in the history of those times.

"As a signal to call people together, to join in concerted action," says an unknown author, "the bell has been used from remote times. The feast of Osin's was announced by their ringing, and the same sound to this day notifies to hungry mortals the time to join in satisfying the calls of appetite. In times of danger they were employed as early as the year 610. In our cities now alarm bells are rung to an extent our ancestors never dreamed of."

Poe's description is not excelled in the language; and the stanza representing fire bells is the most striking. Schiller has, also, a brilliant passage descriptive of the roaring of flame, which occurs after the "belfry moan." Other alarms than of "fire" are rung.

"Perils by flood" of the year 1571 are depicted by sweet Jean Ingelow in "High Tide at Lincolnshire:"

"The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
'Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best,' quoth he.
'Play uppe, play uppe O Boston bells I
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe "the Brides of Enderby."'

Men say it was a stolen tide—
The Lord that sent it, he knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall.

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows,
They sayde, 'And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

So farre, so faste the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow, seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roof we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to me,
That in the dark rang 'Enderby.'

The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Down drifted to thy dwelling-place.

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I beginne to think how long,
Again I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong:
And all the air, it seemeth me,
Bin full of floating bells—sayth shee—
That ring the tune of Enderby."

Bells have so great variety of uses that it seems vain to begin their enumeration. They are, instead of the human voice, for warning, for summons, for transmission of intelligence, whether it be to announce a victory, or to put a nation in mourning. Is a child lost? Is there to be a special sale of goods? Does one seek admission to our houses? Are there unsupplied wants in the sixth story of a hotel? Is a train of cars about to wind away on its wonderful journey? Is a monitor needed in a school or any assembly? It is one of the most efficient. Must a student be roused from bright dreams to mental toil? It is a vigilant messenger. Is there to be a measure of time for all who labor? There is none more correct. A sleigh-ride where no jingle is, loses its charms, be the robes ever so dainty, or the gliding ever so swift. Ships on the ocean without them are unworthy to sail. The lowing kine among the Alps, or on the prairies of Illinois, follow their leader. A camel, whose limbs bear little bells, pass safe from harm through a land of serpents. Even the outcast leper, wandering on the waste, needs not in his barbarous dialect to cry "unclean!" for the "ring" at his girdle shields from disease the coming pilgrim. In fact, our homes, our temples, our streets, and those of distant lands, are lifeless without them. Who of us would wish to miss even the gentle tinkle which poises on the scissor-grinder's cart? It is his English. The bell's tongue is the one by which all nations may speak to each other.

"Music bells are still in use in some parts of Europe. These are played by means of keys, not unlike those of a piano-forte. An old painting of King David represents him as playing, with a hammer in each hand, upon five bells hung up before him. The famous Swiss bell-ringers produce most exquisite melody from hand-bells. So skillful are they that they will change from one to another with almost the same rapidity that printers take up their types. A company of seven persons often use forty-two of them, varying in size." Here is the key to their music as given by foreign mathematicians. The best proportion of the height of a bell to its greatest diameter is as 12 to 15. In conformity to the law of acoustics the number of vibrations of a bell varies in inverse ratio

with its diameter, or the cube-root of its weight, so, for a series of them forming a complete octave, the diameters should go on increasing with the depth of tone, as for do, 1; re, 8-9; me, 4-5; sol, 2-3; la, 3-5; si, 8-15; do, 1-2. "We chime." Bells were used for churches about the year 400 by St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania; perhaps the Latin word *campanula* may have been given in honor of the latter name—*campanile* means bell-tower, and happy the neighborhood having at least nine bells hanging therein! The cathedral at Antwerp had 33; a single tower in Moscow rejoiced in 37.

"The mechanism for sounding chimes consists of a cylinder, from the circumference of which project pegs placed at intervals, according to the order in which each bell is to be struck. This is made to revolve by clock-work, and the pegs are thus brought into contact with levers operating upon the bell-hammers. This species of music is supposed to have originated in a monastic institution of Germany not far from 1487. The finest sets of chimes in the world are at Amsterdam, Ghent, and Copenhagen."

Russia is proverbially fond of bells. Clarke, in his travels, remarks, "The numberless bells of Moscow continue to ring during the whole of Easter week, tinkling and tolling without harmony or order. The large bell near the cathedral is only used upon important occasions, and yields the finest and most solemn tone I ever heard. When it sounds, a deep hollow murmur vibrates all over Moscow, like the fullest tones of a vast organ, or the rolling of distant thunder. This bell is suspended in a tower called the belfry of St. Ivan. It is 40 3-4 feet in circumference, 16 1-2 feet thick, and weighs 57 tons."

Next in size to Russian bells are those of China. In Pekin, near the head-quarters of the general of the nine gates, is a conspicuous tower, holding a bell which announces the hours of the night, weighing 120,000 pounds, and there are said to be six others in the city as large. The largest bell in England is one of a set for the new Houses of Parliament; it weighs 14 tons. Notre Dame Cathedral, Montreal, has one of nearly 15 tons' weight, and in the opposite tower of the building is a chime of ten very heavy bells. The largest in the United States is for the City Hall, New York, cast in Boston, and weighs 23,000 pounds.

The bell, known to be the largest ever founded, was formerly in a deep pit in the midst of the Kremlin; but the Czar Nicholas caused it to be taken out of the pit, and to be placed on a granite pedestal. Upon its side is seen, over a

border of flowers, the figure of the Empress Anne in flowing robes. This bell has been consecrated as a chapel, and the door is in the aperture made by the piece which fell out. The size of the room is 22 feet diameter and 21 1-4 feet in height.

One of the most interesting bells, especially so to every American citizen, is appropriately resting in the Hall of Independence, Philadelphia. It is connected with the memorable 4th of July, 1776, when it first announced by its peal the Declaration then made, the event of greatest importance in our country's history. This inscription surrounds it near the top, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

The bell composed of finer metal than any other is named *Maria Gloriosa*, or Susanna of Erfurt, whose tones Luther heard when in the Augustinian monastery, and, at intervals, throughout the remainder of his life. A grand, old bell, which rang before the Reformation, and, still faithful, invites to prayer thousands of worshipers. May it ring unbroken till the golden millennial morn, and let all the bells of the world, in perfect harmony, usher in that dawning! For then shall they bear but one name, *concord*, and but one motto, *holiness to the Lord*.

LUCY LARCOM'S POEMS.

THE life-shore of the nineteenth century is washed by a most relentless tide of poetry. Amid the sand and pebbles thus heaped against us it is gladdening to our eyes to find a few pearls. The style of "Lucy Larcom" is peculiarly her own—not modeled after any of the female poets who have attained celebrity. It has not the sad, sweet pathos of Mrs. Hemans, though pathetic touches are not wanting: neither has it the rich and sparkling imagery of Jean Ingelow, the force and depth of Mrs. Browning, nor the sprightliness of Mrs. Osgood. Yet it is not without something of all these poetic qualities. Its chief charm consists in a musical flow of thought through the channel of a quaint, beautiful, rhythmical expression, finding its way to the heart of our common human nature. Is it not the best praise that you *feel* her poems? Take this specimen from the collection termed "The Coming Life:"

"One year among the angels, beloved, thou hast been;
One year has heaven's white portal shut back the sound of sin:
And yet no voice, no whisper, comes floating down from thee,
To tell us what glad wonder a year of heaven may be.

Thou lovedst all things lovely when walking with us here;
Now, from the heights of heaven, seems earth no longer dear?

We can not paint thee moving in white-robed state afar,
Nor dream our flower of comfort a cool and distant star.

Heaven is but life made richer; therein can be no loss;
To meet our love and longing thou hast no gulf to cross;
No adamant between us uprears its rocky screen;
A veil before us only—thou in the light serene.

That veil 'twixt earth and heaven a breath might waft aside;
We breathe one air, beloved, or follow one dear guide;
Passed in to open vision, out of our mists and rain,
Thou seest how sorrow blossoms: how peace is won from pain.

And half we feel thee leaning from the deep calm of bliss,
To say of earth, 'Beloved, how beautiful it is!
The lilies in this splendor—the green leaves in this dew—
O, earth is also heaven, with God's light clothed anew!'

Who that has felt a loved one flutter from his
arms to gain an Eden bower but feels this come
home to his heart? How near she seems!—
the lost one. The poet but clothes in beauty
the thought that has thrilled us many a time as
we felt "she, too, mingles in our joy." Indeed,
"Lucy Larcom" possesses the rare power of
bringing heaven very near; under the inspira-
tion of her song we no longer regard it as a
cold abstraction, but a glowing world, filled
with living though glorified beings, so near that
we can catch the breathings of love and feel the
radiant eyes search through our inmost souls.
Take away from us the inspiration of nearness
and the soul flows out in wailing woe for the
departed;

"Most pitiful and strange it is to stay
Without them in a world their lost love fills."

We shiver, and would rather hug to our hearts
delusion, if this be delusion.

"So when the sky seems bluer, and when the blossoms wear
Some tender, mystic shading we never knew was there,
We'll say, 'We see things earthly by light of saintly eyes;
She bends where we are gazing, to-day, from paradise.

And as in waves of beauty the swift years come and go,
Upon celestial currents our deeper life shall flow,
Hearing from that sweet country where blighting never came,
Love chime the hours immortal, in earth and heaven the same."

"Near Shore" is very sweet, though the im-
agery, if not faulty, is not clear. "The Cham-
ber called Peace" is an exultant, inspiring
strain:

"Veiling her brightness
In silvery whiteness,
The moonlight, caressing,
Stole in with a blessing
To the chamber called Peace."

But "Across the River" is one of those poems
the heart echoes—

"Where for me the silent oar
Parts the Silent River,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange Forever"—

then come wild questionings—"Shall I meet
'one whose thoughts I loved to think

Ere the veil was rended?"

And while pausing, half in hope and half in
fear, that one comes to the river brink, saying,

"I have waited
Until now to climb with thee
Yonder hills of mystery."

So much for the other world; for this follows
an indignant protest:

"Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away, like foliage sear,
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow.
I shall love the angels well,
After I have found them
In the mansions where they dwell,
With the glory round them;
But at first, without surprise,
Let me look in human eyes."

We all feel this if we do not admit it openly.
Angel, cherubim, and seraphim, we may want
to behold in their glory, but, first of all, the
father who died before our infant lips could
wreath his name in lisping syllables; the
brother to whose future we looked with so
much pride, but who was taken from us to
develop a more glorious manhood; the sister
who stole away from the home-nest with an
angel, one day, and never came back—these
we will long for first. These are first in our
thoughts here, when dwelling on the glory-land.
Our hearts are knit by human sympathies, and
there is a oneness with glorified humanity that
can not be between us and the angels. So, too,
the human nature in Jesus draws us more to
him. Could our hearts be so linked to the
eternal throne were not the humanity of Jesus
the uniting bond? We might adore the Deity,
but could we so love had he not worn human
guise?

"At the Beautiful Gate," and "My Angel
Dress," are charming throughout, as is also
"A Thanksgiving." Here is an original out-
burst—

"Art Thou not weary of our selfish prayers?
Forever crying, 'Help me, save me, Lord!'
We stay fenced in by petty fears and cares,
Nor hear the song outside, nor join its vast accord.
And yet the truest praying is a psalm;
The lips that open in pure air to sing
Make entrance to the heart for health and balm;
And so life's urn is filled at heaven's all-brimming spring."

"The Secret" is worth finding out, and is
summed up in this,

"But one way is godlike—
To give.
Then pour out thy heart's blood,
And live!"

The following has the strength of Mrs. Brown-
ing:

"Have we not groaned together, herbs and men,
Struggling through stifling earth-weights unto light,

Earnestly longing to be clothed upon
With our high possibility of bloom?

We are but human plants, with power to shut
In upon self our own impoverished lives,
Refusing light and growth. Unthankfully
We flaunt our blossoms in the face of heaven,
As if they overshadowed the eternal sun
That is their inspiration."

Here is a beautiful picture of the Sabbath in
the dear old times:

"The sun, slow moving round,
Looked from the bending heavens approval sweet.
There was no jarring sound;
The hours took off the sandals from their feet,
For earth seemed holy ground—
A temple where the soul her God could meet."

The thought of growing old brings to all of
us more or less of sadness. Treat it lightly as
we will, it is not pleasant to picture our face of
the future, with gray hairs for a setting, and
wrinkles for adornment. The way down hill is
not desirable, unless we look with the eyes of
our poetess and see that the path "upward
winds" at last to sunset-gilded summits.

"T will not be growing old, to feel,
The spirit, like a child, led on
By unseen presences, that steal
For earth the light of heavenly dawn.
"T will not be terrible to bear
Of inward pain the heaviest blow,
Since thus the rock is smitten, where
Fountains of strength perennial flow."

Is not this growing old beautifully? It is an
art few learn well, and they only whom Divine
grace upholds and Divine wisdom guides. For
such, to-day has no burden and to-morrow no
fear.

There are numerous passages here and there
in the varied collection that startle us with their
beauty, such as—

"The chords lost here ring full in heaven, and yet
"T is surely better to strike all the keys," etc.

"Leaning upon the bosom of the Lord
Love hears the lightest whispers of his word.
Love is both eye and ear.

While the dandelions, bright
As if night had spilt her stars,
Shone beneath the meadow bars.

These sands of time too drear would be,
If heaven's unguessed eternity
Rolled not our feet before."

"Getting Along" is capital, and, alas! only
too descriptive. "Hannah Binding Shoes" is
too familiar to need mention; but to us "In
the Rain" is equally beautiful, and "Skipper
Ben" far superior, a gem, worthy of any poet,
closing thus—

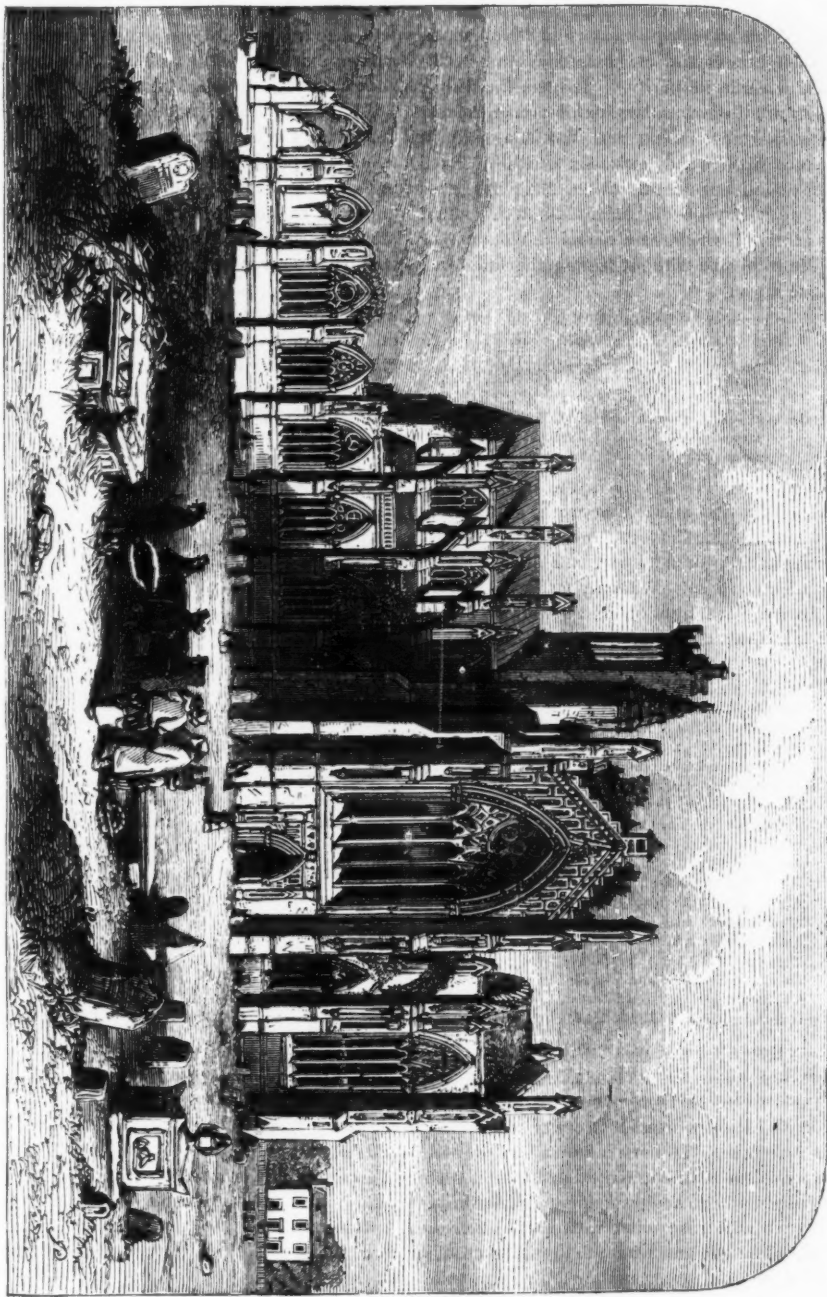
"But the wearing wash of a life-long woe
Is left for the desolate heart to know,
Whose tides with the dull years come and go,
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
Thinking of him."

MELROSE ABBEY, AND THE HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated heath was past;
And far beneath, in luster wan,
Old Melrose rose, and fair Tweed ran;
Like some tall rock, with lichens gray,
Seemed, dimly huge, the dark Abbay.—SCOTT.

THE day on which I visited Melrose was
one of peculiar loveliness. Not a cloud
darkened the sky. The air was clear, and filled
with the balmy perfume of June's opening buds
and laughing flowers. The distance between
Edinburgh and Melrose is about thirty-six or
seven miles, and the scenery on the way is
charming. Hill and valley, glen and river, were
passed by in quick succession, and before it
seemed possible that we had reached our desti-
nation the train stopped, and the officer shouted,
"Melrose!" Right well was I paid for the
time and expense of my journey. This, truly,
is the most magnificent ruin in Scotland, and to
visit "the land of brown heath and shaggy
woods," without coming to see Melrose Abbey,
would be like a traveler visiting Buffalo without
turning aside to see Niagara.

Melrose Abbey was founded by David I, of
Scotland, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary.
In 1322 it was destroyed by Edward II's army,
and was again rebuilt by Robert Bruce. In
1545 it was partially despoiled by an invading
English army, and during the Reformation it
was robbed of much of its former splendor. The
material of which it is composed is red stone,
and if I were going to judge of its age, by its
appearance, I should be apt to think it had its
origin in the eighteenth century rather than the
thirteenth. Many of the columns, arches, doors,
and windows are entire, and much of the orna-
mentation, the curiously carved flowers, and
leafy workmanship, seems more like the work
of yesterday than that of six hundred years
ago. It is situated in the midst of an open
space of ground, which is used as a grave-yard,
and very much neglected. It is built in the
form of a Latin cross, two hundred and eighty-
five feet by one hundred and thirty, with a
square tower eighty-four feet high in the center,
of which only a part is left. The present en-
trance is by the Gothic door in the base of the
southern transept. It is now almost roofless,
except three small chapels which retain their
original canopy, and the part which in 1816 was
fitted up for a parish church, and covered with
stones which were once used in the old. In the
grave-yard the portress pointed me to the graves
of King Alexander, one of Scotland's most
illustrious kings; James, Earl of Douglas, who



MELROSE ABBEY.

fell at Otterburn, and several members of the house of Douglas, of Scott, and of other noted border families. Here, too, according to tradition, is deposited the heart of Robert Bruce.

On almost every wall are seen the marks of the balls from Oliver Cromwell's guns. Even

this fair temple, with all its beauty of construction and workmanship, was not spared by the hand of the Reformer whose creed was to put down and blot out of the land priestcraft and idolatry, root and branch. On the east side of the choir is a stately window, twenty-four feet

in height, of which Sir Walter Scott says, "It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture when in its purity." Indeed, the whole, with its arches and pillars, exhibits the richest tracery and adornment, and shows a skill in sculpture upon which even six centuries have made no advancement. Who, that has ever read the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," could look at these exquisitely chiseled columns of this beautiful pile without feeling the full force of these lines:

"The morn on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapeless stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand,
'Twixt poplar straight, the osier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined:
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

Surrounding the Abbey is the old burying-ground, with its many time-worn and letter-effaced head-stones; these, with the ivy-mantled ruin in their midst, go to make up a picture of peculiar sadness. With my sunlight view of the Abbey, both interior and exterior, I was much pleased; but what must it be by moonlight?

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately,
Seem framed of ebony and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlets to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!"

HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.—YOUNG.

With the scenery from Melrose to Abbotsford I was delighted. The fields on each side of the way seemed to have clothed themselves in their best attire, and the hedges made up of flowering thorn and wild rose, vied with each other in beauty. The oat and wheat-fields were changing their youthful greenness for the golden color of the Autumnal harvest, while the long waving grasses of the meadows whispered their song of contentment, and the genial winds, laden with the valley's smiles and the breathings of the opening rose, seemed sweeter than ever before.

In approaching the house its turrets, which rise above the trees, stood full in view, and

when we reached the gate I was not a little surprised to find several carriages there waiting for parties that were within, biding their turn to be shown through the mansion.

Abbotsford takes its name from a ford over the river Tweed, once owned by abbots, near which the poet's home is situated. The building is of stone, irregular in style, and not so imposing as I expected. Association has done more for Abbotsford than nature or art. Around the front entrance are many antique carved stones, taken from old castles and abbeys. The interior of the portico is adorned with the horns of Highland stags and other symbols of the chase. The hall into which we were first shown is well stocked with ancient armor, coats of mail, shields, swords, helmets, and the banners of Scottish clans—all of them bearing a history and speaking the language of the "auld time." In one end of this hall stands a knight in full armor, which is said to have been found on the field of Bosworth, and on the opposite side another dressed out in full hunting rig. Here, too, is an old-fashioned grate, once the property of Archbishop Sharp, and before which poetry and romance, as well as theology and homiletics, often received new inspiration.

Next we were shown into the dining-room, in which are several rare pictures: one of Cromwell, said to be a correct likeness; one of Charles XII, of Sweden; one of Scott's grandfather, who never trimmed his beard after the execution of Charles I; one of Lord Essex; and one of the head of Mary Queen of Scots after her execution, from which it is said Sir Walter would never allow a copy to be taken. In the library there are about 20,000 volumes, all of which are well protected from the hands of visitors by a wire grating. Here, too, are several fine busts—one of Wordsworth, one of Shakspeare, said to be taken from his tomb at Stratford; and here is one of Sir Walter, speakingly full of expression. Here also is a bronze cast of the poet after his decease, which is not without merit. Here are a set of ebony chairs and ebony writing-desk, the gift of George IV. On a little table stands a silver vase filled with bones from Piræus, and presented by Lord Byron. In the cabinet of relics are to be seen a shirt of mail worn by Cromwell when reviewing his troops; Rob Roy's musket; Bonaparte's pistols, found in his carriage after the battle of Waterloo; a hunting flask of James I; and a Roman kettle, supposed to have been made long before the birth of Christ. But time and space forbid my noticing the many

"Auld nick-nackets,
Rusty aim caps, and jingling jackets

Would hold the croudars there in tacketts
A towmond gude,
And parrich-pats, and auld saut lacketts
Afore the flude."

From the library we passed into a room not quite half as large—this is his study. The walls are well filled with books, and around the whole is a small gallery and a private staircase, by which he was wont to come from his bed or dressing-room without having to pass through any of the other apartments.

It was when referring to this stairway he told the Duchess of Saint Albans that he could go into his study and work and write as much as he pleased "without one's being the wiser for it." "That," she replied, "is impossible!" This was a compliment most fitting, and certainly not unappreciated by Sir Walter. Here, too, is the desk on which he wrote, and by it the old leather-covered arm-chair in which he was wont to sit, and from which he stretched out his scepter over all lands and all time! Scott was truly a great man, a gift to the world for which centuries yet unborn will be glad! His power of description is unequaled; his delineations of landscape and character almost perfect; his specimens of moral painting—as in the sin and suffering of Constance, the remorse of Marmion and Bertram—are equal, if not superior, to any thing ever written. But in no one, nor all these taken together, does his greatness so much appear as in his upright character. "His behavior through life was marked by understanding, integrity, and purity, insomuch that no scandalous whisper was ever yet circulated against him. The traditionary recollection of his early life is burdened with no stain of any sort. His character as a husband and father is altogether irreproachable. Indeed, in no single relation of life does it appear that he ever incurred the least blame. His good sense and good feeling united—with an early religious training—appears to have guided him aright through all the difficulties and temptations of life; and even as a politician, though blamed by many for his exclusive sympathy in the cause of established rule, he was always acknowledged to be too benevolent and too unobtrusive to call for severe censure. Along with the most perfect uprightness of conduct, he was characterized by extraordinary simplicity of manners. He was invariably gracious and kind, and it was impossible ever to detect in his conversation a symptom of his grounding the slightest title to consideration upon his literary fame, or his even being conscious of it."

In 1811, when he purchased one hundred acres of moor land on the banks of the Tweed

it was without any attractions; the neighborhood, true, had many historic associations, but the situation was any thing but inviting. So that this haunt of the pilgrim, with its shady grove and open lawn, its romantic walks and flowering dells, is but the creation of the poet's genius. Indeed, he has thrown a charm around every place he touched, and filled with interest every object which he described. Under his pen lake and valley, crag and cave, castle and ruin, church and abbey, once void of name and fame, are now eagerly sought after by tourists from all parts of the world.

Scotland to-day would not have so much sunshine, and certainly less melody, had not Scott been born; and many parts of it would be lacking in interest had not he touched them into beauty by his magic wand.

Abbotsford appears still to live in the presence of its former master; the very air seems calmer and stiller than other places; yea, the groves and lawns look as if in communion with the departed spirit, and even the Tweed, with its laughing, sparkling current, here pauses to kiss the pebbled shore with dove-like fondness.

"Call it not vain; they do not err
Who say, that when the poet dies,
Mute nature mourns her worshiper,
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan:
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distill;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groans, reply,
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave."

WOMAN'S MISSION.

PART I.

THE hands of the village clock pointed to the hour of seven, and the streets, usually so quiet, now echoed to the tread of hurrying footsteps. Something unusual had evidently occurred to arouse Chesterville to such an unprecedented state of activity. The villagers came from their homes, some walking alone, others forming themselves into groups, talking and gesticulating excitedly. All hurried on in the direction of a plain brick edifice, dignified by the appellation of "Town Hall;" said edifice being situated, of course, on the principal street. The building appeared to have been erected quite recently, giving unmistakable evidence of the thrift and industry of the villagers. Quite an array of vehicles of all descriptions were drawn up in front of the main entrance, and soon the hall was filled to its utmost

capacity. The country for miles around appeared to be represented. There was the sun-burned farmer, with his family of sturdy boys and rosy daughters; and yonder sat the miller; and from the corner the round, good-natured countenance of the hale and hearty butcher was seen. Opposite sat the village doctor and lawyer, the merchant and the consequential clerk, while the gallery contained the usual quota of boys. As for the feminine portion of the audience they were by no means in the minority. Upon the countenances of all there rested a look of eager expectation.

After a few moments of patient waiting a door in the rear of the platform opened, and a woman arrayed in a robe of rich black silk appeared on the scene. With a quick step she advanced and began an able and eloquent address. Yes, it was even so—strange as it may appear—even Chesterville, so remote from any city of note, which had nestled so tranquilly amid the green hills that seemed to shut it in from the disturbances of the outer world, had at last been invaded, and that, too, by a woman!

A lecture or address of any kind had always been regarded as quite a novelty; for, with the exception of the occasional advent of a traveling temperance lecturer, they were rarely favored with any thing of the kind; but of late that momentous question, "Woman's Rights," had worked its way into the hitherto harmonious circles of the village. The commotion occasioned by its introduction among the simple-minded people may be readily imagined; and now they listened with astonishment to the words of the woman who addressed them. As she appealed to "her sisters" to break from the cruel bondage which had heretofore enslaved them, and declare themselves free women, a look of utter consternation rested upon the countenance of nearly every female present; and when, in a sudden burst of eloquence, she bade them "stand forth and assert their rights boldly and fearlessly," they gazed at the speaker and at each other with a look of helpless indecision; and when at last they were asked "why they allowed themselves to be thus injured and degraded, why they meekly bowed their heads and permitted the so-called lords of creation to trample upon them, ignoring their rights, while they, poor, deluded creatures, stood by with shackled hands, bearing all with humble submission," the feelings of surprise, awe, and wonder which filled the minds of her hearers, baffles description. In conclusion, she lustily abused the sterner sex for their utter want of respect and veneration for woman, and ended by coolly informing them that their day of power

was drawing to its close, when they would learn that woman was not the being to kiss the hand that smote her, but one able to rule, and as well qualified to fill offices of trust as they. "The day," said she, "is not far distant when you will find your own wives and daughters filling high and honorable positions, destined to raise our country to such a pinnacle of fame and glory as has never yet been known in the world's history." Having finished she bowed and withdrew, leaving her audience perplexed and troubled.

Slowly they wended their way from the crowded room out into the cool night air, each absorbed in his or her reflections. Once beyond the walls of the building, the spell was broken, the torrent of pent-up feelings broke loose, and a modern babel ensued. A few sensible people laughed at the whole affair, and passed it off as a good joke; but the majority appeared to have swallowed a bitter pill. Men wondered if they *had* really ever been so tyrannical, and if they *had* ever trampled upon the rights of women. Some trembled for the effect such an address might have upon the women of their households, and began to feel a little uncomfortable in view of any change that might be made in their domestic arrangements. Others were indignant, and stalked homeward with great, impatient strides, and moody brow, betokening a storm brewing within. The feminine portion of the audience were, as a matter of course, much more demonstrative, and, accordingly, expressed their individual opinions without hesitation.

"Well," exclaimed the butcher's wife, "I hope we all see our duty now as rational beings. My mind was never quite clear on the subject before; but if I *did* promise to *obey*, as well as love and honor my husband on my wedding-day, I'm not bound to live up to it in *this* enlightened age!"

"Has it ever proved a hardship, Mrs. Gray?" asked the amiable Mrs. Wilson.

"Well, no, not that exactly; but the principle is all the same. It was n't the tax the Colonists cared for when they threw the tea into Boston harbor, was it? The *principle* is what right-minded people look at." And having jerked out the latter part of her sentence with a look that seemed to say, "There! I've settled you!" she sailed majestically away to join another group who were discussing the subject a few rods distant.

"Well," cried Mrs. Markham, with flushed, heated face, "I'll change things in *my* house, I know. Yes, I assure you I shall work out a wonderful transformation throughout the whole

premises. I'll see who shall govern!" And the lady's very cap-strings quivered ominously.

"For my part," exclaimed Miss Brown, a lady of uncertain age, "I would n't place my neck into a matrimonial noose upon any consideration. It's a species of slavery at best. I've always thought so, and am now more fully convinced than ever."

"Fie! Miss Brown, be careful what you say. How about Squire Spense, the widower?"

"You Clara Blair, how dare you speak so to me?" and the thin visage of the speaker flushed angrily.

"O, Miss Brown, indeed, I did n't mean any harm, but they say in the village that it won't be your fault if you do n't become mistress of the new white house on Spense's hill!"

"This is unbearable—you impertinent girl, I"—but pretty, mischievous Clara Blair bounded away into the darkness before the sentence was completed, and was soon seen on her way home with her hand resting upon the arm of Paul Smith; albeit the young man did belong to the class just called oppressors and tyrants. At last the crowd of pedestrians slowly dispersed; the vehicles, one by one, received their occupants and drove away, leaving the place to silence and darkness.

The meeting was over, but its effects were not easily eradicated. Many a mind, which before had known only calmness and peace, was disturbed and troubled. Many a wife, who had performed her daily duties with love and joy in her heart, now felt those duties to be burdensome and grievous, and a feeling of rebellion predominated over all. A few were weak-minded enough to believe themselves born for better things than the performance of life's daily tasks, and, instead of regarding them as labors of love, were disposed to look upon them as so many crosses which it was their fate to bear. This state of feeling but prepared the way for discontent, envy, and rebellion, which caused many to fret at the existing state of things, and long for means by which to break away from life's monotony and become famous and honored, instead of being only wife, mother, daughter, or sister.

A new era appeared to have dawned upon Chesterville. A new sphere was indeed opened, upon which the female portion were invited to enter. Some hesitated and looked doubtfully at the work marked out for them. Others felt aggrieved, and for the first time regarded their past lives as one of bondage, though they could not but confess that its weight had never before occasioned the slightest uneasiness. Yet no one appeared fully to understand what was required

of them, or was able to form any definite idea of the work before them; consequently there was a vast amount of conjecturing, wondering, and planning carried on throughout the entire day following the delivery of the stirring lecture. That the entire order of things must be completely revolutionized was emphatically declared; but as to the proper method of bringing about such a happy result, all were alike perplexed and troubled.

Mrs. Gray called on Mrs. Markham, and the two, finding they were unable to come to a decision, proceeded together to the residence of Doctor True, to consult with that individual's worthy wife. To their astonishment they found that good, quiet little Mrs. True had no grievances to complain of. She expressed herself as being perfectly contented with her lot, and very happy in possession of her pleasant home, obedient children, and kind, loving husband, in whose happiness she found her own. Her visitors left her somewhat abruptly, quite disgusted, as they said, with "the woman's utter want of common sense."

Their next call was upon Miss Brown, whom they found engaged in the highly commendable occupation of leaning on the front gate in full dress, watching the progress made in the erection of the new white house on the hill-side opposite, near which, under the shade of a noble tree, sat the squire himself reading his paper. A long consultation followed—so long, indeed, that Messrs. Markham and Gray missed their usual palatable noonday meal, and caused them to return to their afternoon tasks with fear and trembling; while Hattie Gray tried in vain to amuse and interest baby Willie, who at last cried himself to sleep, wearied with watching for the return of the mother who was seeking to discover "her mission" beyond the "narrow limits of home."

It was finally decided by the three ladies that an association must be established, consisting of the entire sisterhood of the village. This association, with woman's rights for its basis, must eventually work a glorious reformation throughout the country. The sun was disappearing in a flood of golden light as the ladies, who had worked so zealously through all the sultry day, at last turned their faces homeward. Having canvassed almost the entire village, they felt they had performed a very creditable day's work.

"See!" exclaimed Mrs. Markham suddenly, "there is Mr. Warder's place, why not obtain the views of his wife on this subject? I noticed she was at the meeting."

"True," replied her companion, "she is a

woman of sound mind, and I have no doubt would prove a valuable acquisition to our association, in case we succeed in founding one, and, as a matter of course, in an intelligent, enterprising community like this, there can exist but little doubt as to our success."

They turned their steps toward a beautiful lawn tastefully laid out in walks, bordered with shrubbery and flowers. In the center stood a neat, white cottage, with a pleasant, cool-looking veranda in front, quite covered with creeping vines. Very beautiful and home-like it seemed, and nature added her charm to the scenery which surrounded it. The circuitous road which wound round among the hills, finally lost itself among the trees in the distance, while on the left, just beyond the dense shrubbery, might be seen a little lake, rendered doubly beautiful and attractive by its wealth of water-lilies. A little boat was fastened to its staple, suggestive of pleasure trips, and the declining sun sent his last beams to brighten and beautify the placid waters.

"What a lovely place!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray; "it does certainly seem that one might be happy here, and yet after all true happiness does not depend on one's possessions."

"No, indeed," returned Mrs. Markham, with a significant sigh, "nor does one enjoy being in a state of bondage, even though the cage should be a golden one."

Their summons was answered by a tidy-looking servant girl, who ushered them into a pleasant parlor. Mrs. Warder, a young and beautiful woman, soon entered, and extended to each a cordial greeting. The object of the visit was soon explained, its great importance fully set forth, and all the pros and cons gone through with in due form. Mrs. Warder listened in silence, and her visitors flattered themselves that so attentive a listener would prove a stanch advocate for the cause. Judge, then, of their surprise when she declined aiding the enterprise, either by personal effort, name, or means.

"But why do you take this stand, Mrs. Warder?" inquired Mrs. Gray.

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. Markham, "pray be so good as to state your objections. Surely you, a woman endowed with superior judgment, should also possess sufficient ambition to rise above the existing state of things, and assert your rights and maintain them, too. I must confess I am greatly surprised at your want of moral courage and womanly decision," and the speaker regarded Mrs. Warder with a look of incredulous surprise.

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Gray, "Mrs.

Warder has not given the subject sufficient thought, though I certainly supposed all who attended the meeting last evening fully comprehended it."

"I hope, ladies," returned Mrs. Warder, "that I comprehend the subject sufficiently to be able to give you an intelligible answer. The subject is, as you say, one of great importance—too great, in my opinion, to be lightly tampered with. If it is discussed at all, it should be thoroughly done, and only—at present at least—by those whose minds are capable of understanding fully the whole theme, together with the results which may arise from it. Pardon me if I speak plainly, but I wish to be perfectly understood. I decline giving my support to any such association as you propose to establish, simply because I do not approve of it."

"Pray tell us, Mrs. Warder, have you no desire to extend woman's power—no wish to engage in her glorious mission?" asked Mrs. Gray.

"What do you consider her mission?" returned Mrs. Warder, gently.

Mrs. Gray looked slightly confused. "Why," said she hesitatingly, "her mission now is evidently to throw off the yoke of oppression and stand up for her rights."

"Well, and what are the rights for which you would have her contend?"

"Can you ask? Really, Mrs. Warder, you do not seem to understand the subject after all. We hold that women are to possess the same rights and privileges as men. The power which is now in the hands of the male portion of community must be equally divided. Woman must contend for this, and the world must acknowledge her as man's equal in all respects." Mrs. Gray's voice trembled with excitement, but in a quiet, gentle tone Mrs. Warder replied smilingly:

"You are willing, then, to take upon yourselves the same burdens, perform the same duties, and share all the anxieties and troubles which of necessity attend such labors? Well, for my part I am thankful that I am exempted from these, and do not propose to seek 'my mission' in such a field. You ask if I have no desire to extend woman's power. I answer, yes, I would indeed increase her power. I grant you woman has indeed a mission, which she is called upon to fulfill faithfully as a duty she owes to God and to her fellow-beings. But in order to accomplish this she does not need to step out of the sphere in which God has placed her. No woman need be a mere nonentity, nor need she lead a useless life. I would have every woman strive to labor for

some good end. This may be done in numberless ways. Let the mother instill right principles, noble purposes, and a true love of God, mankind, and country, into the hearts of her sons, and there will be no need of her taking the reins of government into her own hands. Let every woman manage her own household and discharge all her duties, be they ever so small, faithfully as in the sight of her Maker, and she fulfills her mission as truly as he who rules a nation. She is not called upon to seek a place among the sterner sex. There is no reason why she should mount the rostrum, or in any way do violence to the natural timidity of her nature—if she lack this trait it is clearly her duty to cultivate it; she is never called upon to lay aside, even for a time, the modesty and dignity so essential to a true womanly character."

"You would accord to woman a very limited sphere of action, it seems," says Mrs. Markham with a half-scornful look.

"Limited! no. The world is a stage, upon which each one of us must act our part. Whether it be nobly or indifferently done remains with us. Some who are bound by no special ties have it in their power to be of inestimable service to the world at large; others can do but little in the great harvest without, but God sees the heart. He does not bid us neglect our known duties, to seek out those which can be as well performed by others, and if he in his justice and mercy shall say at last of each of us, 'she hath done what she could,' will it not be joy enough then?"

"You view the subject in a different light altogether, Mrs. Warder. Pray, do you not think that the woman who appears in public as the champion of her sex, who will even dare to mount the rostrum, as you say, for the ultimate good of the cause, performs a worthy act. Does she not sacrifice her own feelings for the sake of others?"

"I see no necessity for her doing so. Women are naturally self-sacrificing, but there is no occasion, in my opinion, for her making any such sacrifice as that of which you speak. Indeed, I blushed for the woman who addressed us last evening, and regretted being present."

"You do not approve, then, of females occupying the position of public speakers under any circumstances, I presume," said Mrs. Gray.

"No, I certainly do not. Woman's chief weapon of power is her influence. This she can exercise for good or evil to an extent of which she is herself scarcely aware. And, indeed, there are numberless ways of exerting one's self for the good of others which are far

more creditable than entering the arena of political life."

Somewhat disconcerted by the lady's views, the visitors took their departure, leaving Mrs. Warder in a state of feeling half anxious, half amused.

"Well, shure now, mum," said Bridget, peering cautiously into the room, "and is them the ladies what's afther wantin' to give the women all the offices?"

"Well, I do n't know, Bridget, that they aim quite so high yet," replied Mrs. Warder, "but they appear to entertain very exalted ideas of woman's power, and a strong desire to maintain what they term her rights."

"And what is it they are going to do, mum?"

"I hardly know, Bridget, but I believe they wish to form an association of some kind for the elevation of woman."

"And shure what may that be, mum?" queried Bridget with a puzzled look.

"Well, they fancy that women have not enjoyed all the privileges and advantages which ought to be given to her as well as to men, and are trying now to change political affairs to suit their own ideas of right."

"Shure and its mesilf that's glad to hear it," responded Bridget. "Mrs. Black, the grocery woman, was afther tellin' me about the meetin', and how them ladies was a going round spakin' to the people; she says she shan't be afther troublin' herself to mind that Jonathan Black any more. Gittin' married is like puttin' one's head right into the very jaws of decavin' man. Its mesilf that won't niver be in a hurry to do the like."

"Do n't be too sure, Bridget," responded her mistress with a smile. But the "maid of Erin" shook her head with a look of comic displeasure.

As the shades of evening fell, the door of the cottage stood invitingly open, and a sweet voice was heard from within chanting a low, soft melody. A few moments later a horseman cantered up the road, dismounted, and walked with rapid steps toward the house. He paused a moment as the sweet words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," were borne out upon the evening breeze. A smile lit up his countenance as he murmured, half audibly, "Thank God for my wife and my home." With cautious tread he passed on, intending to surprise the singer, but the step, light though it was, reached the ear of the wife, who waited her husband's coming. With a bright smile of welcome she met him at the door, and wheeled the easy chair into the pleasantest part of the airy little parlor, chatting cheerily as she busied herself in little acts of kindness conducive to his comfort.

"There, Mattie, that will do; what a little busybody you contrive to be; why don't you come and ask me the news?"

She came and, seating herself on a low ottoman beside him, looked up with an expression designed to be very demure, but seeming rather out of place on the bright girlish face.

"Well, Mr. Warder, will you kindly favor me with the latest news?" asked she, a mischievous light sparkling in her eyes.

For answer he drew a note from his pocket and placed it in her hand. She quickly glanced over its contents, and looked up with a little cry of surprise and dismay.

"O, Harry! what is to be done?—what can I do?"

"Do? why, receive her, of course. I have not met her since she was a little child, and used to make us an annual visit in the old homestead. Since the death of my parents, and the sale of the dear old place, we have not met. Some very pleasant associations of my home life are connected with my cousin. Since she has met with misfortunes, and desires to come to us in our country home for a season, we must receive her in the kindest and best manner possible. I am sure my wife will not be slow to extend a cordial welcome to a motherless girl."

"By no means, Harry; but she resides in B., you know, and I have no doubt is very fashionable and stylish, and we live so plain;" and she glanced with a half-stifled sigh and rueful smile around the little parlor. "Not but what it is good enough for us, Harry," she added, as with woman's ready tact she discovered a cloud stealing over his countenance; "but you know it may seem rather comfortless to others."

"Comfortless, Mattie, with its bright green carpet, cottage furniture, I grant, but light and tasteful—your piano, books, birds, and flowers, and, above all, your own bright presence."

"Nonsense, Harry; cease your flattery; you know I shall do my best to fulfill my duty as hostess, but we have been keeping house so short a time, and I know so little, and fail so often in my plans and purposes, I do feel a little frightened at the idea of entertaining for a length of time any one from B. But who is she, Harry?—tell me something of her history. I never heard you speak of her before."

"She is the only daughter of my mother's sister; her parents died while she was yet a child. She was taken into the family of an uncle, with whom she has ever since resided. They were very gay people, and Helen has grown up amid scenes of mirth and gayety calculated to captivate an impulsive, excitable girl like Helen. It may be that we shall find it a

little difficult to interest her at first, the change from a gay city life to our quiet country place being great. A few weeks since her uncle failed in business, and is now compelled to give up his luxuriant home, and exchange his life of ease for one of toil and care. For the present he can not provide for Helen, and asks me to give her a home until he can retrieve his fallen fortunes. He says but little in regard to Helen herself; we must judge of her for ourselves. We are certainly not blessed with an over supply of means ourselves, yet it is clearly our duty to receive the orphan, and do all in our power for her comfort and happiness."

"It is, indeed, Harry, and perhaps," added she playfully, "this extra duty is a part of 'my mission;'" and she proceeded to tell him of the visit she had that day received. "But let me see," continued she, "when are we to expect our cousin?" and she referred to the open letter. "Ah, on Thursday morning, day after to-morrow. You must meet her at the station, Harry, and I'll try and have every thing in fine order at home. We must make what we have appear as attractive as possible," and the kind-hearted little woman began casting about in her own mind little plans for improvement in various affairs pertaining to home comfort.

"Plaze, mum, will ye be kind enough to give me me month's wages? I'm goin' to be afther lavin' ye."

"Going to leave me, Bridget?" and Mrs. Warder gazed in surprise at the speaker, who had quietly entered her sitting-room, and stood with averted face, engaged in nervously twisting the corner of her check apron.

"Shure, and I'm afther bein' obleeged to do that same. It's not owing to any of your doin's, mum, nor me own either, for that matter; but if it's all the same to you, mum, I'd like to be afther goin' in the mornin'."

"But it is not all the same to me, Bridget, and really I don't understand it. You've been with me so long, Bridget, and have always seemed so contented."

"Continted is it, mum? Ye may well say that; and indade it is n't meself that would be afther laving ye, but—but—" Bridget broke down completely, and, with another nervous twitch at the check apron, her honest face was buried in its capacious folds, while she gave way to a fit of boisterous weeping.

"There! Bridget, don't distress yourself in this way, don't; sit down and tell me all about it. If there is any difficulty in the way of your remaining with me, let me know what it is. Have n't I been kind to you, Bridget?"

"Kind is it?" sobbed Bridget, emerging from behind the apron. "Why, bless yer good heart, ye niver was any else but kind."

"Then what has occurred? are your wages insufficient for your wants?"

"Do n't be afther spakin' that way, mum; shure it goes to me heart to hear ye. Do n't be thinkin' it's the money I 'm wantin'. Ye have been good to me, and I would n't think of lavin'; but, ye see, it's all along of Mike, mum," and again the flushed face disappeared in the depths of the check apron.

A light dawned upon Mrs. Warder's mind. "So," said she, "you mean to marry Mike, and are going to leave me in consequence, is that it?"

"That's the truth for ye. Ye know Mike was in the war, mum; and after he got took prisoner I did n't hear nothin' from him, and was afther thinking it was dead he was; but he's got hum at last, and he's afther wantin' me to kape me promise. And what else should I be doin', mum? Me heart can't tell him no."

"But, Bridget, Mike is not worthy of you; he is dissipated, and I fear will not be good to you."

"Plaze now, don't be spakin' agin Mike; he has his little failin's, it's true; but it's all of us has faults, and mesilf can be kapin' him straight."

"But did you not say the other day that you would not put yourself into any man's power?"

"Shure and I did, mum; but Mike was n't here then."

Mrs. Warder smiled at Bridget's laconic reply—ignorant as she was, yet the woman's nature was true to itself—devotion existed even here, and she was all anxiety to enter upon "her mission." The opening of the outer door and the sound of Mr. Warder's footsteps in the hall caused the tearful Bridget to retreat in haste to her own dominions.

The inexperienced young housekeeper's slumbers were greatly disturbed that night. Visions of perplexing duties arose before her, and her dreams were invaded by a long array of servant maids of all sizes and kinds, who filed in procession through the house. The sun's first beams stole cheerily into her chamber as she arose to enter upon what she laughingly called "her new mission."

Mr. Warder was sent at an early hour in search of the required help necessary for the comfort and well-being of the inmates of Chesterville cottage. As the shades of evening once more enveloped all things in its somber gloom the desired object was obtained, and another of the daughters from the Emerald Isle was in-

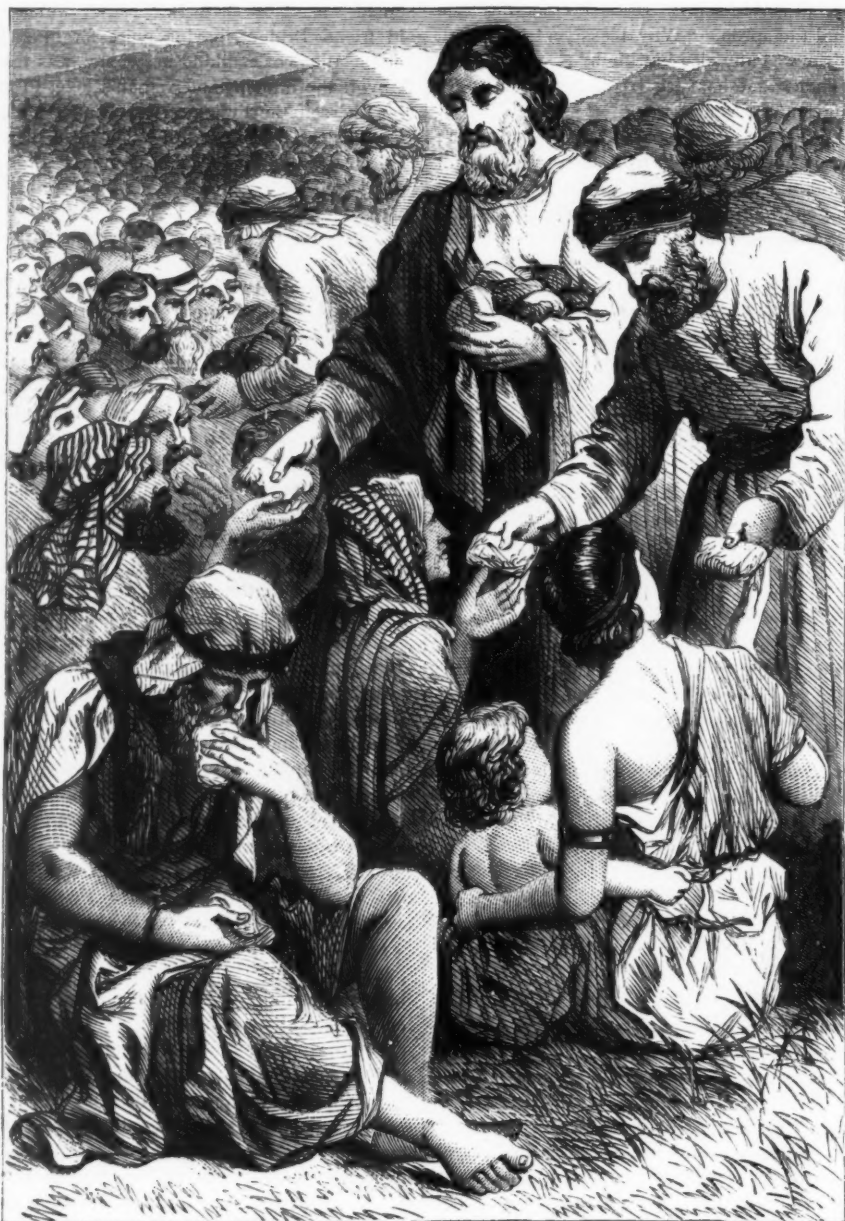
stalled "maid of all work." After which our old friend Bridget, having quite forgotten her denunciations of mankind in general, was ready, through the influence of woman's love, to take upon herself the duties of a wife after all, and step fearlessly into what she had been pleased to term "the power of decavin' man."

FEEDING THE MULTITUDES.

THERE are two instances recorded in the Gospels in which our Lord performed the wonderful miracle of feeding the hungry multitudes. Both occurred near together in time and place, near the close of his second year's ministry, and both on the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee. It was during our Savior's third and last circuit through Galilee. The four Evangelists record the first miracle; the second is recorded by St. Matthew and St. Mark. It was about the time of the third Passover that the first miracle was performed, and it may have been the fact that multitudes were then assembled in Jerusalem preparing for the Passover feast that suggested the performance of this marvelous miracle. It was soon after the return of the twelve disciples from their mission of preaching the nearness of the kingdom of heaven, and not long after the beheading of John the Baptist.

The fame of our Lord's words and deeds in Galilee had produced a powerful effect throughout the whole country, even awakening the terror of Herod, who trembled under the thought that it might be John raised again from the dead. He, therefore, desired to see Jesus. Our Lord would neither incur danger before his time, nor gratify the king's curiosity. He, therefore, withdrew with his disciples into a lonely place beyond the sea.

But the crowds followed; some had recognized him in the boat when leaving Capernaum, and the multitudes, pressing their way round the head of the lake, were soon gathered about him once more on the other side. There he recommenced both his teaching and healing, for the sick had also continued to reach this place. With so great and so earnest a multitude before him he continued his lessons till a late hour in the afternoon. The disciples became uneasy for the welfare of the multitude, who must be weary and hungry, and on whom the shades of the evening were already gathering. They came to the Master and said, "This is a desert place, and now the time is far passed; send them away, that they may go into the country round about, and into the villages, and



FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

buy themselves bread: for they have nothing to eat." He answered, "They need not depart; give ye them to eat." We can imagine the astonishment of the disciples at this order. "We have here but five loaves and two fishes," they said. "Bring them hither to me." They were brought, and he ordered his disciples to make

the people sit down in companies on the grass. He took the bread and fishes, and, looking up to heaven, he blessed and break the loaves, and gave the food to his disciples, and the disciples distributed it among the hungry people. They ate abundantly, the food seemingly exhaustless, for it never failed in that unstinted meal. When

all were satisfied, what remained was gathered up by his orders, making twelve baskets of fragments.

Immediately after this, according to Matthew and Mark, Jesus, instead of withdrawing from the multitude with his disciples, to seek that retirement and rest for which they had left the western shore of the lake, for some reason compels his disciples to take again to their vessel and return across the lake, while he remained to dismiss the multitude. Though these writers assign no reason for this strange procedure, their language makes it plain that the case was an emergency. They say that "straightway" he "constrained" his disciples to get into the ship. His act was prompt and decisive. It compelled a reluctant obedience. Evidently a crisis of some sort had suddenly arisen. St. John, with striking naturalness and simplicity, with apparently no consciousness that he is supplying the hiatus in the story of the other evangelists, relates to us the reason and the urgency of this sudden movement. The multitude, astonished at the magnitude of the miracle that had been performed, began to murmur to each other, "This is, of a truth, the prophet that should come into the world."

The conviction grew among the multitude. They had been listening to teachings such as had never been heard from any one on earth before, so pure, so god-like; they had gazed with affection, mingled with awe, on those features where a divine love seemed to be enthroned; they had seen this person receiving the diseased with such readiness and gentleness, and had seen them after they had been healed dismissed with such words of kindness, that their hearts had already been won to this divine pity and love. And now the visible power of God seemed to have come down among them, and they had been miraculously fed on this mountain-side, as their fathers had been fed by Jehovah himself on the deserts of Arabia. The enthusiasm increased till whispers turned into outspoken words, and words into open demonstrations, and presently there was evidence that they were coming to take him "by force, to make him a king!"

It needs no great effort of the imagination to realize the scene and the high enthusiasm which now presented itself before our Lord, or to conceive the wild hopes which now excited this multitude, who had not only witnessed but actually participated in this astounding miracle. "If Jesus shall have sway, there will be no more sickness"—had they not seen diseases fleeing at his touch? "There will be no more poverty or toil"—had they not seen all nature

subject to his will? "There will be no more hunger"—had they not seen bread for thousands issuing from his creative hand? "All want and woe will disappear, come let us make him our king."

Here, then, was a crisis in the Master's life. That the disciples participated in this high enthusiasm and wild dream, or at least were not indifferent spectators of what was going on among the people, is evident from the prompt and authoritative manner in which the Lord ordered them to the vessel, while he remained to quiet and dismiss the multitude. Nor is it improbable that here Judas formed his final resolution to betray his Master, when he saw that Master firmly and promptly rejecting these offers to enthrone him as king, and thus giving the death-blow to all hopes of an earthly kingdom. Nor is it improbable, as Dr. William Smith suggests, that the enthusiasm and the opportunity touched the Master himself. The people of Galilee were only repeating the offer which Satan had made on the Mount of Temptation. "History furnishes us its memorable examples, how hard such an offer is to refuse; and that there was a real conflict in our Savior's mind is proved by his departing alone into a mountain to pray." Here, then, was another of those occasions on which Jesus was tempted, yet without sin; for the prompt and decisive manner with which he sent the disciples away and dispersed the multitude, reminds us of the "Get thee behind me, Satan," of the Mount of Temptation.

The disciples sent back to their boat and the multitudes scattered, Jesus retires alone to pray, and remains in this solitary communion till late in the night. In the mean time a heavy wind and sea are tossing the disciples on the angry waves of the Lake of Tiberias. It was not till the fourth watch of the night, when the day was about ready to break, that he came to them, walking on the waves. As soon as Jesus was received by the disciples into the ship its voyage came to an end at "the land of Gennesaret," the fertile plain on the western shore which gave to the lake one of its names, and in which Capernaum stood.

When the day again appeared, and as soon as it was known that he was there, the news was spread through all the country adjacent, and again the multitudes came flocking to him, bringing their sick and afflicted. Then followed that remarkable discourse recorded by St. John, chapter vi, 22-71, in which the Divine Teacher endeavors to win their minds away from the earthly to the heavenly kingdom, from the bread that perishes to the spiritual bread that comes

down from God out of heaven. In view of what has just occurred, the feeding of the multitude, the healing of the crowds of the diseased and dying, the nearness of the great national feast of unleavened bread, the earthly and sensuous conceptions of his kingdom that had manifested themselves in the multitude, this discourse, wonderful as it is in itself, seems most natural and opportune. It was one of those incisive and sifting discourses that pierced to the heart, and separate between the true and false, the carnal and the spiritual. It called forth the full hostility of the carnal mind to spiritual truth, even among his disciples, so that while among the people many said, "This is a hard saying, who can hear it?" the Master was led also to appeal to the twelve, "Will ye also go away?"

From these scenes of restlessness and excitement, the popular mind ebbing and flowing between enthusiasm and hostility, Herod madened with the terrors of a guilty conscience, and the authorities more than ever bent on his destruction, Jesus retired for awhile beyond the boundaries of Palestine and without the jurisdiction of Herod. His stay in Phœnicia was marked by that condescension to the prayer of the Syro-Phœnician woman, which was the first case of his performing a miracle for an actual heathen. Soon afterward returning, he went to the region south-east of the Lake of Tiberias, and in the brief narrative of the Gospels we again find him on one of the lonely mountains of this district.

But it was not solitary now; not far off were most of the cities of Decapolis, and his fame had spread over all the country, and soon great multitudes were flocking to him, "having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, and maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet; and he healed them." And again the multitudes listened and lingered, "and they glorified the God of Israel," till at last, as in the former case, evening came upon them, and there was danger of suffering from hunger. Jesus, calling his disciples, and expressing his compassion, said, "I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint in the way. How many loaves have ye?" And they answered, "Seven and a few little fishes." He directed the people to be seated as on the former occasion, and having given thanks he broke the bread, and gave the food to his disciples for distribution to the hungry multitude. The number this time was four thousand men, besides women and children. When all were satisfied, seven baskets of fragments yet remained.

These miracles of our Lord, so wonderful in

their character, speaking after the manner of men, have been the subjects of special hostility to unbelievers and critics of the destructive school. To human thought they seem greater, more difficult, and, therefore, more astonishing than some of the other miracles of Christ. But in reality how can we make comparisons at all in the sphere of miracles? A miracle is a divine work, accomplished by divine power, and impossible without the concurrent will and power of God, and with the presence of the power of God one miracle can be no more difficult than another, no more wonderful, indeed, except as its magnitude may impress our finite thoughts. If Jesus was as he claimed to be, the Son of God, possessed of divine power, it was no more difficult to feed these multitudes than to heal their diseases. Nothing is gained to the cause of infidelity by denying certain miracles, characterized by some features which give them extraordinary impressiveness to the human or finite thought. The whole must be denied to avail any thing; for if one real miracle remains it demonstrates the superhuman, the divine mission of him that wrought it. If we acknowledge the miracle-working power of Jesus at all, this miracle is no more difficult of belief than any other.

In their historical relations to the life of Jesus, none of his miracles are more natural, more in keeping with time and circumstances, than these of feeding the multitudes. The first miracle seems almost necessary to the continuity of the history. It has no appearance of interpolation, of intrusion into the current of the story, but takes its place consecutively and naturally among the events and incidents that just then were filling the life of our Lord. It is related by all the four evangelists, and the remarkable coincidence by which St. John incidentally supplies the fact of the uprising in favor of Christ, not given, but required by the story as related by the other evangelists, could only be the result of actual history.

The history of our Lord shows him at this period peculiarly full of compassion and tenderness. He is not now performing here and there a solitary miracle, or in the solitude of the mountain teaching his own disciples, but his soul seems to be pouring out its compassion on the "multitudes" that are flocking to him from all the region round about, bringing their sick with them, seeing them healed by merely touching the hem of his garments, as if the fullness of his divine power and compassion was spontaneously pouring itself out upon the people. The feeding of these thousands simply takes its place in the midst of this wonderful effusion of

power and pity as a consistent, but sublime culmination.

It is precisely in the line of the true miracle; it is creative, not merely modifying or changing, but creating. The power of God is here, that power that brought the water from the smitten rock, that sent the manna from heaven to feed his people in the desert, that made exhaustless the meal and oil of the poor widow. No wonder, as the multitudes saw its manifestation, they cried "This is of a truth the Prophet," "this is the Son of David," "this is the Messiah, let us make him king." But what is it but that same divine power, and wisdom, and compassion which is every day feeding by its creative energy, not five thousand, or four thousand, but all that dwell upon the face of the whole earth!

One little incident at the close of these miracles has always impressed us with peculiar power of conviction. When the multitudes were full and satisfied, we hear this Lord of nature, this Creator of bread for the multitudes, saying to his disciples, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." How like the God of nature is this! The power that creates all things suffers nothing to be lost; there is no waste in his vast domain; a fact unknown by man in the days of these miracles, but now demonstrated by the revelations of science. What inventor of a story like this would have thought of putting into the mouth of one who had just created bread enough for thousands the lesson of economy, "let nothing be lost?" And yet it is in perfect keeping with the words and works of Him who is Creator and Lord of all.

THE GREAT SOLAR ECLIPSE.

NO weather could have been more beautiful than that which greeted every anxious mind that looked for a clear sky on the afternoon of the 7th of August, at Shelbyville, Ky. The astronomical party, of which Prof. Winlock was the inspiring genius, had been for weeks getting their various instruments ready for the eventful two minutes and twenty-nine seconds. There were photographs of the totality to be taken. The lines in the spectrum of its light were to be sought, and their relative places to be ascertained if possible. The interior planets—if such there be—were to be searched for. The moments of contact were to be carefully noted down. Every instrument had to be ready, every thing properly adjusted; every man ready at his post, each knowing his duty—in short, nothing wanting, after weeks of

preparation, to make the very utmost out of two minutes and a half—precious moments. Lost, they were not to be recalled.

The instruments were fixed in the College grounds of Shelbyville, but that was not the spot for me, who wished to view the eclipse with a pair of naked eyes. The ground rises slightly, but abruptly westward of the college, cutting off all view of distant landscape in the direction of the sun at the time of totality. A range of high hills had been pointed out to me a few days before the eclipse by Dr. Baker, of Shelbyville, who informed me that from the elevation which they commanded I would be able to see for many miles across the country. Therefore the day before the eclipse I repaired to the Jephtha Knob, about six miles eastward of the town, and found a position admirably adapted for viewing the total display.

Landscape could not have been more charming; arrangement of hill and dale could not have been more happy for the complete finish of a perfect picture. For twenty miles or more toward the west a beautifully undulating country, stocked with all the richness of forest freshness and fields of mellow color, lay broadly open between and beyond two gracefully curving and gently rising hill-sides, adorned with our noble forest-trees of this land of the beautiful West. Hitherward from them sloped the fields of corn into a pretty valley, where coursed a stream of water, then upward to my feet rounded the form of Jephtha Knob.

Now imagine, while looking out of this beautiful valley, the sun to be placed in the center of the circular arc traced upon the sky by the rising borders of this lovely vale.

Did you ever observe, in the morning or in the evening, in that part of the sky opposite the sun, a tender tint of blue, contiguous to the horizon, merging upward into violet, and all the sky unclouded? It denotes a continuance of fair weather. Thus at sunrise was the sky on the morning of the great event. The astronomers from the East had been somewhat discouraged about the weather, but I said unto them: "You don't know what beautiful clear air and sky we get up here in our Western country. On very short notice, too, the most charming weather in the world visits us, at this time of the year. Have hope."

That morning, about half-past nine o'clock, a few small clouds appeared, but in an hour the last and the smallest of them vanished; and throughout that entire day—may we be ever grateful for it!—a clear blue dome, blue down to the very horizon, rested upon the land. Morning found me already in the chosen position on

the knob. I had completed my drawings of the scene; and as there was yet a little while left for the first contact of the moon, I feasted on delicious Kentucky blackberries, which grew around about me as thick as thorns in a honey-locust.

At length the hour arrived. The moon was coming before the sun. Diminution of light was scarcely perceptible until the moon had encroached half a diameter upon the sun; then the decrease of light was plainly visible. I had determined not to look at the sun during encroachment, but to preserve my sight fresh for the first moment of totality. A few times only did I use the smoked glass; I had, therefore, ample opportunity to observe the sky and landscape. One thing struck me as most remarkable—the unchanging colors of the landscape in the direction of the sun. Behind me, in the east, the sky became a deep purple blue, extending round toward the west, and terminating on the right and on the left hand in angles opening upward and pointing toward the west, where the sky was yet aglow with the diffusion of sunlight. And as the light grew less, the colors of the landscape held tenaciously their existence. It seemed only a diminution in the *quantity* of light. The intensity seemed to be preserved to the very last moment of departing sunlight.

At that moment flashed a light of inexpressible richness—pure, brilliant, glittering—seemingly a star of tenfold magnitude—a great diamond; or, it seemed, a lamp of purest fire, swung by an unseen Hand, in the depths of eternal space. Every beam it shot forth was full of joy and lighted up the soul with the brightest happiness. It seemed like Goodness, and Truth, and Bliss laughing, and dancing, and leaping forth out of the infinite heavens. It twinkled suddenly into extinction, the landscape fell into darkness, the whole sun was obscured, and there, in the violet sky, was the round, dark moon encircled by the corona, which looked more like a wreath than like a halo. It was of a placid, silvery whiteness, and did not appear to emanate in rays from the center, but lay in bands or ribbons around the periphery of the moon, while short, blunt cones overlapped each other and intersected the bands—the whole in the aggregate presenting an appearance of an irregular square, whose sides were inclined to the horizon in the direction of the ecliptic. Professor Dean, of the Coast Survey, informed me in the evening that he also had made the same observation with regard to the light of the corona; that it appeared to him in his telescope to resemble coral. Such an ap-

pearance in the telescope would accord with the aspect of the corona as it presented itself to my eyes.

All at once, as suddenly as a flash of lightning, or the last breath of life, the moon covers the face of the sun. One can not say that exactly. It does not convey the idea of a smaller object being placed suddenly between the eye and at some distance from a luminous body. The light is not put out—it is only obscured—and escapes around the moon with the halo of transfiguration.

We know and feel that God reigns omniscient, and are impressed with a religious awe that chills the heart and sends tears to our eyes. All the earth keeps silence—keeps silence before Him. The silence is broken by the twittering of swallows and the flight of birds that, scared from glade and tree-shade, move in a dizzying round over head.

As quickly as the moon came apace with the sun the stars came forth. Mercury to the right, one to the left, and another in front, as if herald and handmaids in her course.

Now one has time to note the landscape presented. The town on the plain, and the country for miles in the rear, with the nebulous sky rising from wall of gray and gold, silver, emerald, and flame, on the distant horizon. There is a distinctness about the scene unlike moonlight or noonday, and not unlike a blue light in cavern or tunnel, but which is altogether very deceiving. And now, truly, there were no shadows; neither sunshine, starlight, nor moonshine. The trees stood beautiful in their foliage and strength, but, shadowless, seemed cut off from sympathy and companionship with the grassy earth. There was no shadow of tree or shrub, or living, breathing creature; all overshadowed by the moon. How quickly her shadows fall! Scarcely had we discerned its folds in rich volumes descending, before we were enveloped as with a pall of darkness.

One brilliant point of light remained during the whole of totality, at the lower edge of the dark moon, and seemed to be continually active—dripping with light. It was pinkish and exceedingly intense, compared with the light of the corona. It was distinctly seen by every body, and many thought it a star.

Just before the great diamond appeared, a triangle of yellow light opened the heavens on the right in the form of an angle opening away from the sun, or backward along the horizon, revealing streaks of thin, yellow clouds, with apparently deep spaces between; and at the very moment of totality the heavens were illumined on the left hand along the horizon, and the

great round shadow was on the sky, in the center of which was the moon, encircled by corona.

Venus became visible before totality, and then, at the moment of complete obscuration, Mercury, about four and a half degrees to the right of the sun, and twinkled rapidly and brilliantly. Venus, upward and to the left, and much further from the sun, shone larger but placidly. The brilliancy of Mercury on that day was a surprise to every body.

Two minutes and a half we think of as a short time. I never knew two minutes and a half so long. To me it was like an age. The whole period of totality seemed an enchantment which was perpetual, from which I awoke only when the great diamond flashed in the heavens again, as the first point of the sunlight burst from behind the edge of the dark moon. The glittering of that point of precious sunlight was again so delicious that it was not until its star-like effect had passed away into a crescent that the mind became conscious that the glorious spectacle could not be recalled. It was gone forever from celestial space, but its picture remains, hung for all time on the wall of the chamber of memory.

The space of light on the right hand was moving toward the left. The light on the left was retreating before the advancing circle of violet darkness, which had moon and corona for center. With a movement majestic and awful, the shadow swept across the sky—its western edge distinctly defined against the luminous sky which it left behind, and with the approach of its margin to the moon the sunlight burst forth.

Language fails me in the freshness of emotion, but I never shall forget the shout of relief that went up from the multitude when, as suddenly as it was obscured, the light came bursting forth. It did not come in a line and crescent as it had passed away, but as gas from a jet, or water from a fountain. A broad, generous flood of light, which sent a thrill of joy to a thousand hearts, as the shout went up from the valley, was caught and re-echoed through the hills. Was it a shout or a prolonged outburst of joy—one syllabled and simultaneous? I could imagine the singing of the morning stars when, in the mystery of creation, God said, "Let there be light," and there was light.

Light, more light, kept flooding upon us as the moon went on in her course, but, in the short interval, we had grown unaccustomed to the light, and were obliged to veil our eyes as in the presence of Divine Majesty.

So much of thought and feeling had been crowded into the last few minutes, that we

seemed drifted away from the common life of little things. We had been lifted out of ourselves into the world of God's immensity, and the earth looked new and strange to us.

It seemed a long time since we had parted from the friends at the foot of the hill. We moved with slow, uncertain steps, as in a maze, loth to believe that the eclipse of 1869 had passed from our gaze forever. The eclipse is over, but is not the memory of it eternal? The world goes on in its beaten track—living and dying, dying and living—but there is not one of that host of men, women, and children who is not wiser and better for having turned aside to view the wondrous power of God.

WOMAN'S RIGHT AND DUTY.

"I DO wish one might wear a nice snug hood," said a young friend one bitter day last January, when her ear was frost-bitten through the inadequate protection of the apology for a bonnet which "every one" wore. "If the fashion would please change," sighed another with not too large a purse, "it takes half as much again for my wardrobe as it once did." "Are n't the present modes disfiguring?" exclaims a third. "I can't bear this harsh, bunched-up style; I like flowing skirts, and soft hats around the head and neck," etc.

But wherefore follow an obnoxious mode? Why does not woman assert her right? The right, not to invade the domain of the other sex, and, reversing the order of God and nature, make herself, perchance, man's ruler and head, but the right to resist the tyranny of fashion, and witness, in her own person and practice, for propriety, economy, consistency, and true taste.

The extravagances of female attire are not a peculiarity of the present day. They are as old as "the round tires, the wimples, and the crimping pins" of the prophet Isaiah's pages. In every age moralists and satirists have made them their theme. But then those old days were not in the nineteenth century. The women of earlier times had not the resources, the pre-eminence of enlightenment, the independence of thought and action, which are our boast. Those were not "woman's right" days; that is to say, in the position accorded to the sex in this Christian community, every individual woman is bound, as those going before her never were, in all legitimate womanly ways to use both her influence and her example for the overthrow of wrong and the establishment of right. And there is a right and a wrong in dress.

There are morals in "the fashions." In them, as elsewhere, material forms are the embodiment of creative mind, and what kind of minds they are which devise and impose the successive codes of feminine apparel is no secret. Tracing back to its origin some inelegant, bizarre, half-masculine, and yet fashionable toilet, needs it be any surprise to find its source in the dicta of some bold leader of the Parisian *demi-monde*? An American Christian woman legislated for in a matter so near to her as to her personal attire, in that which gives character to her appearance, and more or less bias to her inner self, by a French courtesan—what should we say to such incongruity were we not parties to it?

But where lies any remedy for all this? It would require the combination of numbers to effect any radical and wide-spread reform. Is it quite impossible to find these numbers? There are not a few of the first women in our community who are well alive to the enormities here glanced at. Why should not a hundred or two of these be found to join in a crusade against the tyrant fashion, by agreeing to inaugurate in their own persons another and simpler style of dress, and thus enunciate a home-born code of fashion, which, springing from Christian principle, purity, delicacy, and that harmony of things which cultivated taste dictates, would, under the prestige of their position, win its way into all grades of feminine toilets, until the French fashion-book sink into the contempt it merits. Who will join such a crusade—truly a battle of the Cross? For, think of the weak ones led astray, and the precious souls lost through the baits of fashion and vanity. Again and again does some shipwrecked outcast confess that inordinate craving for dress first drew her from the course of womanly purity; and many a poor maiden, it is to be feared, imbibed her first and fatal lesson in vanity at the splendid toilet of her employer.

Now, suppose it were the fashion for the highest ladies in the land to adorn themselves with scrupulous simplicity, nay, because of the present necessity, with extraordinary plainness, would not foreign fashions and gay attire, in the nature of things, grow to be esteemed coarse and vulgar and unhandsome, and be eschewed accordingly?

"Altogether Utopian, any such suggestion." Well, whether so or not, it behooves every Christian woman, whatever her station in life, to search and see how she can answer to God and her conscience for the character, cost, and effect of her attire. There are times when it

may be a duty to be singular. Is it certain that, in the excess of all kinds amid which we live, no such duty is upon us now? "If meat make my brother to offend," says St. Paul, "I will eat no flesh while the world standeth;" and if my falling in with the fashions of the day stimulates Bridget, or Sally, or others around me to perilous attempts at display in dress, I will, for Christ's sake, and other souls' sakes, forego henceforth all such compliances. Nor will I restrict my charities to equip superabundantly my wardrobe. My outlays of this kind shall be regulated by what, as a Christian woman, I owe to the poor and needy of my neighborhood, so that none be driven to extremity through my fault. Rather will I dare to be esteemed singular by a severity of plainness and economy.

"Woe unto the world, because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh."

LITTLE JOYS.

LITTLE pleasures fill the day:
 Breath, mayhaps, of new-mown hay
 Rising sweet upon the morn;
 Song of bobolink from the corn;
 Smile of friend, a word of cheer,
 Children's voices glad and clear;
 Now a rainbow o'er the hill,
 Now a shadow dark and still
 Sailing over mead and mount;
 Flocks of birds, one can not count,
 Swallows flying, strong and swift,
 O'er the meadow's flowery drift.
 Now a butterfly or bee,
 Hum of things we can not see;
 Little waves of sound or scent,
 Little words, that scarce were meant
 For our pleasure, yet which fell
 Like the charm of some sweet spell.
 Happy thoughts that come and go,
 Whence or whither, who can know;
 Little dreams that angels drop,
 Little messages of hope
 From the spirits veiled, unseen,
 Who forever stand between
 This, the earthly, which we see,
 And the life that is to be.
 Letter from a distant friend;
 Books that have a pleasant end;
 Daytime tasks, the evening fire,
 Little folks that do not tire,
 Now a story, now a song.
 So the pleasant days glide on—
 Come and go, till, one by one,
 All are come, and all are gone,
 Till the places, that before
 Knew us, know us now no more.

CHRONICLES OF A BAY STATE
FAMILY.

CHAPTER XI.

THOMAS was often seen at the widow's over the way, and it soon became evident that he had a strong magnet there. The trees that surrounded the home of the gentle Mary could tell tales of the ardent yet bashful youth, who, hidden among the foliage, sometimes watched his unconscious charmer as she sat in the doorway, or came down from Calumet hill, which lay back of her home. Nor did distance diminish the attraction, as we find from a letter written her more than thirty years later.

I remember when teaching in Concord that I availed myself of the tops of trees on an eminence to descry the summit of a mountain, at whose base at even-tide sat one I knew, knitting, sewing, or reading.

Not at once did Thomas outgrow his reputation as a wild lad. A good deal of training and some hard knocks were needed to sober him down. In speaking of those days to his grandson, he writes: "If there had been a Sabbath school when I was young, and I had been there taught the way to be good and happy, I should have been saved from a great many tears and a great many heart-aches."

But the Fatherly eye was upon him, and the Fatherly voice followed him.

As the months rolled on the young man's interest in Mary Woods did not diminish. In his eyes her humble abode was transformed into a palace where he rendered homage to his queen. Her close relationship to Hannah, Nahum's wife, brought them a great deal together, and the more intimately he knew her, the more strongly he felt that she was necessary to his happiness. With his wonted ardor he sought her affections, and at length, triumphing over all obstacles, he won the prize. Not, however, till there was a change in him, for Miss Woods was a girl of too high moral and religious principle to compromise herself by a doubtful friendship. That she had no little influence in molding his character, can be gathered by his subsequent letters to her. From one of these, written many years after, I can not forbear quoting, as a beautiful tribute to her faithfulness, as well as an evidence of his high estimation of her.

"I know how you appreciate your brother Leonard, and what he did toward laying the foundation of your moral character, and through you, of reaching me, a profane youth. I well remember your kind words and anxious look, which went to my heart like a barbed arrow,

causing me to go out and weep bitterly. From which time profanity has been as far from me as loathing the sin could make it. I know you do n't like to have me refer to you as the instrument of any good to me, but the fact is the same, acknowledged or not. I thank the Lord that I knew you when I was young, and especially that he gave you to me to be the partner of my days, and that he has given you power like a prince over me, so that it is your privilege to bind me with your silken cords of love, though you be distant from me, and though you should be removed to the opposite hemisphere."

It was not long after Thomas's particular acquaintance with the comely maiden before he was led to feel that he was traveling on a dangerous road. His convictions were deep and pungent, and when he turned to the Lord the change was a marked one. His ardor and impetuosity were not abated, but they were directed into another channel. New aspirations sprang up within him; new impulses moved him. Desiring to enlarge his means of usefulness, he devoted every leisure moment to the acquisition of knowledge. Often, when supposed to be in bed, he was found poring over his books.

Religion was no half-and-half business with him. He asked for no compromises, because he had no desire to serve two masters. There was never any doubt among others on which side he belonged. He could not long rest without a public avowal of his faith, and at the age of twenty-two he united with the Church in Princeton, under the care of Rev. Dr. Murdock, an able and faithful pastor.

About a year from this time—in the month of November, 1811—Mr. Wilder's destiny was linked with that of Mary Woods. Standing together on the white scoured floor, which the bride herself had nicely sanded in tasteful figures, the twain were made one. The little brown house, around which for so many years his thoughts had centered, now became his home. And here all his anticipations were realized. In alluding to this home, more than forty years after, he says:

"You, my dear Mary, with the small rooms unpainted and unadorned, where we first embarked on the sea of wedded life, did that which drawing-rooms, with elegant furniture, accomplished society, splendid equipage, and enchanting music, never did, nor ever will do. You made me contented and happy, and you still possess the power in an increased ratio."

In the Summer he carried on the farm, and during the Winter months he pursued his favorite employment of teaching. When not engaged in some meeting, he spent his evenings

with his books. We can picture him as he used to sit at the little round table beside his wife and mother, reading in a most animated tone, and occasionally throwing back his head to make some characteristic comment.

Having been left motherless at so early an age, he had an unusually keen appreciation of the blessing of a mother. No son could have been more affectionate and dutiful than he was to the widowed mother of his Mary. All his plans were made with reference to her comfort, and he and his wife never had a thought of any change in their mode of life till she rejoined her husband in the better land. "I believe God will bless you all your days for your kindness to mother," wrote Dr. Woods after her death.

In that lowly abode were born all his children, two sons and three daughters. The second son was early taken from them. When they were bearing him to the grave Thomas Scott, the first-born, little comprehending the sad pageant, was full of childish glee, because he thought he could go back to his mother's bed, whence the advent of his baby brother had displaced him.

Six feet high, erect, muscular, and vigorous, Mr. Wilder was a man of no ordinary appearance, made evidently not for sport, but for work and for wear. Of a sanguine temperament, and persistent in his purposes, he was not easily deterred from accomplishing whatever he undertook. A zealous Christian, religion entered into his week days as well as his holy days. In an unusual pressure of work, when hired men were awaiting his orders, he one morning omitted family prayers. That very day, in the blasting of a rock, the powder got into his face; indeed, he narrowly escaped being blown up. He took the wholesome lesson to heart, and determined never again to allow one duty to clash with another.

"I remember how you labored with my eyes when almost put out by the explosion of the rock," he wrote his wife some time after. "I remember, too, how my dear son felt when told that his father was killed—for that was the report; and how he said to me, 'I feel thankful that you are not killed.' I wish that dear son knew how thankful his father would be to hear that he had resolved to serve the Lord."

However pressing were the occupations of Thomas, they never interfered with his fatherly interest. No matter how arduous had been the labors of the day, if a sick child claimed his attention he would rock it half the night, entertaining it from his never-failing fund of stories.

Those years were happy as well as busy ones.

Thomas was of a social nature, and the latch-string of his cottage door was always out. Every Spring and Fall might be seen on the road to Princeton an old-fashioned, roomy carry-all, with a tall form in front guiding the horses, and the eager faces of the children looking out in all directions. Steadily it wound its way over the pleasant hills till it reached Mr. Wilder's gate, when alighted the looked-for guests—Leonard Woods, then professor of theology at Andover, with his wife and a part of his family. These visits to grandma Woods, and the two uncle Wilders, were warmly anticipated by the little folks. The good times with their cousins, the rambles over the fields, and the climbing up to Leonard's bower, were all delightful. But coming as they did from a large three-storied house, it was always a matter of great speculation and wonder where they were all to be stowed at night.

The swift years rolled on, and at length the good mother went to rejoin her husband, and her son's semi-annual pilgrimages were ended. It was in the Winter of 1826 that she was removed from earth, and shortly after Leonard wrote:

"When I go to Princeton it will be a gloomy place to me. Our beloved mother gone! It cuts me to the heart to think of it. I shall go away to my rock and my bower, and shall weep at the remembrance of departed parents, and days and years that are past. I shall take a farewell of that house where I was born, and where once were hearts that loved me, and made my improvement and happiness one of the dearest objects of their life. I shall take a farewell of those hills, and pastures, and trees, and rocks, so associated with the most tender and interesting recollections."

CHAPTER XII.

In April of the Spring following Mrs. Woods's death, Mr. Wilder removed with his family to Ware, having purchased a piece of land in company with a Mr. Hartwell. Here he built himself a house, and settled down, as he supposed, for life.

Always ambitious to excel in whatever he undertook, it was now his great aim to be a first-rate farmer, and to this end he devoted himself with his wonted enthusiasm. But he never allowed this or any other object to turn him aside from his dominant purpose to live a life of Christian usefulness. Entering cordially into all the concerns of his neighbors, and taking an active part in the cause of temperance and of education, he soon gained the hearty esteem of his fellow-citizens.

Though catholic in his religious feelings, and

ready to hold fellowship with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, he was unwavering in his own belief, and firm in his support of what he regarded as the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel. In whatever related to the welfare of the Church he was deeply interested, being always ready to do his part in sustaining its meetings. One who used sometimes to hear him speak, pronounced him the best lay preacher he ever heard.

Nor was he less active in the Sabbath school, where he had a class of adults. Writes his friend, Mr. Hartwell, who was a member of the class: "In one of our lessons relating to the fall of man, he put this question: 'What sentence was pronounced upon man in consequence of the fall?' I turned to the Bible and read, 'Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns, also, and thistles shall it bring forth to thee.' 'Let us all remember,' said he, 'when-ever we are scratched by a brier or pricked by a thorn, that sin is the procuring cause of all our woes. And this applies to all the ills of life. Thus let us learn to hate and forsake sin.'"

The same person, who was an esteemed friend of Mr. Wilder's, mentions his rebuke of a tale-bearer for officiousness. "Are you aware, Mr. Wilder," asked the man, "that such a one is your enemy? I have heard him talk so and so about you." "Neighbor," he quietly replied, "I am sorry you have told me of this. That man can not be acquainted with me. If he is not my friend already, by kind treatment I should have made him so; but now I fear I may be tempted to treat him coolly."

Thomas Wilder's removal to Ware had been very much owing to the influence of his cousin, S. V. S. Wilder, so widely known throughout the Christian world. The annual visits of this cousin to Ware were among the pleasantest incidents of Thomas's life, bringing him into frequent intercourse with a truly kindred spirit. Those were delightful years to his children who were now old enough to appreciate their father's excellence, and to enjoy his society. After the labors of the day he would give himself to social intercourse with his family, telling them stories, and communicating instruction in his own happy vein.

"It was in his home that he shone," says one who, being a member of a neighboring college, was a frequent visitor at his house. "His devotion to his family was proverbial. Well do I remember those pleasant evenings, when coming in after a toilsome day, he would grow eloquent in descanting upon some flower or fruit that he had brought in with him. Well,

too, do I remember those scenes of family prayer, when his heart seemed overflowing with love to all men."

In the year 1835, and also in 1836, he was chosen to represent the town in the State Legislature. Unfortunately, most of his letters during this time have been destroyed; but from one or two which have been preserved a few extracts follow:

"MY DEAR DAUGHTERS, ABBIE AND REBECCA,— . . . It is a gratification to me that you are now at school, having an opportunity to cultivate your minds. The mind comes forward like the flowers, very gradually. A small plant placed where it might grow daily, would in a year be a little tree. I hope you will lay up a good store of knowledge; but do not imagine that learning alone will make you happy or useful. . . . God invites you daily to come and—I hardly dare use the expression—enjoy his company. He allows you to talk with him, and tell him all your troubles, and ask him for every needed blessing. Now, if you were invited to come to your instructor for wisdom and direction, and he should go from place to place, expecting to meet you, and should find that you always went another way, would it not be proof of your indifference?"

"MY DEAR REBECCA,— . . . I can seem to see you responding to your mother's call: 'Well, I will get right up.' When up, the right foot steps forward, and if you mind and keep it forward through the day, every thing will go well. And I am happy that you are not apt to make missteps. It is a great comfort to me when I leave your dear mother, that I leave her with such affectionate children, and, on the other hand, that I leave the children in the hands of the best mother on earth."

Mr. Wilder, while in Boston, had no thought of confining himself to his legislative duties, but enlisted at once as a volunteer in the missionary work of the city. Mrs. Howland, matron of the House of Refuge for Women, speaks with warmth of the acquaintance she formed with him at this time. She says that he often came in on the Sabbath to conduct the religious exercises, besides calling on week days; manifesting deep interest in every thing which pertained to the institution. This interest not only continued, but, in spite of many discouragements, increased from year to year. Taking hold of this and other enterprises with his usual zeal, he formed the acquaintance of some of the best men in the place, and was strongly urged by them to accept the appointment of city missionary.

With his wife's consent he removed his

family to Boston, and, in connection with another business, entered on his work. He labored zealously in this cause for a year, when, owing to pecuniary losses, he felt obliged to return to Ware. Writing not long after to a friend, he says: "I have been on my farm now about three months. I went into my meadows the day after my arrival, and have worked hard through the season. I am fully satisfied that a good farmer is not only a very useful, but a very happy man."

He took hold so earnestly that a brother wrote to his wife: "I hope he will remember that he is made of flesh and blood, and not of brass, and will temper his labors according to his strength, and will take time to breathe. How I shall rejoice if, through the blessing of God, he may in any measure be relieved from his difficulty, and favored with returning prosperity."

While they were residents of the city a young merchant had become interested in Mr. Wilder's second daughter. Charles Ryan was a man of rare loveliness, and great maturity of character. Early consecrating himself to his Master's service, his religious life had been marked by unusual earnestness and consistency. He had come from Vermont into Boston at the age of fourteen, his first engagement being in a grocery store where there were large sales of ardent spirits. Charles soon gave his employer to understand that, while he felt it his duty to fulfill his engagement with him for the year, he must after that seek a place where spirits were not sold, which he accordingly did.

A young man of fine business talents, Mr. Ryan had steadily made his way, and was now enjoying every prospect of worldly success, while, as to his moral and religious character, he was pronounced by his pastor, Rev. Dr. Aiken, one of the most promising young men in Park-Street Church. The esteem in which he was held is shown by the fact that at the age of nineteen he was chosen superintendent of the Sabbath school of that society. His amiable disposition and refined manners endeared him to a large circle of friends, and made him a welcome visitor at the pleasant farm-house in Ware.

A wedding had been devised as an agreeable mode of celebrating Mr. Wilder's fifty-second birthday, which occurred on the 7th of July, 1840. So on the evening of that day—a bright moonlight one—Charles Ryan was united in marriage to Abbie Wilder, the young couple making their bridal trip to Putney, Vermont, the bridegroom's native place.

It was greatly owing to Mr. Ryan's per-

suasions that not long after Mr. Wilder removed permanently to Boston. Engaging in the wood and coal business, he went into a commodious house in Harrison Avenue, which his son-in-law had taken—the whole constituting one family. It was truly a delightful home. The happy young husband was a devoted son and brother. He entered warmly into Mr. Wilder's various schemes of usefulness, and did all in his power to relieve him in his business, looking over his books at night when he came home, exhausted with his labors.

Time wore away, and, in October of 1841, the household was made glad by the advent of an infant son. No one rejoiced more heartily at this event than did Mr. Wilder. As it was the first grandchild, a great ado was made over him; indeed, what with the parents and grandparents, the uncles and the aunts, the little fellow was, apparently, in danger of being spoiled.

CHAPTER XIII.

Three or four happy months had passed when Mr. Ryan was obliged to go to Vermont on business. His parting with his wife and child was very tender, but without a premonition of the coming shadow. Not quite well when he left the city, by the time he reached his place of destination—Saxton's River Village—his illness had greatly increased. A letter was sent to his friends informing them of his sickness, though at the same time expectations were expressed of his speedy recovery. But after a few days he rapidly sank, and it soon became evident that he had but a few hours to live. When told of this he exclaimed, "O, what will become of my dear wife and my boy? We had just begun to live; and O, how pleasant has life been to me! I am afraid it will *kill* Abbie." Then checking himself, he said, "O, no; the Lord will be her unfailing protector and friend; and her dear father will take care of her and our child." To the minister who came to see him, he held out his hand, saying, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

Those were not the days of telegrams; but, on receiving the letter announcing his sickness, Mr. Wilder had started with his daughter, hoping to take him back with them. The following letter from him briefly tells the sad tale:

"PUTNEY, VT., February 12, 1842.

"MY VERY DEAR WIFE,—Doubtless your sympathies are excited to the last extremity for our dear bereaved Abbie. I never was conscious of trouble like what I have felt last night and to-day. We arrived at Brattleboro about

midnight, and met Mr. Noyes, who told me of Charles' death. I suppressed my feelings till I could get away from Abbie, and then my heart broke. O! what a night I passed! Afraid to let our poor child know the tidings till she could get some rest, I kept it from her till after breakfast; then I communicated the distressing intelligence."

The stroke which crushed his daughter's hopes pierced his own heart. Besides one of his chief earthly props had been cut down; but, for her sake, he controlled his own emotions. Writes his daughter in after years: "How can I ever forget the comfort my dear, dear father was to me in those hours of sorrow? He made heaven seem so near that I could almost have been willing to lie forever under the chastening rod."

The body of Mr. Ryan had been removed to Putney, his native place. Thither the mourners followed, not two years from the time when Mrs. Ryan had first gone there as a happy bride. The funeral services, which were on the Sabbath, in the church, were attended by a numerous concourse of people, who gave every testimony of regard for the dead, and of sympathy for the afflicted relatives. It was a heavy trial for the loving father to witness his daughter's grief when that beloved form was committed to the tomb; but he strove to lift her thoughts to that land, "where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."

The following May the young widow united with Park-Street Church. The Sabbath after little Charlie was baptized, the grandfather presenting him. It was truly a touching spectacle. Tall and venerable, with his silvery locks, standing beside his youthful daughter, he assumed a father's responsibilities. And well did he fulfill them. Out of the fullness of her heart his grateful daughter writes: "During all those long years my sorrows were soothed, and life was made happy in my dear father's home. No want that he could gratify has ever been denied. He always showed a father's interest in Charles, sympathizing in all his joys and sorrows, and teaching him whatever was good and useful. It was the tenderest care that we had in my father's house. In hours of sickness he watched over us with the most unwearied kindness. Cheerful even when circumstances of no ordinary trial pressed upon him, he was truly a most devoted father to me and my child."

At the first anniversary of Mr. Ryan's death, in a letter to his absent wife, Mr. Wilder says:

"As I am writing at the table where Abbie used to sit with her beloved Charles, I seem to feel the rocking of the stage, which, one year

ago, was hastening him up the Connecticut River. The lapse of the year has not diminished the vividness of those scenes. If I live till to-morrow I shall follow him from Brattleboro to Putney, where he went to greet his friends before proceeding to Saxton's River. I can trace him no farther. But the way thus far I can never forget, for I traveled over it with the youthful widow."

Many were the hopes centered in Charlie, the only grandson Mr. Wilder ever had; indeed his only grandchild, except one. He was the pet of the household; and the peculiar tenderness with which they all regarded the fatherless little one might have proved perilous to his character but for the good common sense which governed their treatment. Mr. Wilder had perhaps more to do with his training than any other one. He liked to have him run from his mother's room and creep into his bed early in the morning. Here he would entertain him with Bible stories. As soon as he had ended one the little fellow would begin to importune, "More, more, can't you think of more, danpa?"

Walking with him one Sunday, when he was about three, they came upon some little boys playing marbles. "My dear little boys," said the good man, "in heaven they don't play marbles on Sundays." "Do they *Mondays*, danpa?"

The following extracts from some of Mr. Wilder's letters to Charles give us a glimpse at his way of molding character:

"I seem to hear Charley say, 'Did it rain and blow very hard on the Sabbath, and were any of the class at school?' No, dear Charles, there was not a boy there. I miss my good scholar and spry boy a great deal. When I need something at the store or the baker's, I want you here; and I love to talk with you about the country, for I was brought up there. I love to look at the trees, and notice their branches. Then I think they have as many roots as branches; and I inquire how can the little tender roots get along in the hard ground, and eat their nourishment there? For it is the nourishment the roots get which makes the green leaves as much as it is bread and butter that makes a boy grow up to be a man."

"Now, Charley, every thing you see grow out of the ground would have no top or fruit if there was no root. Suppose there was a little animal which had a mouth to eat with, and the head was in the ground, and the tail stood above it; if the part you saw grew, you would think it was because it was nourished by what the mouth took. Well, go into the garden to-morrow and pull up a weed; then look at the

root, and see if it has a mouth. Ask grandpa Ryan to explain it to you. Tell him that grandpa Wilder wants he should give you some principles of Natural Philosophy. I should laugh if you should come home a little philosopher, so that you could tell me that true philosophy is simply cause and effect.

"We have a good many peaches and apples in the city now. And do you want me to tell you about some quadrupeds we have? I have sometimes heard you call them rats.

"Come home as soon as you can. Give my love to grandpa and grandma, and your dear mother, and every body, for I love every body.

"I am your very affectionate,

"GRANDPA WILDER."

"BOSTON, August 21, 1844.

"MY VERY DEAR GRANDSON,—I suppose Charley may be asking mamma why grandpa Wilder do n't write him a letter, and tell him about Boston, about Sarah N., and Aunt Frances, and a lot of Paddy folks? Whether I go to the Common and see the little boys wave their banners and say, 'Hurrah for Henry Clay?' and whether the stars and stripes are flying down Milk-street?

"When you come home I will take you down to the wharf and show you every thing. And I will teach you to read about that good Being who made us, and gives us all the good things we enjoy, and keeps us from harm by night and day. You will read what your dear papa is doing in heaven. Tell your mamma when she cries because dear papa is dead, that he lives in heaven, where there is no sickness, nor pain, nor death. Don't you want to learn to read, so that you can understand these things, and talk with your dear mamma about them? And do n't you want to see grandma very much—'so no tongue can tell,' as you used to say?

"Have you seen a lot of little birds, and found their eggs, and heard them sing? Have you heard the night-hawks and whippoorwills? I suppose you will have a great deal to tell me about the country, and grandpa Ryan; of his cow and lamb, and pigs and chickens. And about grandma Ryan, how she makes butter and cheese, and what nice care she takes of you and your dear mamma.

"I look all about for you as I told you I should, and sometimes I feel like crying. Then I think that Charley is in the country to do him good, and that makes me happy. When you come home I want you should tell me if there are hills and mountains, and brooks and rivers, in Putney, and if there are stores, and who keep them. And especially I want you to tell me about dear papa's grave, what color the

head-stone is, and whether there is grass and a tree there.

"Tell dear mamma I shall be very glad to get all my family back to Boston.

"Your very affectionate

"GRANDPA WILDER."

On another page he writes to Charley's mother:

... "You are where you can often resort to that place where you and I followed the precious treasure which was deposited there till the heavens are no more. I trust that the associations which cluster in that sacred spot make you more prayerful and heavenly minded. Certainly that spirit which once inhabited the dust now reposing there should have much power of attraction, being all radiant with glory. It is my prayer that you may be sanctified by the discipline God is using with you."

FAITH AND ATHEISM.

THERE are comparatively few atheists in the world, very few who honestly believe there is no overruling Power that has a hand in shaping the destinies of men; and when we are brought to reflect upon our wonderful spiritual organization, with its longings and its aspirations, we wonder that there should be a single one who can maintain that the soul within has no more enduring vitality than the fleshly walls which imprison it.

In all ages of the world individuals have clung to their faith with surprising zeal, and suffered for it almost incredible sacrifices.

Since the incoming of the Christian era there has been a long procession of noble martyrs, and though all did not abide in the self-same articles of faith, even some who were averse to the Protestant faith suffered as fully and honestly for what they held to be the true religion as those upon whom the happier Sun of Righteousness shone in its true light.

The Catholic Crusaders, toiling over the burning sands of Syria, having in view the rescue of the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of the impious Turk, fought, and bled, and gave of their treasure to accomplish the restoration of the tomb of the Redeemer, even though with blind enthusiasm they substituted the worship of the virgin mother for that of the Holy Child; while their antagonists, the Sultan Saladin and his followers, were prepared to sacrifice no less for the sake of their belief that Mohammed was the prophet of God, and Mecca, instead of Jerusalem, the shrine toward which the believer's eye should turn with humble praise and adoration

While the various sects believed what they had been severally taught, they could not regard with any degree of toleration the adherents of an opposite faith. To destroy them, even as Christ predicted it should be among men, was to accomplish what they considered the will of God.

Herein it appears as if rested their greatest sin, that they persecuted with cruel vigor—the Roman the Jew, the Crusader the Mohammedan, the Papist the Protestant; and later, when Cromwell the Protector began fighting his way to the seat of the English Government, his Roundhead followers, the members of the solemn league and covenant, pursued with mortal hatred, both as political and religious foes, the devoted Catholic Royalists, who, believing steadfastly in the “divine right of kings,” laid down with noble generosity their lives and their possessions for the sake of their God and their sovereign, and by their sacrifices atoned for their errors of education and religion.

True to the example of their ancestors who clung with surpassing tenacity to their several creeds, the Puritans pursued the same rigorous path when they dissented from the English Church and adopted a new faith. Rugged, and hard, and unyielding as they became in character and conduct, none have questioned the nobility of their intentions or the sincerity of their professions. If they lacked charity and tolerance for their brethren of opposite sects, for the sake of their own faith what hardships they endured, what persecution, what self-immolation!

There is virtue in suffering for what an individual believes is a worthy cause, even though in the judgment of others he may be mistaken as to its being a valid one.

Likewise in the earlier periods of the present existing denominations, though the red hand of persecution had ceased its work, there were covert sneers, and secret annoyances, and the stings of ridicule, full hard to be endured at an age when as the world advances in refinement and civilization, they become as acute for instruments of affliction when brought out and sharpened, as in the darker ages when the body endured more and the mind perhaps less of exquisite torture.

But these sufferings and sacrifices have been confined to the believer, not to the atheist, not to him who denies there is a Supreme Being to whom we should render the homage of *our* being.

The Mohammedans were stigmatized infidels and dogs by the devoted Catholic knights of Cœur de Lion's army, but they were not infidel in their belief that there existed a Supreme

Being, only that Mohammed instead of Christ was the true prophet, and thus far, even with their misguided teachings, they were better than he who proclaims, “There is no God.”

So scattered have been the adherents of the latter tenet, that if an organization was ever effected, it was as unfortunate in its successes as weak for the want of followers, and the armies of truth have marched over it with as little resistance and disaster to themselves as the simoom blows without hinderance over the tropical oceans.

Thus, among all the absurd and fanatical sects of the world, the few infidels that have existed have been considered too insignificant to be recognized as a body, and even amid the scoffs and the reiterations of their skeptical sentiments, scarce charity enough has been extended them to allow that they themselves believed what they really professed; for every intelligent human being, in a certain sense, judges another by himself, and tacitly understands that the link between the human and the Divine is so strong, however impalpable to the coarser senses, that there is not a soul of thought and reason but *must* cry for a nobler state the present one affords; *must* long with intense hope for something beyond the veil which interposes between that which is real and that which can only be conjectured. This very longing is sufficient intimation that we are not to experience annihilation after our departure from the visible world.

When the pages of history reveal to us the hosts who have, phalanx after phalanx, gathered, as it were, to a common center, who have, millions upon millions, labored with the expectation of meeting a reward in the land of the hereafter, when every thing within and about us goes to prove the existence of a higher sphere, when all within us yearns for it with exceeding desire—who can say in his heart “there is no God?” Who can dare to move through the world as if the spirit, the essence of life, had nothing for which to be prepared when are dissolving the elements of the body, and fiber, bone, and sinew are laid under the chill embargo of death?

As the nations of the earth have become civilized one after another, its mode of fine intellectual education has frowned upon the darker deeds of the old world system. Its modes of warfare have become less cruel, and swift messengers of destruction in time of war, though none the less sure, have been substituted for the murderous battle-axes with which the Crusaders hewed their way to fame and glory. And almost imperceptibly with these palpable changes have the convictions with regard to

the Divine Being been also toned down to the milder hues that correspond with spiritual enlightenment and civilized Christian practices.

The monks of the early centuries, where they conceived they had committed an enormous sin, that scarcely the intercession of the Virgin could absolve them from, secluded themselves, wore under-garments of hair that constantly irritated the skin, and subjected their bodies to cruel scourges of thongs to appease the wrath of an offended judge. They permitted not their eyes during long seasons to gaze upon the holy symbols of their faith, and at such periods secluded themselves from the sight of men, suffering cruel fasts, and torturing their consciences with fearful self-denunciations.

But under the enlightenment of true Christianity, the Great Head of the Church appears less a God of wrath than a being of love, and his followers are taught that no corporeal punishment will suffice for the sin of the heart and soul; that as sin proceeds from within, so must repentance there be silently ingrafted in order to yield efficient fruits unto righteousness.

It is the reliance upon a merciful though invisible power that in the greatest extremities of life has prepared both men and women to meet torture and death with heroic calmness.

The historian has depicted scenes where the weak have become strong and the timid courageous at an hour when the powers of earth seemed combined to measure the strength of human endurance.

This sublime calmness in the professed Christian was not regarded with the same surprise as when exhibited at the last hour by those who had lived regardless of the precepts of divine truth; then it could only be accounted for in this way that there must have been a consciousness in the soul of the unfortunate victim that there exists a Divine Being more compassionate than the human to whom they had determined to commit their cause, even as at the last hour the thief on the cross, despairing of human aid, appealed involuntarily to the Divine, and we are assured that his plea was not in vain.

This is also forcibly illustrated in the fortunes of the earlier sovereigns of Europe, when among the British Isles as on the Continent, dissension and jealousy brought revenge and murder to their unhappy victims; when frail and unfortunate royal women were led to the block, guilty, doubtless, of much laid to their charge; but, even amid the disasters arising from their own sinful career, they, pausing appalled at the remorseless cruelty of their adversaries, as the last resource appealed to the One who could look upon their mortal suffer-

ings with an eye of pity, and, above the tumult of an infuriated rabble, vouchsafe a token of Infinite and ineffable compassion.

Of these memorable instances are the unfortunate Mary Stuart, the hapless and beautiful Scottish Queen, the weary prisoner, and finally the death-doomed victim of the English Elizabeth, who by her sufferings atoned for her wrong-doing, and met her fate with a fortitude that astonished, and at last disarmed her enemies, and whose name and fate excite a mournful and peculiar interest and sympathy in all who read of them. In another kingdom the daughter of the imperial house of Austria, the unhappy Marie Antoinette, passed from the splendor of the throne of France to suffer bitter retribution for her gay and thoughtless career, which in the eyes of her subjects appeared criminally unbecoming, and which indirectly resulted in disaster and death to herself and husband. The historian tells of how she met her fate, which was with a heroism that no counsels of an earthly nature could have aided in supplying. Thus when the storm of hate and fury burst upon the heads of these tender and hapless victims, when they descended from the gorgeous appointments of royalty to the ignominy of the scaffold and the guillotine, a Comforter not of earth must have whispered of a clime where there was neither temptation to beguile to sin, remorse and death, or an enemy to be enriched from the spoils of betrayal and ruin.

Yes, there is unmistakably a Being of infinite compassion, who visits the soul in the most awful hour of its despair, and imparts a balm surpassing the stern sophisms of the stoic or the profane daring of the infidel.

On the other hand, those who have professed the utmost skepticism, in the trying hour of death have been forced to throw off their atheist armor. It would not avail—and they were led to confess a fear of retribution in the hereafter, the existence of which they once so scornfully ignored and defied. Death, that severe leveler of human pride, while he lays his cold, despotic prohibition upon earthly hopes and emoluments, often thrusts the veil from hidden truths and drags them forth to the light, that the world may look and be profited thereby.

While humanity exists in its present frail and erring state, while mortal distresses harass the mind and derange its faculties, this mysterious element of faith in the existence of an all-wise and far-seeing Ruler of the Universe, is necessary for the preservation of human life and the welfare of nations. It has a power to stay the hand of the murderer and the assassin; it

arrests the tide of wrong doing, which, though woefully strong already, would without it become resistless. It urges the warrior on to battle for the cause which he believes is just amid reverses and privations, because he is convinced that his God of justice will interfere and assist him to accomplish the downfall of his enemies, and he fights under the panoply of this conviction with superhuman energy and endurance. From among such faithful believers have arisen, as it were, pillars of exalted manhood and rare comeliness, whose names and career will be held aloft and presented to the gaze of an admiring world as long as our planet revolves in its order, and the beings whom it affords a transient habitation preserve an interest in its history and that which is connected with it. For no such examples of heroic devotion have the pages of history to offer as are exhibited in the annals and among the martyrs of the Christian Church.

With the exception of a few short-lived organizations and individual instances, nations have involuntarily sought an object of worship to whom they attributed supernal powers. There seems to be an element implanted in the human breast which demands a superior being, to whom it can render oblation and praise, though in every generation some demented or misanthropic individual strikes upon some strange and unfrequented track, and, against the laws of reason and religion, seeks to establish a system whose basis is generally the offspring of a melancholy or disordered mind.

Pyrrho, a native of Elis, in Peloponnesus, first founded a skeptical or Pyrrhonian School of Philosophy about 290 B. C. He is said to have been poor, and to have followed the profession of a painter. He finally attached himself to Anaxarchus, and with him joined the expedition of Alexander the Great against Persia. Pyrrho wrote no works upon the subject, but asserted that certain knowledge on any subject was unattainable, and that the great object of men should be to lead a good and virtuous life.

The philosophical system of Pyrrho was first reduced to writing by his disciple Timon, who taught at Chalcedon, a Greek city of Bithynia, on the coast of the Propontis, at the entrance of the Bosphorus, nearly opposite to Byzantium. His teachings as a sophist it is said were so successful that he realized a fortune, and finally removed to Athens, where he died at the age of ninety.

Timon was also called the misanthrope, and finally secluded himself because of the ingratitude of former friends, admitting no one to his

presence but Alcibiades, whose father had been the intimate friend of Socrates, but who himself was undistinguished by any attainments, either mental or muscular, the latter of which, in that age of the world, was esteemed quite as much to be desired as the former.

Of the memorable instances where the reckless and blasphemous spirit of infidelity was for a time let loose and ran riot, that which occurred in the midst of the French Revolution presented, perhaps, the most unhappy and mischievous results of any before or since. The volatile disposition of the people of that changeful empire aided the wild carnival that for a time prevailed when the infamous leaders of that frightful theory arose, and, with dreadful blasphemy, declared, in substance, that there was no God, no hereafter, and that the world was governed by chance. This gave the rein to all the licentious practices and brutal instincts that the evil passions of men could suggest, and hardened them to gaze upon crime and bloodshed with sardonic glee or horrible complacency. The blood of the aristocracy flowed through the streets of Paris, and

"Fair women and brave men"

were led to the guillotine for no other crime than that they were the offspring of gentle blood, and that, perhaps, they had involuntarily heaved a sigh of pity for those who had become victims of death before themselves.

At this time it was that with other victims also perished the high-souled and beautiful Madame Roland and the devoted Alexandre de Beauharnais; his wife, Josephine, who afterward became the wife of Napoleon and Empress of the French, only escaped by the timely fall of Robespierre, a few hours before the one appointed for her execution.

Thus atheism breeds chaos and disunion, and incites those malignant passions and demoniac deeds of which nations fostered in the true faith are innocent.

Idolatry is the offspring of ignorance and superstition, and is also hideous and cruel in its character. Romans and Mohammedans were subjected to severe penances to appease the objects of their worship. But *our* God, *our* religion, the true faith, requires only the peaceable fruits of righteousness—that a man love God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself—no journeyings with bared feet to the shrine of Mecca, the tomb of the prophet—no scourgings with thongs in dismal convent cells; but only to exercise charity for all the world, without which St. Paul declared, though he had all other things, he was nothing.

FATALISM IRRATIONAL.

"EFFECT must follow previous cause,
 And prayer is wasted breath,
 For constant Nature works by laws
 Immutable as death.
 Free-will, the dogma of a fool,
 Is chance. Controlled by fate,
 The mind obeys despotic rule ;
 We think, when nerves sensate.
 All providence we must reject ;
 Since Deity has laws,
 Whatever *is*, is but effect
 Of pre-existing cause.
 Nature's great God in power and will
 Is perfect—dar'st thou pray,
 O worm, that he would sink *His* will,
 And *thy* desires obey?"

Tell me, my soul, in search of truth,
 Disturbed by doubt and fear,
 Does reason teach a creed, forsooth,
 So hopeless, cold, and drear ?
 My soul replies, "If prayer is vain,
 Desire, O poor blind mole,
 Is folly, that deserves the pain,
 That mocks and stings the soul.
 If fixed by predetermined laws
 Are mind, and matter crude,
 And actions, slaves to changeless cause,
 Absurd is gratitude.
 Nay, more; if laws must constant be,
 Not only vain are prayers,
 But vain, O dead fatality,
 Are all our *acts* and cares."

Immortal field, where thousands stood,
 And faced the foe to-day,
 Thy soil was stained with freemen's blood,
In vain, doth Reason say ?
 O nation, struggling with thy might,
 For life and liberty,
 How many yearning hearts to-night,
 Go out in prayer for thee !
 But yearning wish or earnest prayer,
 Irrational must be,

If all events, come when, come where,
 Are fixed by stern decree.
 O father, praying that thy child
 May live, be wise and good,
 The *wish* is foolish, vain and wild,
 If rightly understood.
 Not icy breath of win't'ry storm
 More comfortless and chill,
 Than wish or prayer, whate'er the form,
 If fate *must* work its will.

O mother pale, with tearful eyes,
 Beside the couch of pain,
 Where loving daughter lowly lies,
 And human aid is vain,
 Instinctive longings heave thy frame,
 And *nature* in thee cries,
 "Save Lord, I ask in Jesus' name,
 Save, or my daughter dies !"

O, wherefore false and futile be
 The soul's instinctive cry—
 Is all without reality,
 And all within, a lie ?

O sailor boy on distant sea,
 Afar from any shore,
 Dost hear a voice in prayer for thee,
 Amid the tempest's roar ?
 The sun in ocean slowly dips,
 To meet the coming day ;
 The prayer of faith from trembling lips
 Falls dead as lifeless clay !

But wherefore dead ? If God can *hear*
 Our poor, imperfect prayers,
 Why not approach with filial fear,
 And *tell* our hopes and cares ?
 If soul to wish must utt'rance give,
 And can not be repressed,
 To whom but Him who saith, "I LIVE !"
 Should high hope be addressed ?
 The child that asks for soaring bird,
 For moon or radiant star,
 Is not rebuked with angry word,
 Though vain its longings are.
 If God is God, and God is love,
 And we his children are,
 He will not frown from Heaven above,
 Though e'en we ask a star !
 Better, far better, that desire
 Shall rise in prayer, O clod,
 Than burn within thy breast like fire,
 Without a thought of God.

TO LOVE AND BE BELOVED.

YOU need not ask me of my age ;
 Time flies, mid flowers, with rapid wing,
 And 't is enough for bard or sage
 To fondly love and sweetly sing ;
 For love and music hath the power
 To keep hearts young ; and far removed
 Must be the soul whose heavenly dower
 Is not to love and be beloved.

What matter if 't is May or June—
 Both minstrel months are they to me—
 If robins sing and roses bloom,
 And wreaths are hung on every tree ?
 What matter of the month or year
 When I was born ? Enough is proved
 If I can sing glad songs of cheer,
 And that I love and be beloved.

Say not it is an idle thing
 To pour glad music o'er the earth,
 Till hearts forget the quivering sting,
 And learns to think what life is worth.
 O love and music, ye have power
 To thrill the world. What souls are moved
 By song, the minstrel's glorious dower,
 Is still to love and be beloved.

THE GOLDEN TONGUE.

THE Welsh Triads say, "Many are the friends of the golden tongue." To be eloquent, in the true spirit of eloquence, what a power it is! Who can wonder at the attraction which a seat in Parliament, or a high position at the bar, has for young men, when it is possible that the highest rewards may be laid at their feet? The true orator is the true potentate. He governs the minds of men with a power that kings envy; he can turn them which way he will. Antiphon, one of Plutarch's ten orators, proclaimed in Athens that "he would cure distempers of the mind with words." Two or three words fitly spoken can dishearten the most prosperous man, and there is no calamity which right words will not in a degree console.

Isocrates, the orator, partially defined his art "as the power of magnifying what is small, and diminishing what is great." Plato's definition of rhetoric is, "the art of ruling the minds of men." The power of eloquence is to change in half an hour's discourse the habits of years. It is not a particular skill in telling a story, or in neatly summing up evidence, or arguing logically, or dexterously addressing prejudices; it is this, and this only—the taking an entire possession of an audience. Eloquence is the power of a man to play on the feelings of an assembly of men, as a master on the keys of a piano—who, seeing the people furious, shall soften and compose them—shall draw them, when he will, to laughter or to tears. Let them be coarse or refined, sulky or savage, he will make them pleased and humored as he chooses, like the music of witchcraft exemplified in the Pied Piper of Hamelin, which drew soldiers and priests, traders and idlers, women and men, rats and mice, to hear him.

An orator is greatly dependent upon his physical conformation for his success. He must have within him a radiant and animal robustness. A man physically weak should not hope for great success to crown his efforts; he can not warm his audience into good-humor by his own elastic and subtle communication. Some large degree of animal vigor is absolutely necessary as a material foundation for the higher qualities of the art. Climate and race have also much to do with native eloquence. Listen to a poor Irishwoman recounting some of her own experiences; her speech flows in a continuous stream—so unconsidered, so humorous, so pathetic. It is a true transubstantiation—the fact converted into speech, and a reality. For natural eloquence none can compare with the inhabitants of the south of Europe. In Sicily

and elsewhere a man needs no gayer melodramatic exhibition than the *table d'hôte* of his inn will afford in the conversation of the people around him. They mimic the voice and manner of the person they describe; they crow, scream, hiss, and cackle, and, by the very physical strength exerted in telling the story, keep the table in wild excitement of enjoyment.

A chief matter in eloquence is to be personally or mentally attractive, and is entirely a natural gift. Some sweetness of fascination must be intermingled in every discourse. The right kind of speech needs no effort to collect hearers; old and young, the feeble and the strong—all are attracted by this power. The improvisatori of Italy gathered round them multitudes by the stories they recited, by the anecdotes on which they amplified.

Who does not recollect the eloquence of the story-teller in the "Arabian Nights," and believe that Scheherazade was fairly entitled to ten lives instead of one? All legends are only exaggerations of real occurrences, and every literature renders homage to the orator and the bard, even from the Hebrew psalmist down to the Scottish Glenkindie. Homer, especially, delighted in orators. Mark with what care the poet brings one on the stage. Helen is pointing out to Priam from a tower the different Grecian Chiefs. The king sees Ulysses, and asks who he is:

"Then Helen thus: 'Whom your discerning eyes
Have singled out is Ithacus the wise;
A barren island boasts his glorious birth;
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.'
Antenor took the word, and thus began:
'Myself, O King! have seen that wondrous man;
When, trusting Jove and hospitable laws,
To Troy he came to plead the Grecian cause
(Great Menelaus urged the same request);
My house was honored with each royal guest;
I knew their persons, and admired their parts;
Both brave in arms, and both approved in arts.
Erect, the Spartan most engaged our view;
Ulysses seated, greater reverence drew.
When Atreus' son harangued the listening train,
Just was his sense, and his expressions plain—
His words succinct, yet full without a fault;
He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.
But when Ulysses rose in thought profound,
His modest eyes he fixed upon the ground;
As one unskilled or daunt, he seemed to stand,
Nor raised his head, nor stretched his sceptered hand.
But when he speaks, what elocution flows!
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows
The copious accents fall; with easy art,
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart.'"

"Iliad," Book III.

Thus Ulysses is at once distinguished for his power of overcoming all opposition by the blandishments of speech. Extraordinary instances have been preserved of the power of eloquence over positive facts. Plutarch relates that when the King of Sparta asked him which of the two

was the best wrestler, Pericles or himself, Plutarch replied,

"When I threw him he says he was never down, and he persuades the very spectators to believe him."

Philip of Macedonia said of Demosthenes, on hearing the report of one of his orations, "Had I been there he would have persuaded me to take up arms against myself."

Warren Hastings said of Edmund Burke's speech on his impeachment:

"As I listened to the orator I felt for more than half an hour as if I was the most culpable being on earth."

An individual who had heard for an hour the splendid argument of Sheridan against the same Warren Hastings, said to a friend:

"All this is mere declamation." An hour afterward he exclaimed, "This is a wonderful oration." At the close of the third hour he remarked, "Mr. Hastings has acted most unjustifiably." When the fourth hour had passed he said, "Mr. Hastings is certainly an atrocious criminal;" and at the conclusion he exclaimed, "Of all the monsters of iniquity Warren Hastings is the greatest!"

The following is an instance of the pathetic in eloquence, which carried a bill through the House of Commons notwithstanding the previous opposition of the members. Some years since persons who were accused of high treason were not permitted to be heard by counsel, but must plead their own cause. A bill was brought in to abolish this prohibition. Mr. Astley Cooper, then member for Poole in Dorsetshire, had mentally prepared an elaborate speech in aid of the bill. When he rose to speak, his whole manner was confused and greatly agitated; his memory failed him, and he was almost in a state of stupor. His friends counseled him "to take time; what he had to say would return." But it did not; and as soon as the confusion of the moment passed, he said:

"*Mr. Speaker*,—If I, who rise only to give my opinion upon the bill now depending, am so confounded that I am unable to express the least part of what I proposed to say, what must be the condition of that man who, without any assistance whatever, is obliged to plead for his life, while he is under the dreadful apprehension of being deprived of it?"

This pathetic speech was so unanswerable, and had such an effect upon the House, that the bill passed without opposition.

Of the power of an orator to annihilate time an instance is recorded of a Mr. Henry, an American special pleader, who replied to an elaborate case, and, to the astonishment of his

hearers, gained the cause in what they imagined to be a period of fifteen minutes, instead of which three hours had lapsed.

Mirabeau, the French revolutionist, had married a lady against the consent of her friends; she was seized and thrown into a convent; he escaped into Switzerland, but was tried, convicted of contumacy, and sentenced to lose his head. The lady escaped from her convent, and rejoined him in Holland; then, after a time, they were again both seized; she was again immured, and Mirabeau was consigned to the Castle of Vincennes, where he remained three years and a half. When he was again tried, he pleaded his own cause, and, producing a lock of hair steeped in poison, of which the lady was in possession of the counterpart, for their mutual destruction, should he fail in regaining his liberty and hers, he, by the impassioned power of his eloquence, terrified the court and his persecutors, melted the audience into tears, obtained a reversal of his sentence, and threw the costs of the suit upon the prosecution.

An instance of wonderful elocutionary powers is told of Barry, the celebrated actor, who was said to have such a persuasive tongue that it would lure a bird from a tree, and combined with manners the most prepossessing and conciliatory. A carpenter whom he had employed frequently applied for his money without avail. One day Barry, who was ill, called out from over the stairs—

"What is the matter?"

"Matter enough," replied the man. "I want my money and can't get it."

"Do n't be in a passion," said Barry. "Walk up stairs, and we will both talk it over."

"Not I, Mr. Barry. You owe me a hundred pounds already, and if I come up you will owe me two hundred before I leave you."

There are different degrees of power in eloquence. There is the glib and cool tongue of the tradesman who conjures the money out of one's pockets. There is also the petty lawyer's fluency which, in most cases, is nothing more than the faculty of saying in correct language the same things that every body knows, but which every body can not so well express. There is the talk of those who, like the celebrated schoolmaster, are just one step in advance of their hearers. Others have the power of prompt sarcasm and ready allusion to passing occurrences. Such are one-sided mischief-makers. These are men who lead the working classes into wrong-doing. These phases belong to the pretentious division of elocution; these are not the golden-tongued orators. But where there exists a rich combination of per-

sonal grace or physical power, intellect, force of will, intuitive perception, and enlarged sympathies, capable of viewing and harmonizing with every salient point on both sides the question—that man will make a true orator. He is the veritable Chrysostom. He will be found with inexhaustible personal resources sufficient for all positions, all demands, all circumstances, all arenas, whether in a storm on the tempest-tossed Atlantic, where men are incapacitated by terror from reasoning and the voice of authority is nothing in the face of death; yet such a gifted genius will be competent to create order out of disorder, render confusion less distracting, and probably be the salvation of the crew and the passengers.

It was said of Sir William Pepperel that, put him in any situation, all things came to pass that he willed should be done. Such a man can not be disconcerted. With a serene aspect he subverts a kingdom. The confidence of his fellow-creatures in him is unbounded. He changes the face of kingdoms, and histories, poems, and new philosophies arise at his suggestions. He is a supreme commander over all his passions and affections, and the power of nature runs without impediment from his brain to his tongue and hands. Men and women are his puppets; he pulls the strings with his will, and they dance at his pleasure. This is the personality of a great man; but there are others, even in humble life, who, when they act, do it with energy and perfectness, and men wonder and imitate. They speak in whispers, and are heard; their suggestions are as new lights to the gropers in the dark. But they are also men with a presence; and commanding intellectual presence in men and women is a power. Great souls in little bodies should only write—never speak.

An orator at the bar should be a substantial, and withal a graceful, personality. He must thoroughly understand the fact or facts, and must know how to narrate them. In a court of justice, the audience are for the most part impartial, they really wish to know the truth; and in the examination of witnesses there usually leap out three or four words or phrases in which is the pith of the business; these are the grains of truth, which sink into the ear of all parties, and remain there and determine the cause. All the rest is repetition and wordiness.

The statement of a fact, however, sinks before the statement of the law; and in this will be found the greatest common sense. To analyze evidence, to weigh it, to reconcile conflicting assertions, to get at the root of a matter is a rare gift, one of the rarest; and common sense, which is hidden under a mass of technicalities,

it is the prerogative and the business of a judge to make manifest; the counsel's aim lies in another direction.

The keys to eloquence are method, clearness of statement, imagery, the power of dealing with facts in elaboration or condensation, of treating them with ridicule or sarcasm, rapid generalization, humor, and pathos, and yet all these, inherent or attained, will not create a true eloquence; one thing is wanting—the highest morality. This has the property of invigorating an audience, and without this all else is but claptrap, a jingling to catch fools—a morality, not of place, party, or power, but an irrefragable truth which sinks into the hearts of men; a virtuous principle which vitalizes all speech; and by the majesty of its power, strikes down all that is hostile to it.

All the first orators of the world have stood on moral truths as on a rock. With them eloquence has been the speech of their souls, and their words uttered as the exponent of all that was grand and immortal in their minds. False eloquence is glittering and weak. True eloquence is an elastic, inexhaustive power, expanding with the expansion of our interests and affections. Its great masters, while they practiced every help to its attainment, and thought no pains too great which contributed in any measure to further it, never permitted any talent, either of voice, poetic power, anecdote, or sarcasm, to appear solely for the gratification of their own vanity, but, preferring their integrity to their talent, esteemed that object for which they toiled—whether the prosperity of their country, the stability or otherwise of the laws, or reform, or liberty of speech, or of the press, or letters, or morals—as above themselves and all the world besides.

Whether every man can become by education an orator depends much upon his persistent power—that is, the power of overcoming difficulties. Demosthenes, the most celebrated orator that Greece ever produced, had a weak voice, a thick manner of speaking, and very short and feeble breath, so that he was obliged frequently to stop in the middle of a sentence for respiration. He also stammered to a degree most painful to his hearers. His efforts to correct these natural infirmities were almost superhuman. He placed small pebbles in his mouth, and then, while walking, repeated some verses of Sophocles till he could speak without stammering. To overcome his shortness of breath, he walked up steep places till he found no difficulty in delivering the longest sentences. He declaimed by the sea-shore when the waves were in violent agitation, to accustom himself

to the cries and tumults of the people. When he could speak without impediment, he took lessons in recitations from Satyrus, a celebrated actor, first reciting some lines from one of the tragedies of Euripides. Satyrus then repeated the same, but gave them such graces of tone, gesture, and spirit that Demosthenes at once saw his own failure. He returned home, and, before a large mirror, endeavored to imitate all that he had heard and seen as commendable in Satyrus; and afterward so studied his subjects that he far exceeded his master in the graces of his delivery. Demosthenes had contracted an ill-habit of shrugging up his shoulders; this he conquered by practicing oratorical gestures, and declaiming in a narrow inclosure over which hung the sharp and polished edge of a halberd in such a manner that if, in the heat of action, the shrugging of the shoulders commenced, the sharp edge of the weapon gave him an unpleasant reminder. He rose very early, and always expressed regret when he saw any who was earlier than himself. But it was not alone that oratory charmed him, and he made its practice a success, but he copied Thucydides's History eight times, in order to be thoroughly imbued with the style of that writer that he might surpass him.

Any man or woman in health and vigor may overcome difficulties by imitating Demosthenes.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOOD.

NUMBER I.

WOMAN AND COOKERY.

EVER since Milton's Eve spread the table for Milton's Adam in Paradise, it has fallen to the lot of woman to prepare and serve up the physical nourishment of the human race; or, adhering to the simple statement of the written Word, we may date from the giving of the fatal forbidden fruit proffered, alas, by the hand of the woman. And if, as has been suggested, she was therefore and thenceforth condemned to nourish and sustain the ever-failing fabric whose immortality she had undermined, it was certainly a punishment of most poetic justice. But with that ever-abounding mercy that accompanies even the justice of the loving all-Father, this curse, if curse it be, places at her command its own cure, the secret of its own destruction. For, if a bad diet has proved so great an evil to the human family, a good diet will prove an equally great benefit, and it is largely in woman's power to give either at her own pleasure.

To what extent a good diet might renovate the race it is difficult to foresee definitely, but the

most thoughtful minds are already convinced that far too little importance is ordinarily attached to the matter and manner of our eating, and too little attention is paid to its effect upon our health. We criticise the influence of the atmosphere that surrounds us; we remove from climate to climate to secure the best; we comment upon the influences of the water and the wind, of sunshine, of exercise, of electricity, and even of the mental emotions; and, indeed, we attach more importance to almost every thing else which affects the body directly or indirectly, than we do to the pabulum of its existence. The substances that we put into it to build it up are plumped in almost unquestioned as to their effects upon the physical structure. Our actions in this respect are very much like those of a man who, in building a house, should pay great attention to the climatic influences, and little or none to the quality of the wood, brick, stone, or glass of which it is built, or the manner in which they are put together.

We know, indeed, that what we eat affects our health, and scarcely a thoughtful or intelligent person of mature years can be approached on the subject who will not name over a list of articles that he can not eat. But he has usually put together these items with entire disregard to the first principles of science. His deductions are based upon phenomena which he does not understand, upon the workings of a machinery the different parts of which he can scarcely even name, and upon its handling of materials of whose nature he is equally ignorant. His conclusions are drawn from the immediate apparent results of his experiments, which are pursued almost as independently as if the experiments were the first of his race, and were reduced to the necessity of discovering the principles and laying the foundations of a science which yet applied to himself alone.

It is evident that no real progress can be made in this manner. His very first mistake is in supposing that he is materially different from the rest of his race, and, therefore, that he needs a peculiar diet. "What is one man's food is another man's poison," is his favorite proverb, and fortifies him against all objections. He insists, moreover, that his tastes are natural, and that what he likes agrees with him. If he can get what he "hankers after" he is all right. He forgets that the same course of argument can be used with equal force to confirm some of the worst habits of the race. It is the very same that induces the toper to drink, the opium eater and the tobacco user to smoke, dose, and chew, they "feel so good after it." They judge

from primary effects. Let them put another of their peculiar feelings beside it, and they will have the secondary and prevailing effects; they "feel so miserable without it."

In the beginning these great differences did not exist, nor do they to this day among the animals, at least not among those whose tastes have not been perverted by man. We do not find one robin feasting on cherries which another refuses with a cholera-morbose twist of the beak, nor one deer browsing on twigs while its mate lives on moss or grass only. It is true, however, that what is the food for one species of animals is often poison to another. This is in full accordance with God's laws of variety and harmony, and seems to each species the food best adapted to its own wants. These laws of food, however, include each entire species, and the human species is no exception. Man was not neglected in the primary arrangement. Neither was it intended that he should eat every thing, as many foolishly imply when they say, "If such and such a thing were not made to eat, what was it made for?" Man was not made to eat the world, but to govern it.

That there are laws for his food we must infer also, from the fact that many things are to him recognized and violent poisons. If, then, we can ascertain these laws and regulate our habits by them, laying aside as far as possible our fancied individual peculiarities—which are in most cases our acquired or inherited bad habits—we shall, with due observance of the other laws of health, put ourselves in the way of returning to a far higher state of physical perfection than that which we now enjoy. We would by no means argue that our acquired bad habits do not often need special dietetic treatment or humoring, but the error lies in treating the habit as a constitutional bent to be permanently followed, rather than a fault to be corrected by a knowledge of the general laws applicable to the species. But if there are no such general principles, if every man is to be a law to himself, then there is no room for general inquiry, and there can be no such thing as a science of dietetics or the permanent improvement of the hygiene of the table. Men must go on tormented and dying with dyspepsia, and cognate diseases, half killing themselves before they find out how to live, as one of our literary men recently remarked with an emphasis pointed by personal experience. He might well have added that the wasted vitality can never be recalled. Who knows how long we should live if we should always eat correctly, how much suffering might be avoided, and how many valuable lives greatly prolonged!

Upon what, then, are the foundations of the science of dietetics to be laid? Upon physiology, chemistry, and common sense. Sufficient progress has already been made in the sciences to lay the foundation by study and practice of a diet at once pleasant, wholesome, and nutritious.

But who is to do the studying and practicing? As matters are now arranged, if there is any studying to be done, especially of that higher order called investigation, the men usually do it, and if there is any cooking to be done the women do it. The result is about the same as if one person should read upon a certain subject and another person should write on it, the latter having meanwhile the conceit that she already knows all about it. On the other hand, if the men who do the studying undertake to do or to dictate the cooking—we do not refer to professional cooks, who are no more physiological than women—there is a lack of taste, and often of savoriness, of harmony in the use of flavors, as well as in the collocation of dishes; in short, a general baldness which is at once set down as characteristic of healthful or scientific cookery. This condemns the whole thing as suitable only for invalids who can get well in no other way, and a very disagreeable remedy at that, something very much like apothecary's medicine, to be taken with a grimace and laid aside as soon as possible.

If the patient come to take a fancy to his strange diet, and really like its flavor, the phenomenon is classed with those produced by alcohol, opium, or tobacco. I have often heard housekeepers sigh over the fact that some member of the family must have some special dish—because he knew no other that was healthful—saying "he can't get along without it, and it makes so much trouble." They never dream of making the dish in question palatable and attractive to all. On the contrary, if pet wants "some of that" she is told that is for papa; "papa is sick, and pet can't have it." Or if that one dish is popularized, it is usually always the same bald thing, without improvement or variation. It may be oat-meal, or Graham, or hominy, that the physician has sometime or other prescribed. I knew one man that ate rye mush for his breakfast almost every morning for three years, just because his wife did not know enough to prepare any thing else equally healthful. And such things will continue to be until woman thoroughly comprehends and adopts the principles upon which depends the healthfulness of all diet, and adorns and improves it as she does now a hurtful diet, with her own exquisite taste and endless variety of invention.

Again: man, with his usual lack of acquaint-

ance with the details of cooking, can know but few of the violations of the laws of physiology or nutrition that are perpetrated in every kitchen of the land. How many of them recognize the ingredients of dishes placed before them sufficiently to know whether they contain any thing hurtful, such as melted butter, lard, or saleratus? So, however he may study and demonstrate, he has not the facilities for striking at the root of prevailing abuses as those have who are familiar with them.

It follows, then, that woman must become intelligent in these directions, or little will be done. Hitherto she has been content to take household science as she finds it. Her cookery she has learned of her mother and her grandmother, and she thinks herself attaining the highest perfection of the art if she be able to adopt successfully the fancies of the cook-books, or introduce the delicacies of the French cuisine. And it rather puts the *chef-d'œuvre* to her accomplishments if she succeed in making those who enjoy her table sufferers from all the horrors of dyspepsia. This sounds barbarous; but we can not deny that there is a touch of admiration in the tone used in speaking of some poor dyspeptic. "His mother was an excellent cook, you know; so were all her family. They always set a good table." You'll find this tone pervading all talk about eatables. "He likes the good things," some one will say, half reproachfully, meaning rich, highly seasoned dishes, that are evidently hurtful to the partakers, or in which he indulges greedily. I find another example in the very use I have just made of the word *rich*, as if "rich" and "good" things were necessarily hurtful. The secret of all this we find in the fact that inquiry is rarely made into the healthfulness of any dish. The only recommendation to a new dish is that it is "nice," or "elegant," and the only query about it is, "Does it taste good?" Never, "Is it digestible?" "Is it wholesome?" "Is it nutritious?" Read the fashionable cook-books, read Blot, read Mrs. Putnam. They give no principles whatever to aid in judging of the wholesomeness of any of their compounds, the most outrageous of which parade their directions as boldly as the most wholesome. Nothing, literally nothing, is said of the results of eating any thing cooked after their recipes. Evidently their only object is to please the taste.

Soyer, in his "History of Food," does indeed occasionally hint at the results of improper eating, but he makes few or no valuable specifications, and he boldly pronounces the highest art of the cook to lie in making the

wearied appetite return to the attack with newly excited pleasure; and his duty not to reform men, but to pander to their tastes, and forestall their caprices.

Experimenting, then, as our best cooks constantly are, in the utter disregard of these vital questions, as well as in complete ignorance of the nature of the materials with which they deal, of the chemical processes which take place under their hands, and in the effects of these processes upon the digestibility of the food, depending far more upon traditionary recipes and sayings than upon the developments of science, it is hardly possible but that they must go widely astray, and make many dishes so hurtful that, as Dio Lewis says, "they would give an ostrich a bad taste in the mouth the next morning."

The results we see around us in the wrecks of the learned, the loved, and the lost. How much mischief constantly arises from this source it is almost impossible to calculate. Recognized dyspepsia alone comprises but few of the victims. Every year adds to the list of known diseases that result directly from bad eating; but, besides these, there is probably no disease known to which the system does not become more liable from improper nourishment. The greatest number of victims is taken from the ranks of little children. The bad eating of their parents bequeaths to them impaired constitutions; some dietetic indiscretion of the mother kills them outright; in infancy, or as soon as they are old enough to eat, they are fed, nay, stuffed, with the most indigestible substances at the most unreasonable intervals. One mother, after detailing to me, with tears in her eyes, the sufferings endured and inflicted by an epileptic child, replied, with an evident lack of the feeling of responsibility, to an inquiry concerning the origin of the disease, "A fit of indigestion in infancy." A devoted minister of my acquaintance is, to his great grief, laid aside in the midst of his usefulness; and yet he will rarely deny himself of many articles of diet which he knows to be injurious, because he will have things that taste good. Very well, our food ought to taste good, and if I had the care of such invalids I would make wholesome food taste so good to them that they would have no reason to desire any other.

It is true these people are very difficult to manage. Tell them a dish is "healthful," and they will condemn it beforehand. And, ladies, I find it is apt to be so with most men; so let me drop you a hint privately. If you have any idea of trying any of the recipes in the forthcoming numbers say nothing about it, either

now or when you put them on the table. If your husband has not called your recipes into question when you have put death into the pot, he has no right to do so when you put in health. If you have any "rights" at all, surely you can hold them on territory hitherto so undisputed.

Here, then, is a broad field for the exercise of woman's talents. Here is a "sphere" peculiarly her own, where there is room for immense improvement. Man wants her help here, and therefore he will say, "Put her to her books; let her study chemistry, physiology, and hygiene, and become a good cook. Let her give us healthful food, and save us the trouble of experimenting and watching for the result with a dyspeptic anxiety that baffles our own aims. Let these women who are crying out for new spheres of action turn their attention this way, and learn to do well the work they have before they ask for more."

O, profundity of wisdom and selfishness! Not that we object to woman's studying any and every good thing, and doing the cooking too; but this course alone will not produce the desired result. The human mind will not work well under any such restrictions. Woman now rarely thinks of applying any of the principles they have already learned to practical purposes. For example, what do they do with the little chemistry they do know in the kitchen? Which of them stops to think of the effect of the over-fermentation of bread upon its nutrition, or reflects that she mingles in her shortened biscuit the same chemical ingredients with which she makes soap?

Why this carelessness? Simply because she has not yet given up the vague idea, so long and so industriously inculcated, that she needs no "book learning" for the performance of her special duties. Hence, when she does study what are called the solid branches, she thinks only of applying them to the same uses to which men apply them. Her education is still too contracted to enable her to do much more than imitate. Take off the shackles if you would have the benefit of the full exercise of her powers. Let her feel that she is free to range, like any other human being, through all the fields of science, of art, of political economy, of law, of medicine, of theology, and then, and then only, will she appreciate the immense importance of the interests involved in the proper nourishment of the body. Then only will she be moved to devise and put into operation means for the accomplishment of this high purpose, and be but too glad to lay hold of so mighty an instrument for the elevation of the race. Then will she bring all her powers duly

trained, her exquisite taste, her delicate intuitions, and her unflagging enterprise, to the task, and the preparation of nourishment for her loved ones will become a glorious and a favorite art.

When this is done the pleasures of the table will minister to health and not to disease; the daily feasts will become fountains of blessing, whence the participants will go out to daily duties and noble deeds with elastic step, sparkling eye, and unclouded intellect, to be followed by no morbid thirst and no dragging reaction; to be disturbed by no qualms of conscience or of stomach. Then shall sickness, and want, and sorrow, hide their diminished heads. All the demands of health will be more likely to be studied and practiced, and the time of human life will be prolonged in vigor and happiness.

These results we honestly believe are none too great to be the legitimate tendencies of a proper selection and preparation of human food. The science is yet in its infancy; but we can not too soon set ourselves about knowing all that can be learned by investigation and experiment. We propose to embody some practical hints in future numbers, which, however, will be more like the rough "blazing" of trees that marks a path in the forest than like the signboards which point out a well-beaten thoroughfare.

THE POWER OF SULKINESS.

GREAT is the power of sulkiness. Fortunately for the world, it rarely exists in its highest and most concentrated form, for, if united to real intellectual or moral force, it would be a despotism so thorough as to be injurious to the general welfare of humanity. But in a less and more ignoble form it is not uncommon, and the dead weight and steady, choking pressure which mankind endure in consequence go to make up an almost intolerable grievance. There are people who have the gift of being sulky for an indefinite length of time, and assert that they act thus on principle; but it is almost invariably found that the principle harmonizes with the nature, for to tempers that are short and sweet, hot, inconsistent, or quickly placable—and any of these are liable to be suddenly vexed for an hour or two—it is always a difficulty to sulk. It is a bit of acting, and not reality, even when carried out, and the assumption of it is felt to be a burden too heavy to be borne.

The capacity for steady, solid, concentrated sulkiness is a mighty power to him who possesses it; it implies many curious and varied

accomplishments and gifts, among others that of the complete mastery of the five senses. It is for a man to be blind when it is desired that he should open his eyes, dumb whenever words would be acceptable, deaf to all allurements or submission, insensible to every effort at conciliation. It can create gloom, and, having created it, it can perpetuate and deepen it until it becomes a clinging atmosphere as unwholesome as a malaria. It comprehends an absolute control over the facial muscles, so that no softness or sign of yielding, not a ripple of a smile or an expression of pleasure, may replace even for a moment the sullen apathy or illumine the habitual scowl of the confirmed sulker. In a word, it is the faculty of simulation to such a degree that a person shall appear to be blind, deaf, dumb, stupid, paralyzed, ill, or dead, whenever and for as long as he chooses. Mr. Helps has truly said, "Unreason always governs. Nothing prevents your having your own way so much as being at all amenable to reason." And sulkiness neither gives reasons nor listens to them.

The sulky being sometimes wears a depressed, spiritless, and utterly dejected appearance, as though crushed and heart-broken by long-continued oppression; sometimes a heavy, displeased, dragging step, and a black and lowering brow are the chief signs which indicate the disturbance within, and the form of the vengeance which is to be taken in respect of it. The latter is the masculine type; the former is, properly speaking, feminine. Mr. N. P. Willis, in one of his earlier volumes, has a clever little tale describing the power of an "injured look." By virtue of it a young American lady contrived to persuade a whole house full of boarders to regard her as a martyr, and to speak the worst and think the worst they could of her husband; and all this, without uttering one word herself, was produced solely by the "injured look." And if there is an "injured look" there is also such a thing as a "dumb devil;" if the power of the one is great, the provocation induced by the latter is unutterable. It is a curious, and to some will appear an unaccountable circumstance, that in sulkiness a woman is more often possessed with a dumb devil than is a man.

Sulkiness is visible even in the nursery, where it exists, so to speak, in the form of a bud; but it is merely an outbreak of bad temper, for at that age a child has not learned the method of using it as an instrument with which to punish his playmates. And the wisest way is to leave it entirely unnoticed, "efface" the offender, as the French say, until there is an obvious return to a more amiable disposition.

But boys and girls soon learn to estimate the power of sulkiness, either by practice or endurance, and a large school is the best check on a despotism of this kind. Sulkiness is not a tyranny which can be safely exercised in society at large, and it is commonly reserved for private or home exhibition. The smaller the circle the more concentrated its force; in a family, in a house, in one room, the power of sulkiness oppresses, searches, and pervades every corner of it.

In love-making sulkiness is a deplorable blunder. Smile or strike, or smile and strike, too, if that seems more advisable; but no good ever follows a sullen enmity, which chills, disconcerts, and often actually destroys love. Even that simulated sulkiness, that toothless vengeance, which consists in pouting coldness, is an experiment full of danger, and in the worst possible taste. But if between lovers it is a blunder, in married life it is simply the greatest madness of which a human being can be guilty. There they are, man and woman yoked together like goats, and as the countryman justly observed, "that's been a trouble to more than goats," and if either of them is endowed with the faculty of persistent sulkiness, one shudders to think of the life the other one may be made to lead. It might be reasonably urged as a cause for judicial separation, possibly even for divorce, since the practice of quietly pressing the spirit and life out of a human being, no matter how many years the operation spreads over, is not one that ought to be permitted in a Christian country: "*vae victis!*" the weak go to the wall, and too often the weak are the pleasantest and most lovable of earth's creatures.

Sometimes a person is seen to exhibit something which resembles and yet is not sulks. It is a silent moodiness of manner arising from a sense of failure, mortification, or secret discouragement and vexation which he can not get over all at once. It is often seen in youth, but in reality the man is struggling with his infirmity, and a kind word or a friendly overture will almost always float him over the difficulty. But genuine sulkiness is essentially premeditated and of a forethought; it is also vindictive, sometimes even malignant, in its nature, and if much indulged in causes the manners to be habitually morose, and the face and person acquire a heavy, sodden appearance as of a substance too long steeped in unwholesome juices. Dragging the feet along the floor and slamming the doors of the house for weeks and months together are vulgar and ignoble, but neither uncommon nor inexpressive modes of sulking.

We all know of other ways more refined, but not less disagreeable, and remember them too well. The fashion in which the very few words which custom and convenience render absolutely necessary are dropped from the lips as if they were so many leaden bullets; the steadfast, surprised stare that you or any one else should venture to ask such questions as shall require reply of any kind, the pertinacious coldness, the careful averted glance, the steady gloom, the hand withheld, the smile unreturned, and the hardly muttered acknowledgment of the morning or evening salutation, who that has witnessed or endured these amenities can forget the effect of them? In fact, the severity of the pressure which a really able, discriminating, and obstinate sulker can bring to bear on others for indefinite space of time amounts to a tyranny, dumb, indeed, but sufficiently unholy of its kind; neither soft coaxing nor urgent crushing can affect it, and, though to yield is humiliating, it is well-nigh hopeless to resist it.

THE WEDDING-RING.*

THE use of the ring, both in betrothal and marriage, seems to be of a very ancient date. Among the old Hebrews the selection of a bride, always made by the parents of the lover, was followed by an espousal, which was confirmed by oaths and accompanied by presents. These gifts were probably the origin of the gift of the ring.

In the first meeting of Isaac with Rebekah, he seeks her favor by the present of a massive ear-ring and two bracelets. After the consent of her parents there were more costly gifts—"jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment." In later days it was the custom for the bridegroom to place a ring upon the finger of the intended bride. It is not certain how early this custom began. There is no mention in the Bible of betrothal finger-rings; but in Genesis xli, 42, a ring is mentioned as a token of fidelity or friendship, and in Luke xv, 22, of adoption.

No reference to rings was made by the Talmudists, and there is an opinion that they were not used in the Mosaic days, but came in at a later period as an economical substitute for dower-money. The modern Jews still attach more moment to the breaking of a glass, not as a bond of union, but a suggestion that the union is irrevocable, as the damage to the crystal;

also as a suggestion of the frailty of life, and a portent of the punishment of infidelity.

Whatever may be the fact as to the use of marriage-rings in the Bible days, monkish legends relate that Joseph and Mary used one, and, moreover, that it was of onyx or amethyst. It was said to have been discovered in the year 996, when it was given by a jeweler from Jerusalem to a lapidary of Clusium, who had been sent to Rome by the wife of a marquis of Etruria, to make purchases for her. The jeweler told the lapidary of the preciousness of the relic; but he despised it, and kept it for several years among other articles of inferior value. However, a miracle revealed to him its genuineness; and it was placed in a church, where it worked many curative wonders. In 1473 it was deposited with some Franciscans at Clusium, from whom it was stolen; and ultimately it found its way to Persia, where a church was built for it, and it still performed miracles; but they were, as Hone says, trifling in comparison with its miraculous powers of multiplying itself. It existed in different churches in Europe at the same time, and, each ring being as genuine as the others, it was paid the same honors by the devout.

In modern Greece there are two rings used—gold for the bridegroom, and silver for the bride—which are frequently interchanged by the two in token of union and of domestic equality, the higher value of the ring of the husband, however, still marking its superiority.

In the time of Pliny an iron ring was sent as a pledge to the intended bride. These iron rings were set with adamants, the hardness and durability of both iron and stone signifying the perpetuity of the contract. Juvenal states that, during the imperial period, the man gave a gold ring in token of his fidelity to his betrothed, and that she wore it, as now, on the finger next the small one. Tertullian speaks of them in his day. Isidore says that women wore only this ring, or not more than two at most. Some nuptial rings were of brass and some of copper. The plain circle was not the only form of wedding-ring, as some were carved in devices, such as a key, to signify the domestic authority of the wife.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the Italians used betrothal-rings, which were generally of silver, inlaid with niello. The bezel was oval or circular, and the shoulders of the hoop formed sleeves from which issued hands that clasped. The mediæval Italians esteemed the diamond for espousal-rings, from its supposed power of maintaining concord between husband and wife.

* From "The Wedding-Day in all Ages and Countries." By Edward F. Wood. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Irish peasantry have a general impression that marriage without a *gold* ring is not legal. In former days, girls in the mountain regions were often married at twelve and thirteen. The women thought that bracelets of hair, given to the husband, were charms of certain efficacy in love.

Near the Loch of Stennis, in the Orkneys, are two large circles, sacred to the sun and moon. Only one hundred years ago a maiden, who wished to be married, performed alone the circuit of stones dedicated to the moon, and the intended husband traversed the circle of the sun. Then the pair met at the stone of Odin, and, joining their hands through the matrimonial ring or hole in the stone, plighted their faith, and became man and wife. A divorce was more simple, as the pair had only to go to church and go out at different doors.

Among the Anglo-Normans the ring was always worn on the middle finger of the right hand, while in the latter part of the seventeenth century the wedding-ring was often worn on the thumb. The Quakers reject the ring as a remnant of pagan superstition, and in the time of the Commonwealth the Puritans endeavored to abolish it for the same reason.

Although a ring is absolutely necessary in a Church of England marriage, it may be of any metal and of any size. Some years since a ring of brass was used at Worcester at a wedding before the registrar, who was threatened with proceedings for not compelling a gold one to be employed. A story is told of the wedding of two paupers, who came to the church and requested to be married with the church-key, as the parochial authorities had not furnished them with a ring. The clerk, feeling some delicacy about using the key, fetched an old curtain-ring from his own house, and with that article the marriage was celebrated. The church-key was used in lieu of a wedding-ring at a church near Colchester early in the present century; and that was not a solitary instance within the past one hundred years in England. The Duke of Hamilton was married at May Fair with a bed-curtain ring. *Notes and Queries* for October, 1860, relates that a ring of leather, cut transversely from a finger of the bridegroom's glove, was used as a substitute for the wedding-ring on one occasion. A clergyman unjustifiably stopped a wedding in India, because the bridegroom offered a diamond ring instead of the kind generally in use.

In Iceland the betrothal and the marriage were both confirmed by money, and the ring seemed little needed in evidence where value received for the maiden was supposed to be

paid in cash. It was used there, however; but could hardly be called a *finger*-ring, being variously formed of bone, jet, stone, gold, and silver, and sometimes it was so wide as to allow the palm of the hand to be passed through it. In the solemnization of the betrothal the bridegroom passed four fingers and his palm through one of these rings, and in this manner he received the hand of his bride.

Wearing the ring on the fourth finger of the left hand is due to the belief of the ancients that a vein of that finger ran directly to the heart, and that the nuptial sign was thus joined to the seat of life. The fact that the soft metal is less worn or injured on the finger of that hand may have much to do with it. It is said, however, that the ring originally worn among the Anglo-Normans on the right hand of the bride was changed to the left, or inferior hand, in token of subjection. The particular finger is also said to be favored from an old custom of placing the ring on the first finger in the name of the Father, on the second in the name of the Son, and on the third in the name of the Holy Ghost. This usage probably grew up at the time of the Arian controversy.

One of the earliest and prettiest forms of betrothing-rings was the gemmal ring, once used by the Anglo-Saxons, and probably derived from the French or Normans. It was of two or three links, fastened on a hinge, and joining in one ring. Sometimes, when the two flat sides and the central ribbon joined, there were male and female hands to clasp at the union. A heart above these signified love, fidelity, union. At betrothal, the man and woman were often actually linked by a finger in each end of the three-hooped chain, and then severing them, each kept the part held, and the witness the third, until all became the property of the bride at marriage. A gemmal ring of nine interlaced loops still exists. These often had posy verses upon the flat inner surface.

Fictitious rings of rushes were once used in England to delude girls into a mock marriage. A bishop of Salisbury, in 1217, put a stop to the sport by declaring the rush-ring contract legal. An old writer says: "Well, 't was a good worlde, when such simplicitie was used, sayes the old women of our time; when a ring of a rush would tie as much love together as a gimmon of golde."

If you would be well with a great mind, leave him with a favorable impression of you; if with a little mind, leave him with a favorable opinion of himself.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

AN AFTERNOON IN THE GLEN.

SEQUEL.

CHAPTER III.

AT the evening conclave at Hartland Hill, on the day of the excursion to the glen, Theodore mentioned his talk with Robbie on the subject of buying his time from the miller. He wished, as he always did, to know mother's opinion of the matter before he pursued it any further.

"I think it might be done if Casper could be brought to agree to any thing reasonable. But I hardly think he would consent to part with a boy who is certainly of great service to him."

"Robbie says he is very greedy after money. He may think 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and I am sure he will not have Rob's service long. He would have run away before this if it had not been for leaving us. How would it do to have John talk the matter over with him. John wants a boy to help him, you know, and talks of taking one."

John was a sturdy, faithful farmer, who, since Mr. Hartland's death, and for some years before, had managed the place at the Hill. He, with his wife Sarah, lived in a neat little cottage not far from the Hill, and Sarah was always ready to render a day's extra service there when it was needed.

"John is just the man to manage such an affair," said Arthur with much interest, for the quiet, sad-faced orphan boy had won all their hearts. "John is as shrewd as he is honest, and that is saying a great deal. He can read men of Casper's stamp like a book, and knows just how to take them. If we could make up the sum among ourselves it would be a grand thing. I'll do my share."

Mother's heart went out after this poor orphan, who had once been blessed with a praying mother, and she had long wished to do something for his permanent benefit. But beyond a pleasant evening hour, when he could steal away from his unpleasant home, the lending of good books, and speaking kind, motherly words whenever she saw him, she had been able to do but little. The way now seemed opening for solving the question, "How could she help the lad?"

When any plan for helping the poor or needy, which came within their means, was brought

before this household, the whole family were a unit. They were trained to it from early childhood, and when these seeds of benevolence are thus planted in the hearts of children, when they are old they will not depart from them: Many a poor youth had Mr. Hartland taken by the hand, and helped on to a life of honor and usefulness, and it was the highest aim of his wife to train her children to walk in his footsteps—to follow him as he followed his Heavenly Master. She rejoiced to see them interested in such a labor of love, and ready to make self-denial, if need be, for another's good. She knew that such pleasures were always safe ones, and that they would afford a joy which the world can not give nor take away. Often that text was on her lips, and oftener still in her heart, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." She would have them take the highest view of Christian usefulness.

Early next morning Theodore hastened away to the stable, where he knew he should find the methodical John at that hour, and made known his plan to him. He did this early in the day, as he well knew that John must "first consult with the town clerk of Ephesus," and would do nothing rashly. He wished him to have all day to think about it. John's mind worked slowly, but when it was once made up it was hard to change.

Theodore laid the case before him with straightforward boyish eloquence, depicted Robert's uncomfortable home with these low, coarse people, who gave him only the scantiest fare and the roughest usage in return for hard work from morning till night, described the boy's fine talents and refined tastes rusting out in his present position, to all of which John listened with great patience and much interest. Though unlettered himself, he had the appreciation of a great, noble heart of learning and culture in others, and would sit as one spell-bound when listening to some celebrated orator. This was one indulgence John would always allow himself. The theater, or the opera, or the circus had no charms for him, but when a great speaker came to the city he was almost sure to "harness up" and drive over to hear him. This taste Mrs. Hartland always encouraged, and one or more of the boys were usually permitted to go with him.

To conclude the subject of buying Robbie's time, Theodore stated all at the house were ready to contribute what they could toward it; that mother heartily approved of it, and would help them, and that she thought John would be just the man to manage the business.

There was no one in the world John so revered as Mrs. Hartland, and this expression of her confidence in his ability was very pleasing to his honest heart. Effective talking he had never looked upon as his speciality. Farming was his profession, and in that he was not afraid to "hoe out his row" with any one.

"I will certainly think it over, Master Theodore, and let you know my mind to-night. It is understood, is it, if I get him free, that he is to be employed on the place?"

"Yes, John, with plenty of opportunity given him for study. That is mother's wish."

"Mother's wish" was John's law, no less than the law of her children.

Theodore felt he had sent the nail home to the right spot, but to clinch it he further detailed some peculiarly trying instances of oppression and cruelty, which brought forth from John's broad chest some strong exclamations of indignation. Theodore had "a way of putting things" that was very effective, and he walked away quite happy in the thought that he had "brought over John" to their interests.

The next day he watched with much solicitude the sleek farm-horse as he jogged on over the mill road with the light wagon and a small "grist" of corn. John said less than common, and Theodore wisely forbore to question him about his plans.

"So, you keep your boy yet?" said John to the miller, as he seated himself on a barrel head and watched the ponderous wheels go round. "I suppose you do n't know, among your customers, of a right handy boy I could get for the farm next year, do you?"

"A right handy boy?" said the miller with a sneer. "I'd like to find one that was worth his salt. They aint brought up to work as they used to be when you and I were boys. Now, there's my do-less good-for-nothing. All the handy there'll ever be in him'll be beat into him with a strap. Feed that hopper, you idle dog, or you'll get this stick over your head! He'd rather poke over an old book all day than ever earn his honest bread. That youngster up to your place puts him up to it, I do believe. But I'll put a stop to his going there, and to that young chap's coming here, or I'll know the reason why."

"Easy, easy, man," suggested John, to whom "the boys" were as the apple of his eye, growing up as they were about his very feet. "Remember, that steam-mill is half a mile nearer than your shop."

There was something very consoling in this reflection, and the miller quickly changed his tune. He was not the kind of person "to quarrel with his own bread and butter."

By and by John went on to say, "Pears to me you are standing in your own light to keep such a useless lad. May be he do n't like mill work, and would do better on a farm. Suppose I try him awhile. I want a boy, and I would n't mind taking him off your hands altogether if you say so. I've a knack of making boys useful on a farm."

"Small luck you'd have of this chap, I can tell you. Though as he grows older he may be more useful, you see;" and he looked up cunningly into his customer's face.

"Small use he'll be to you when he's older, mind I tell you. Traveling is too easy these days for even a bound boy to stay in a place he do n't like. You'll wake up some fine morning to find your bird flown."

"Yes, with every thing in the house he can lay his hands on," said Casper half to himself, with that instinctive alarm which the miser always feels on the subject of robbers.

"Well, what will you take for the short lease you'll have of him, for I must be going on? Say twenty-five dollars down in silver."

The old miser's eyes glistened at the thought of such an addition to his hoards. The boy and his usefulness sunk into nothingness before such a bait. Still, he thought John might be made to give more, so he would not seem too ready to take up his offer.

"Double your sum, neighbor, and I'll look at it." John had been instructed to offer as high as a hundred dollars if it was found necessary. But he did not respond at once to the old man's proposal. He knew there was no limit to his greed for gain, and that it would be difficult to fix him at any sum. The miller urged the matter somewhat, and now began to change his tone considerably with regard to the boy's capabilities. At last John yielded so far as to call for a pen and ink, and writing down a contract in which Casper resigned all right to the bound boy's services in favor of John Edmonds for the sum of fifty dollars down.

"There, neighbor, sign and I will be off. The boy has loaded my corn, I see."

Now the old man's turn came to delay. "Would n't man John give five or ten dollars more," he thought. "What a shame it would

be to lose such a heap of money just for not saying the word!"

"Friend John," he said softly, "write sixty and I'll sign."

"No you won't," said John bluntly; "then you'd want seventy. Fifty is a fair, high price, and I'm not one to stand extortion," and he gave the lines a shake to start up the old horse for his homeward journey. John did not wish him to sign then. His second thoughts told him it would be better to have a lawyer draw up the papers so they could "stand law" if need be.

So he traveled on over the shady winding road by the mill-stream very thoughtful, but convinced from his keen insight into the man that his cause would suffer nothing by delay.

The old miser almost gnashed his teeth with rage at having let such a chance slip through his fingers. Money, money was what his soul hungered for more than for any thing else. He would have coined the blood in his veins into it if he could. No wonder that he was willing to coin the life of a helpless orphan into the shining metal.

"I might have known better than to have fooled with that stubborn mule, John Edmonds. I would have taken his twenty-five dollars all in hard silver rather than have missed. It takes a good while to scrape up twenty-five dollars, a shilling or two at a time. They have good money up there at the House," and he shook his head while his heart felt a covetous twinge. "I should n't wonder if John had his *chist* full of it. I know I could if I had his chances. Many a thing could he slip off to town and nobody be the wiser for it," so impossible is it for a covetous, grasping man to believe in strict honesty in any one.

That was a miserable day for both the miller and the boy. The old man felt that the boy was in some way concerned with his losing that large sum of money, and so his ill-treatment was even worse than before.

Poor Robbie sometimes looked with almost a longing eye into the foaming depths of that deep pool below the dam, but the remembrance of that stormy hour under the cliffs held him back. A restraining power was above and around him, though he saw it not; and occasional gleams of hope that some day he might be free cheered him on his toilsome way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as love can do with only a single thread.

THE MOTH AND THE BUTTERFLY.

ONE day a butterfly met a moth and said to him: "You are a beautiful fellow indeed, and the life which you lead must be miserable! Why, you sleep all through the bright day and only go around at night!"

"O! O! you do n't know what the night is," replied the moth. "You are so sleepy and lazy when it comes that you can not imagine how beautiful every thing appears after the sunlight has gone. The bright moon comes out, the stars shine, the nightingale sings, and the glow-worms are to be seen over all the country. O beautiful night! If you only knew what it was, you would praise it as highly as I do!"

"Indeed!" replied the butterfly; "I had no idea it was so beautiful. You make me anxious to see it; and for once, at least, how would you like to be my guide? and we will make a journey through the country together at night—on condition, however, that you will make a journey with me in the day-time. Now I think that the day is far more beautiful than the night. The sun is bright and beautiful, and you can see a great deal farther. Then all the birds which have been asleep through the night sing in the day-time. The hunters go out hunting, and you hear their beautiful horns. Reapers are in the fields, and it is a beautiful sight to look at them gathering the harvest. The grasshoppers leap all around, and the eagle soars away off toward the sun. You may go down to the shady brook and see the little fishes, and when you wander through the orchards, you can see the beautiful fruit hanging from many trees. Now you do not see this at night; and, therefore, I think it is much more beautiful in the day-time than at night."

"You describe the day as very beautiful," replied the moth, "and I must say that I am just as anxious to see it for once as you are to see the night. Come, now, we will make a bargain, and be good friends in future. To-morrow I will go with you, and the following night you will go with me; for I can prove to you that I am right, and that you are wrong, for certainly it must be more beautiful by night than by day."

The next day they were both up betimes. Scarcely had the sun risen before the butterfly said to the moth: "You look a little sleepy; but come, let us take our little breakfast and then be off." The moth felt very sorry that he had made any engagement to go traveling with the butterfly, for his eyes were almost blinded by the sun already. However, he did not tell his fears to his new friend, and they started off on their journey. They had not gone far before

the moth flew against a pine-tree and hurt himself very much. He even fell to the ground, and it took considerable time for him to recover from his fall so as to proceed on his journey. He had not gone far, however, before he flew against a bean-pole, and that hurt him as much as his former fall. By ten o'clock in the morning he had fallen a good many times, and hurt every limb of his little body, and almost broken his beautiful wings. In fact, the rich gloss on his right wing had almost disappeared, so often had he struck against different things.

Finally the moth said to the butterfly that he must be released from his bargain, for he could not fly any longer.

"I am glad that you have come to this resolution," replied the butterfly, "for you would certainly be killed before night comes if you continue to have as many accidents as you have already had. Besides, I must say that I think I would share the same fate with you if I were to undertake to fly through the night as you have flown through the day. However, I have become so excited by your description of the beauties of the night-time, that I am not going to ask to be relieved from my part of the bargain. So suppose we rest here in this little nook until it is dark. By that time you will have gained strength, and we will make our nocturnal journey. O, how delightful every thing must be at night, if all you say is strictly true! Indeed, I have serious thoughts of changing my life altogether; for I must say that there are some things about day-time that I don't like, and if my experience to-night confirms the expectations which you have roused, then I will always sleep through the day and attend to all my business at night."

The whole afternoon and evening the moth and the butterfly rested from the morning's journey. By ten o'clock at night the moth was very anxious to commence the anticipated journey, though the butterfly felt very sleepy, and did not think that he could travel a quarter of a mile. Still, he was ashamed to tell his feelings, and so they both started off. The butterfly complained in a short time that nobody could see his bright wings and body, and that he himself did not see any beautiful flowers. "Why," said he, "the moon can not be up yet, for it is as dark as midnight!"

"O, O!" said the moth, "the moon has been up two hours. This is one of the most beautiful nights I ever saw. Why, it is perfectly charming!"

The butterfly did not make any reply to this, but proceeded sluggishly on his journey. Once he flew into a grape-vine, and got so tangled up

that he could not find his way out without the assistance of his friend, the moth. After this he struck himself against the chimney of a house, which came near putting an end to him. The next time he met with an accident was in the gooseberry-bush, where the thorns stuck into him, and hurt him very badly. But having become extricated from it, about twenty yards further he broke down through sheer fatigue into a potato field, and though both he and his friend tried every way to get him out of it, he got so tangled up in the vines that it was simply impossible to do it; and so, down on the ground, under the potato vines, both of them had to stay till next morning, where they had a very disturbed sleep, I assure you.

As the sun was rising the next morning, the butterfly said to the moth, "We have both been imprudent. Your nature is to enjoy the night, to seek your food in the darkness, and to make your journeys then; but mine is to enjoy the day-time, to supply myself with food then, and to make all my journeys while the sun shines. So you see each of us has been unwise in trying to force his opinion and way of life on the other. You came as near being killed in the day-time yesterday as I did last night. Each of us has his appointed sphere, and I am sure now of what I never thought of before, that what suits one may not suit every body, and that our Creator has adapted all his creatures, moths, butterflies, and others, to their own appointed field, and any one in the world would be foolish to act in any other field than God has assigned him."

The moth heartily approved of these sentiments, and acknowledged that he had learned a lesson which would benefit him through all his life. As the sun began to shine brighter on them, and the butterfly was about to bid "good morning," the moth said,

"I wonder if some of the big folks, and the little ones, too, who live in that house which you flew against, and in all the great and small houses throughout the earth, if they only knew our experience, would not learn as much by it as we have?"

BEWARE.

A LITTLE theft, a small deceit,
Too often leads to more;
'T is hard at first, but tempts the feet,
As through an open door.
Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done
Have grown from little things.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

LIFE HAS ITS CHARMS.—While there are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden the heart, there are as many, if not more, of the beautiful and good, which, when looked upon in the light of Christian teaching, are well adapted to cheer and strengthen the weary traveler through the journey of life. We should always cherish a cheerful heart, if we would see and enjoy the beauties of the world and charms of life. To many persons every thing is shrouded in gloom. They always look on the dark side, and can never enjoy the present good for the fear of the evil to come. Those who deliberately close their eyes upon the beauties and charms that surround them, will always see enough to murmur about and find fault with. It is true, we may often travel a hard, uneven road; but it is equally true that, with a cheerful spirit, and heart of gratitude to God for his manifold goodness and tender mercies, we may walk that uneven road with holy comfort, and end our journey in peace. God has made for us a beautiful world. Though marred by sin, beauty still remains. The beautiful and good surround us. Why should we complain? We are constantly greeted with objects that gladden the eye, and should warm the heart into cheerfulness and gratitude. There are charms in life, though we may close our eyes and harden our hearts against their soft, pleasant influence. True, there are ills in life which we can not escape; some of them, as blessings in disguise, we may not wish to escape. But a vast majority of the evils that beset us might be rather avoided altogether, or greatly diminished in their influence upon us. Let strife and injustice be done away. Let supreme selfishness, that rules the hour, be banished from us, and let friendship, charity, love, purity, and kindness mark our intercourse with our fellow-beings, and the world will wear a brighter garb, and life shine in more attractive charms.

The luxury of doing good—laboring diligently to better the condition of others—will make us feel that life is not a gloomy waste. God has blessed us with a home which is not all dark. There is sunshine everywhere—in the sky, upon the earth, all around us; and there would be sunshine in many hearts where gloom has set up its throne and reigns, the monarch of the soul, if they would look around, above, and see the beauties of nature, providence, and grace. The storm may rage for a time, but will die away, and the bright sun shine again.

Above all, remember God, your Heavenly Father and Benefactor, reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a world so beautiful, repine not with a life so full of charms. Always be cheerful, humble, and grateful, and life will wear a pleasant aspect.

ALONE WITH GOD.—Alone with God! How solemn, how sublime the idea! How tranquilizing, how comforting, how fraught with impregnable security, with indefatigable strength! Yet how awful! Jacob was afraid, and said, "How dreadful is this place!" And Peter was bewildered and awe-struck, while he exclaimed, "It is good for us to be here!"

Alone with God! Such is the attitude of the Christian in prayer. "Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door pray."

"There are," says Stilling, "heart-sorrows and plagues which the Christian could not bear to tell his most intimate earthly friend." There are fears which we dare not whisper into mortal ear. There are hopes and joys too vast and glorious to be imparted. But when the Christian has hid his face in the bosom of his Father, he can breathe forth all; for when words fail, he can resort to the language of sighs and groans, for "he knoweth our thoughts afar off." "He that searcheth the heart knoweth the mind of the Spirit, because he makes intercession for the saints according to the will of God." The infinite Spirit prompts, the infinite can alone understand them. Here there is no fear of betrayal or contempt, of lack of appreciation and sympathy, for we converse with an infinite Spirit whose name is Love, and who has told us to "pour out our hearts before him."

Wondrous privilege! Does, then, this lowly, mortal, sinful, and suffering state admit of such intercourse with God? Yes. "Our communion is with the Father." Thou mayest at any moment, even at this, in the name of Jesus, enter the palace of the Universal Majesty, and, unquestioned by the bright guards who surround him, penetrate to the recesses of his glorious and awful abode, and stand in the very presence of the King eternal, immortal, and invisible," and then "make thy requests known unto God," sure, yes, absolutely sure of a gracious hearing and a ready answer. For he hath said, "Call upon me, and I will answer you." "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to thee."

Christian, be often thus alone with God; for this sweet and holy solitude, though it is much aided by occasional external silence and seclusion, may be attained even in the midst of bustle and multitudes of cares. Be often alone with God, and thou shalt never faint in sorrow, nor sink under duty. "Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee." Thou shalt begin heaven upon earth, for communion with God is heaven's commencement and glory's dawn. Thou shalt "dwell in the secret place of the Most High, and abide under the shadow of the Almighty," and all the promises which follow—read and ponder them well, Psa. xci—shall be thine, even to seeing "the salvation of God."

MEDICINES A GIFT FROM GOD.—Nothing in nature exhibits to my mind more clearly the benevolence of God, than his provision for relieving sufferings by medicine. If these sufferings were inevitable, even human benevolence might, if possible, provide a remedy; but being the result, as every one of them is, of some breach of some clearly revealed law, it seems nothing short of a miracle of mercy that in the noisome weed at our door, in the fang of the serpent, in the sting of the bee, in the mineral poisons, as well as in the beautiful plants and flowers of the field, there should be provided beforehand "a balm for every wound"—a relief for every pain. That there are in the plants, and flowers, and active chemical combinations about us, medicinal principles which relieve pain, cool heated and inflamed surfaces and fevers, and assist nature in the cure of diseases, has been so often and so carefully tested and experienced that it is utterly foolish to deny it. It is conceded, also, by all intelligent students of nature, that no elements or principles are created in vain, and that the uses of any element or principle can be determined only by knowing what it is capable of doing.

Having, then, these medicinal principles always at hand, and knowing that they are capable of affording relief, and having the means of knowing also what suffering each individual principle is capable of relieving, as I have explained, how can we resist the conclusion that there must be cases in which these remedial agents are needed?—else they are made in vain.

I have elsewhere referred to the great plan of nature, by which all the elements necessary to be used in making or repairing the system were deposited in the soil before man was made, to be taken up in the sap of plants, and vegetables, and fruit-trees, and deposited in the seed, and fruits, and juices of these trees and plants, in just the proportions necessary to supply every organ and function; then to be eaten, and digested by man or some animal, and made a constituent of the blood, and appropriated by the organs and tissues; then to be cast off by the excretions, and again deposited in the soil, to be again taken up by vegetation, and continue their rounds perpetually.

Now this is undoubtedly the best arrangement for supplying the human system with all necessary ele-

ments that even God could make—an arrangement, to short-sighted man, wonderful and incomprehensible; and is it for us, who have not intellect sufficient to understand one of the processes by which this plan is executed, to say that any part of it is unnecessary?—that iron and phosphorus, prepared from crude, unorganized materials, in the laboratory of any chemist, are just as well adapted to supply the wants of the human system, as these elements prepared in nature's own laboratory? Why not, then, take carbon and nitrogen, or the other elements, directly from the ground, and repair the whole system, or make a new man by a shorter and cheaper process?

THOUGHTS FOR PARENTS.—1. Be what the children ought to be.

2. Do what the children ought to do.

3. Avoid what they should avoid.

4. Aim always, not only in the presence of the children, but also in their absence, that your conduct may serve them for an example.

5. Are any among them defective? *Examine what you are yourself*, what you avoid—in a word, your whole conduct.

6. Do you discover in yourself defects, sins, wandering? Begin by improving yourself and seek afterward to improve your children.

7. Think well that those by whom you are surrounded are often only the reflection of yourself.

8. If you lead a life of penitence, and seek daily to have grace in you, it will be imparted to you, and through you to your children.

9. If you always seek Divine guidance, your children will more willingly be directed by you.

10. The more obedient you are to God, the more obedient will your children be to you; thus in his childhood the wise Solomon asked of the Lord "an obedient heart," in order to be able to govern his people.

11. As soon as the master becomes lukewarm in communion with God, that lukewarmness will extend itself among his pupils.

12. That which forms a wall of separation between God and yourself, will be a source of evil to your children.

13. An example in which love does not form a chief feature, is but as the light of the moon—cold and feeble.

14. An example animated by ardent and sincere love shines like the sun; it warms and invigorates.—*London S. S. Magazine.*

TABLE MANNERS.—When to eat, and what, and how much, are questions which have been abundantly answered, well and ill; but it is not considered, as it ought to be, that the attendants of the family table have a much larger share in promoting a healthful digestion than is generally supposed.

A good appetite is essential to a good digestion, but a snow-white table-cloth is a great promotive of a good appetite. No one can eat in comfort if any member of the family appears at the table in a slatternly dress; with unkempt hair; showing a breadth of black under the finger nails, with a hawking and a

spitting and a blowing of the nose, and their tremendous associations.

But the spotless napkin, the most splendid roast, and faultless concomitants all, what do these amount to, if sadness is written on the face of the wife; if an angry scowl gleams from the corrugated brow of a morose husband, or a dissatisfied look comes from a child's eye, and the meal is partaken of in ominous silence? Away with such unloveliness! there is no sunshine in such a household; and the members of that family, if they grow up at all, will become the refrigerators, the bane, of every company into which they may be thrown in after life.

Rather let the family table be the place of glad reunions; as much looked forward to as the promised coming of a cherished friend; let courtesies more than courtly be ever cultivated; let smiles wreath every face; let calm satisfaction sit on every countenance; let light hearts, and cheery words, and obliging acts, and watchful attentions be the order of the day; these are the promoters of a healthy digestion; and these are they which largely help to make happy homes, and good hearts, and generous natures.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A CHEERFUL FACE.—Carry the radiance of your soul in your face. Let the world have the benefit of it. Let your cheerfulness be felt for good wherever you are, and let your smiles be scattered like sunbeams "on the just as well as on the unjust." Such a disposition will yield you a rich reward, for its happy effects will come home to you and brighten your moments of thought.

Cheerfulness makes the mind clear, gives tone to thought, adds grace and beauty to the countenance. Joubert says: "When you give, give with joy and smiling."

Smiles are little things, cheap articles, to be fraught with so many blessings both to the giver and the receiver—pleasant little ripples to watch, as we stand on the shore of every-day life. They are our higher, better nature's responses to the emotions of the soul.

Let the children have the benefit of them; these little ones who need the sunshine of the heart to educate them, and would find a level for their buoyant natures in the cheerful, loving faces of those who lead them.

Let them not be kept from the middle-aged, who need the encouragement they bring.

Give your smiles also to the aged. They come to them like the quiet rain of Summer, making fresh and verdant the long, weary path of life. They look for them from you who are rejoicing in the fullness of life.

"Be gentle and indulgent to all. Love the true, the beautiful, the just, the holy."

GOD SEES US.—One day the astronomer Mitchel was engaged in making some observations on the sun, and as it descended toward the horizon, just as it was setting, there came into the rays of the great telescope the top of a hill seven miles away. On the top of that hill was a large number of apple-trees, and in one of them were two boys stealing ap-

ples. One was getting the apples, and the other was watching to make certain that nobody saw them, feeling certain that they were undiscovered. But there sat Professor Mitchel, seven miles away, with the great eye of his telescope directed fully upon them, seeing every movement they made as plainly as if he had been under the tree with them.

So it is often with men. Because they do not see the eye which watches with a sleepless vigilance, they think they are not seen. But the great open eye of God is upon them, and not an action can be concealed. There is not a deed, there is not a word, there is not a thought which is not known to God. If man can penetrate with the searching eye which science constituted for his use the wide realm of the material heavens, shall not he who sitteth upon the circuit be able to know all that transpires upon the earth, which he has made the resting-place of his feet? Let the three little words at the head of this article not be forgotten, but let young and old remember the great truth which they contain: thou, God, seest me.—*Christian Era.*

TACT.—Love swings on little hinges. It keeps an active little servant to do a good deal of its fine work. The name of this little servant is Tact. Tact is a nimble-footed and nimble-fingered servant. Tact sees without looking, and has always a good deal of small change on hand; tact carries no heavy weapons, but can do wonders with a sling and stone; tact never runs its head against a stone wall, but always spies a sycamore-tree up which to climb when things are becoming crowded and unmanageable on the level ground; tact has a wonderful way of availing itself of a word, or a smile, or a gracious wave of the hand; tact carries a bunch of curiously fashioned keys, that open all kinds of doors; tact plants its monosyllables wisely, for, being a monosyllable itself, it arranges its own order with all the familiarity of friendship; tact, sly, versatile, divining, running, flying tact, governs the world, yet touches the big baby under the impression that it has not been touched at all.

THE ENDLESS REST.—There are no weary heads or weary hearts on the other side of Jordan. The rest of heaven will be sweeter for the toils of earth. The value of eternal rest will be enhanced by the troubles of time. Jesus now allows us to rest on his bosom. He will soon bring us to rest in his Father's house. His rest will be glorious. A rest from sin; a rest from suffering; a rest from sorrow; the very rest that Jesus enjoys himself. We shall not only rest with him, we shall rest like him. How many of earth's weary ones are resting in his glorious presence now! It will be undisturbed rest. Here, the rest of the body is disturbed by dreams and sometimes by alarms, but there are no troublesome dreams or alarming occurrences there. A little while, and thou shalt enter into rest.

FRIENDSHIP.—He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

LAMPS, PITCHERS, AND TRUMPETS. *Lectures on the Vocation of the Preacher.* By Edwin Paxton Hood, Minister of Queen-Square Chapel, Brighton, Author of "Wordsworth," etc. 12mo. Pp. 453. \$1.75. New York: M. W. Dodd. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

These lectures, nine in number, were delivered mostly to the students of Spurgeon's Pastor's College. They do not aim to be a course of lectures on Homiletics, but are admirably instructive and suggestive to the preacher. What is an excellent feature, they are very readable, written in a terse and vigorous style, and illustrated by anecdotes, biographical, historical, and elucidatory, of every order of pulpit eloquence, from the great preachers of all ages. The title is unique, being taken from the story of that great ancient judge and warrior, Gideon, who, under the direction of God, divided his three hundred men into three companies, putting a trumpet in every man's right hand, a pitcher in the other, and a lamp within the pitcher. This he takes as an illustration of the genius and the success of the pulpit—its method and its power. "I have given to these lectures this title," says the author, "because words are lamps, are pitchers, and are trumpets. Preaching to the intellect—to the intelligence—is as a lamp—it sheds light over truths, over processes of argument, over means of conviction; preaching to the conscience is as a trumpet—it calls up the soul from slumber, it makes it restless and unquiet; preaching to the experience is a pitcher—it bears refreshment, it cools and it calms the fever of the spirit, and it consoles and comforts the heart." We heartily commend this volume to preachers, confident that they will not weary of it till they have read it all.

RHETORIC: *A Text-Book, Designed for use in Schools and Colleges, and for Private Study.* By Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., LL. D., President of the University of Michigan. 12mo. Pp. 381. \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

After reading the lively and flowing lectures which we have just noticed, which treat almost entirely of delivery, the young preacher may turn with immense advantage to this more systematic and scholarly volume, which treats mostly of composition and style. Nor is this a heavy work, burdened with theories and rules, but eminently practical; not a work about Rhetoric, but one that presents the very elements of effective expression of thought and emotion. It is the result of the author's own experience in the class-room, and contains the method of teaching Rhetoric that he has found most efficient by actual experiment. It presents the science naturally, unincumbered by useless technicalities or by discus-

sions of side issues. While it is worthy to take its place as a text-book in academies and colleges, it is admirably adapted to the wants of the private student who may read it in his study.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S HOME; or, *Principles of Domestic Science.* By Catherine E. Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Large 12mo. Pp. 500. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. Cincinnati: Henry Howe.

This admirable book is just what its title-page claims to be, "a guide to the formation and maintenance of economical, healthful, beautiful, and Christian homes." It treats of every subject necessary to the accomplishment of this result—the family, the house, home decoration, care of health, food, cleanliness, clothing, cooking, domestic habits and manners, care of the sick, of infants, of servants, amusements, etc., until you have filled the whole catalogue of interests involved in the welfare of the Christian family. The first paragraph sounds the key-note: "The authors of this volume, while they sympathize with every honest effort to relieve the disabilities and sufferings of their sex, are confident that the chief cause of these evils is the fact that the home and duties of the family state are not duly appreciated, that women are not trained for these duties as men are trained for their trades and professions, and that, as the consequence, family labor is poorly done, poorly paid, and regarded as menial and disgraceful. . . . It is the aim of this volume to elevate both the honor and the remuneration of all employments that sustain the many difficult and sacred duties of the family state, and thus render each department of woman's true profession as much desired and respected as are the most honored professions of men." At the foundation of this work of elevation must lie a true conception and just appreciation of the family state. The authors of this volume lay the true foundation in the "end designed by the family state which Jesus Christ came into the world to secure." "It is to provide for the training of our race to the highest possible intelligence, virtue, and happiness, by means of the self-sacrificing labors of the wise and good, and this with chief reference to a future immortal existence." "To man is appointed the outdoor labor—to till the earth, dig the mines, toil in the founderies, traverse the ocean, transport the merchandise, labor in manufactories, construct houses, conduct civil, municipal, and State affairs, and all the heavy work which, most of the day, excludes him from the comforts of a home." "Woman's great mission is self-denial, in training the members of the household to self-sacrificing labors for the ignorant and weak; she is to rear all under her care to lay up treasures, not on earth, but

in heaven. All the pleasures of this life end here; but those who train immortal minds are to reap the fruit of their labor through eternal ages." We wish it were possible to place this estimable book in every family in the land, and being there, to have it read by every wife and mother, and all the daughters who hope ever to become such.

PAPERS FROM OVER THE WATER: *A Series of Letters from Europe.* By Sinclair Tousey. 12mo. Pp. 204. New York: The American News Company.

Of books of travel in Europe there seems to be no end, which fact is itself an evidence that they are bought and read, or publishers would soon cease to issue them. These letters originally appeared as contributions to various newspapers, and from the popularity they then had the author feels called upon to issue them in book form. They are from England, Ireland, and Scotland, France, Germany, and Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy, Bavaria and Spain. They contain nothing specially new concerning the countries visited, but are as interesting and readable as any of the many books that have been issued on the same route of travel.

ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY. *Designed for Academies and High Schools.* By Elias Loomis, LL. D., Professor of Natural Philosophy in Yale College, etc. 12mo. Pp. 254. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Professor Loomis has fixed his fame as a skillful and successful maker of books in natural philosophy and mathematics. His treatise on astronomy has long since become a text-book in colleges and higher institutes. The present volume is essentially the same as that, with the omission of the mathematical portions. In this form it will make an excellent text-book for the grade of schools for which it is designed.

A FOURTEEN WEEKS' COURSE IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. By J. Dorman Steele, A. M., Principal of Elmira Free Academy. 12mo. Pp. 320. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

Mr. Steele is the author of a similar course in chemistry and also in astronomy. He has shown himself competent to make admirable text-books for academies, high schools, and advanced public schools. His books grow up out of his own lessons, and, therefore, are adapted to the work for which they are designed.

TOMMY TRY, AND WHAT HE DID IN SCIENCE. By Charles O. G. Napier. 12mo. Pp. 303. \$1.75. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach & Moore.

Now, boys, this is the book for you. It is worth any dozen you may select of story-books, and will give you more knowledge of facts and the real things of the world in which you live, than you can learn by reading stories and impossible adventures for a year. And you may rest assured it will be as interesting as fiction, provided only that you really desire to learn something, and do not read merely to be amused. In fact, it is the true story of how a man,

now learned in the sciences, struggled up the hill. The book is illustrated by forty-six excellent engravings of natural objects.

HOSPITAL SKETCHES, AND CAMP AND FIRESIDE STORIES. By Louisa M. Alcott. With Illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 379. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Bros. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.

Miss Alcott, as thousands of her readers know, handles a sprightly pen. These sketches originally appeared over the signature of "Nurse Periwinkle," written from Washington in the leisure moments of a very busy life in hospital service, and published in the *Commonwealth* in 1863. To these sketches are now added eight stories, making a very readable book.

THE HOLLANDS. By Virginia F. Townsend. 12mo. Pp. 412. \$1.50. Boston: Loring.

The name of Virginia F. Townsend is known to many of our readers, and her ability to make and write a good story is appreciated. "The Hollands" appeared as a serial in Arthur's Home Magazine for 1868, and was received with great favor. It is a beautiful story, true to life, and worthy to take its place among "Loring's Standard Fiction." The chief character is "Jessamine," a very beautiful creation, which will make any woman's life who reads it more beautiful, pure, and true.

PHILIP BRANTLEY'S LIFE-WORK, AND HOW HE FOUND IT. By M. E. M. 16mo. Pp. 261. \$1.15.

UNCLE JOHN'S FLOWER GATHERERS. *A Companion for the Woods and Fields.* With Illustrations. By Jane F. Fuller. 16mo. Pp. 316. \$1.50. New York: M. W. Dodd. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

These are two excellent books, the one an instructive story of life, and the other a most fascinating way of becoming familiar with the plants and flowers common in our American woods. We are glad to see this kind of useful and substantial reading, which is at the same time interesting and even fascinating to the young reader. These two books may be read by readers from the age of sixteen to twenty with profit and pleasure.

WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. *Globe Edition.* 16mo. Pp. 1016. \$1.50. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This, we believe, is the concluding volume of the fine *Globe Edition*, issued at marvelous cheapness by these publishers. It contains The Uncommercial Traveler, and Master Humphrey's Clock, and is finely illustrated from designs by Darley and Gilbert. A cheap and handsome edition.

THE WAVERLY NOVELS. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Illustrated with Steel and Wood Engravings. 12mo. Pp. 805. \$1.75. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach & Moore.

This volume contains The Heart of Mid-Lothian, Count Robert of Paris, Fair Maid of Perth, and Woodstock.

GLEN ELDER SERIES.—The five books following have been published in a series thus denominated. They are thus described by the editor, who supervised their publication. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

The Orphans of Glen Elder.

This work is reprinted, with slight abridgment, from the edition of the London Religious Tract Society. It is a touching narrative of very great interest, illustrating the influence of the Christian life in forming the character of children, and in sustaining the aged while borne down by the weight of great troubles. Its tone is pure, its lessons valuable, its pathos deep, and its spirit eminently evangelical.

Frances Leslie.

The object of this book is to bring out the beauty and meaning of the several petitions contained in the "Lord's Prayer." In doing this the author has, in a well-told narrative, brought into bold relief the power of an elder daughter over the happiness of a motherless household. The incidents of the story are all natural, and many of them quite touching. The tone of the volume is healthy, its style vigorous, and its lessons valuable and instructive. The right kind of a book.

The Lyceum Boys.

One object of this interesting volume is to sketch school-boy life in a French public school. Its highest purpose is stated by its author in the following words: "The author hopes that there is a time in the life of many boys when they begin to learn true wisdom, and to feel longings after God and goodness. Sometimes they allow these feelings to run off into a mere sentimental strain of so-called religious thought and speech, forgetting that the spirit of true religion is a constant struggle with Satan, and all the evil thoughts, deeds, and words he suggests to us. In this way there are men, and boys, too, full of grand and noble schemes for the good of the world, who have much room for improvement in themselves. So in this story it is endeavored to show that we prove our love to God, not so much by wishing to do great things for him as by doing well what he has given us to do."

The Harleys.

The influence of a Christian child's life on a household is the point illustrated in this story; and it is done in a most natural, touching, and skillful manner, by a pen well practiced in the art of painting the actions and describing the motives of children.

Rosa Lindsey.

The point illustrated in this beautiful story is the duty of employing one's talent for God. Rosa having heard the preacher say that even every child had a talent to trade with for God, was for some time very desirous to find what her talent was. She found out one day, and then, like a true Christian child, she began trading with it at once. Its Giver accepted her effort, and her talent increased until she became a blessing to many hearts.

BERTIE AND AMY BOOKS. *New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.*

Ten volumes in a box containing the following books:

1. *Brother Bertie.* 2. *Brother Bertie and his Aunt.* 3. *Bertie's Cure.*

These books seek to interest children in natural objects, as well as to teach them moral and religious duties. Bertie's pets are birds, worms, reptiles, dogs, and butterflies.

4. *Talks with Amy Dudley.* 5. *More Talks with Amy Dudley.* 6. *Amy Dudley's Amusements.*

These are also companion volumes, in which the writer, while charming the reader with a fascinating story, teaches many facts about the body, as well as many truths for the right molding of the heart. They belong to a higher class of child literature than most Sunday school books, but are nevertheless eminently entertaining and profitable.

7. *Sybil and her Live Snow-Ball.*

A sweet book, teaching the little ones to carry all their troubles, both great and small, to the kind Father of all.

8. *Julius and his Parrot.* *By Una Locke and Frances Lee.*

This book is partly fable and partly fact. It makes a teacher of a talkative parrot, which gives several boys and girls lessons of life that are more important than agreeable. There is a vein of sly humor in the parrot which makes her chat very amusing at times.

9. *Edwin and his Pet Squirrel.*

Edwin was an outcast half-orphan, but a model of filial affection, honesty, and boy manliness. He will be loved by all who read this sketch of his troubles.

10. *Eggs that were never Peacocks, and Other Stories.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN PAPER.—*The Adventures of Philip on his Way Through the World.* By William Makepeace Thackeray. 8vo. Pp. 267. 50 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Cord and Creese. By the Author of "The Dodge Club." With Illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 199. 50 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy, 1870. By S. R. Wells. New York: Samuel R. Wells. 25 cts. Contains much that is rich and racy.

CATALOGUES AND REPORTS.—*Indiana Asbury University,* Greencastle, Indiana. Rev. Thomas Bowman, D. D., President. Students, 321. *Pennington Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute,* Pennington, New Jersey. Rev. Thomas Hanlon, D. D., Principal. Students, 307. *Portland Academy and Female Seminary,* Portland, Oregon. T. M. Gatch, Principal. Students, 253. *Bedford Male and Female Seminary,* Shelbyville, Tenn. C. W. Jerome, Principal. *Cincinnati Wesleyan Female College,* Cincinnati, Ohio. Rev. Lucius H. Bugbee, D. D., President.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PROTESTANT CHILDREN IN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.—The time hastens on when there must be a drawing of lines in this country between Catholicism and Protestantism, if not, indeed, an actual contest for supremacy. The Romanists themselves will urge on the conflict. Not content to accept the common privileges and immunities granted to all forms of religion and ecclesiasticism under our Government, they will demand, as they have already done, special immunities and legislation, and unprincipled politicians, for the sake of the Catholic vote, will accept these demands and clamor for them, even when they shall be increased manifold in their magnitude. Already, in some places, enormous grants and most unjust discriminations have been made in their favor, and encouraged by these concessions, similar demands are made in all our cities.

A struggle of this kind seems close at hand with regard to our public school system. The Catholic press unhesitatingly denounces the system as unjust and tyrannical, and the schools as infidel and godless. Certain politicians join them in the cry, manifesting a willingness to meet the Catholic demand for a distribution of the school fund, or even to make a modification of the whole system. The corner-stone of republicanism and of Protestant Christianity is public education, and no men understand this better than the leaders of the Roman Church. The cry of two of their archbishops is that the public schools rob them of their children; the Archbishop of Baltimore declares they have lost 200,000 children of Catholic parents within the past ten years. It is not the public schools in themselves that produce this defection; for there is no sectarianism in the schools; nothing specially religious even; it is the silent but powerful influence of education itself; it is the diffusion of intelligence among the masses, enabling them to see the follies and superstitions of Romanism, and to appreciate the excellences of free government, and of a free Christianity.

But we intended to write of a growing folly among Protestant parents in regard to Catholic schools. There is a very mistaken notion prevalent that Catholic schools are superior in discipline and in methods of education to our higher Protestant institutions. And strange as it may seem, this notion appears only to apply to female institutions. No one seems to think for a moment that any Catholic college or seminary for young men is superior to our own great colleges and universities. But a certain charm seems to hang around the convent, or the Catholic seminary, or even the Catholic private school. The silent demeanor of nuns or sisters, the barred windows and locked doors, the death-like silence within the solemn walls, seem to convince some people that such devotion and such system must surely be connected with

discipline and education of a high order. Such parents forget that the devotion is not devotion to education, but devoteism to superstition; that the system is not the order of education, but the silence of meditation and the routine of superstitious observances. Of course Catholics endeavor to increase this belief in the superiority of their schools, and labor to draw Protestant children into them. Of course, too, they make all necessary promises not to teach their own religion, or to bring any influence to bear toward proselyting the children. Yet the simple fact in the case is, that their schools, as educational institutions, are incomparably inferior to our own Protestant schools; indeed, except in the mere matter of a few ornamental branches, they scarcely deserve the name of schools; they impart nothing like a broad, solid, American education. And as for teaching Catholicism, whatever their promises may be, the whole weight and influence of the school tends to the perversion of the children; every service, every lesson, every picture, the dress and demeanor of the nuns or sisters, all tell on the minds and hearts of the impressible youth under their care. The result is that seven-tenths of the young ladies sent to Catholic schools become Catholics, and another tenth are hastily withdrawn from the schools when on the point of becoming Catholics.

We could relate cases that have come under our own observation, but find furnished to our hand a report of the "Convent of the Sacred Heart," in Rochester, New York, which exhibits exactly how this result is brought about. Many young ladies of Protestant families are being educated in this institution, with the stipulation blandly and speciously made, that their religion will not in any way be interfered with. Recently a member of the Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. S. M. Campbell, D. D., is pastor, became an inmate of the Convent. She became sick, and was returned home temporarily for medical treatment. Her pastor, in an interview with the young lady, gathered the following information concerning the management of the "Sacred Heart." We quote his written statement:

"Protestant girls as well as Catholics are forbidden to attend any religious service, even on the Sabbath, outside the convent. Those whose parents reside in the city are made no exception to this rule. They are not allowed to go even where their own parents worship. Their only resource is the convent chapel." Miss T., of my own Church, says:

1. "I find it very difficult to practice my own religion. They do not forbid it, but their rules and regulations render it almost impossible. In order to pray in secret, and read my Bible by myself, I am obliged daily to disobey the rules. No pupil has a room by herself. About thirty young ladies lodge in the room where I sleep, and we are barely allowed time to undress and get into bed, when a 'sister' comes through to see that all is right. I get up in the dark, after she has gone through, and kneel down and pray. I manage the case something in the

same way in the morning. They seem trying to make us forget our own religion as much as possible. For a time I yielded, and gave up my Bible and my prayer, but lately I have done as I described.

2. "Every Sunday they require us to learn a 'Gospel,' and furnish us with the Romish Testaments for that purpose. The girls generally use those Testaments, but last Sunday I used my own, and intend to do so hereafter, though they do not seem pleased with it. We are required every day, from half-past eleven to twelve, to listen to a lesson on the doctrines of the Catholic Church. The Protestants do not receive or answer questions, but they are required to put away their books, sit round the teachers, and listen respectfully to what she says. Her teaching lately has been on purgatory, and the distinction between mortal sins and venial sins.

3. "We are required to attend chapel services daily. We come in with long, black veils thrown over us, and moving very slowly. On Sunday we have white veils. It seems very solemn; much like a funeral. On the altar are images of the Virgin and St. Joseph, and we are all required to 'bow down to them.' We all conform to this regulation.

"Since Lent came in, seven pictures have hung on each side of the chapel, and in coming in we are expected to kneel before each one in turn on our way to the altar while they pray to the Virgin. This is called 'the way to the Cross.' The prayers are mostly for the souls in purgatory. Several of us Protestants respectfully declined kneeling to the pictures, and were reprimanded for it in the chapel. Then we were taken into a room by ourselves and talked to very severely.

"I have to use great effort to resist these influences. Two Protestant girls, members of a Presbyterian Church in Pennsylvania, go through the whole ceremony. They have been in the convent some time. One of our Protestants has just bought her some beads, and has great faith in them. She thought she got a clear day not long ago by using them in prayer."

How faithful the promise not to interfere "in any way" with their religion is kept with the Protestant young ladies at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Rochester, let candid readers judge. Romanism is a system of duplicity and speciousness. It cares nothing for any false statements it may make so it accomplishes its purposes, for one of its mottoes is, "The end justifies the means."

WOMAN'S EDUCATION.—"The American Woman's Educational Association" has been an organized and efficient power in woman's education for over twenty years. It is one of the best and wisest of the many organizations for the "betterment" of women, recognizing woman's true nature and destiny, and laboring to provide for them. A large meeting of the Association was held in New York a short time ago to revive its energies and enlarge its field of action. Its present object is to secure endowed institutions for the training of women to their special duties and professions, as men are trained for theirs, particularly the science and duties of *home-life*. The following resolutions will sufficiently explain the rest:

Resolved, That one cause of the depressed condition of woman is the fact that the *distinctive profession* of her sex, as the nurse of infancy and the sick, as educator of childhood, and as the chief minister of the family state, has not been duly honored, nor such provision been made for its scientific and practical training as is accorded to the other sex for their professions; and that it is owing to this neglect that women are driven to seek honor and independence in the institutions and the professions of men.

Resolved, That the science of domestic economy, in its various branches, involves more important interests than any other human science; and that the evils suffered by women would be

extensively remedied by establishing institutions for training woman for her profession, which shall be as *generously endowed* as are the institutions of men, many of which have been largely endowed by women.

Resolved, That the science of domestic economy should be made a *study* in all institutions for girls; and that certain practical employments of the family state should be made a part of common school education, especially the art of *sewing*, which is so needful for the poor; and that we will use our influence to secure these important measures.

Resolved, That every young woman should be trained to some business by which she can earn an independent livelihood in case of poverty.

Resolved, That in addition to the various in-door employments, suitable for woman, there are other outdoor employments especially favorable to health and equally suitable, such as raising fruits and flowers, the culture of silk and cotton, the raising of bees and the superintendence of dairy farms and manufactures. All of these offer avenues to wealth and independence for women as properly as men, and schools for imparting to women the science and practice of these employments should be provided and as liberally endowed as are the agricultural schools for men.

Resolved, That organization is a most powerful agency to secure these objects; and that the American Woman's Educational Association is an organization which aims to secure to woman these advantages enumerated, that its managers have our confidence, and that we will co-operate in its plan so far as we have opportunity.

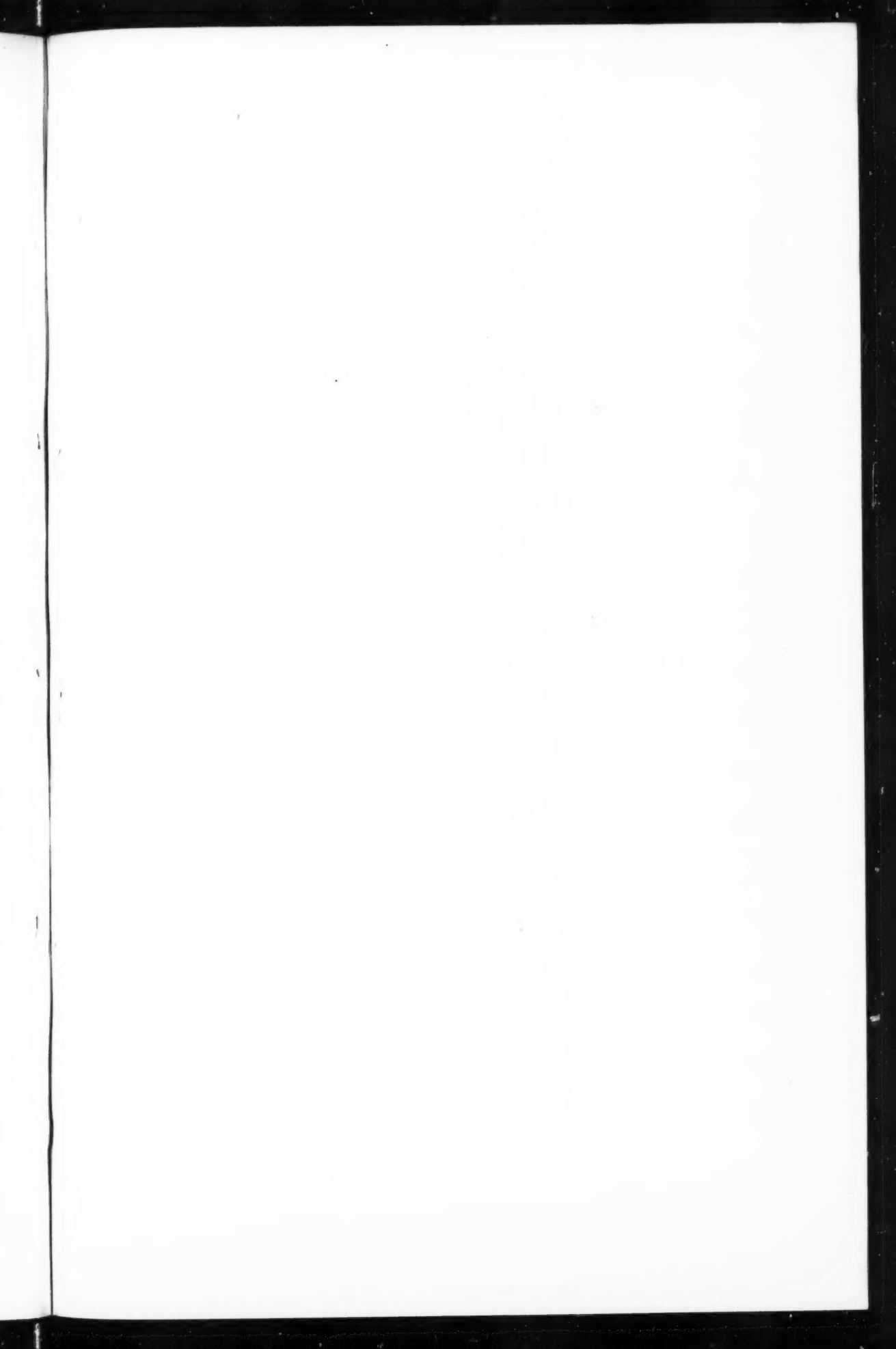
Resolved, That the Protestant clergy would greatly aid in these efforts by preaching on *the honor and duties of the family state*. In order to this, we request their attention to a work just published by Miss Beecher and Mrs. Stowe, entitled, "The American Woman's Home," which largely discusses many important topics of this general subject, while the authors have devoted most of their profits from this work to promote the plans of the American Woman's Educational Association.

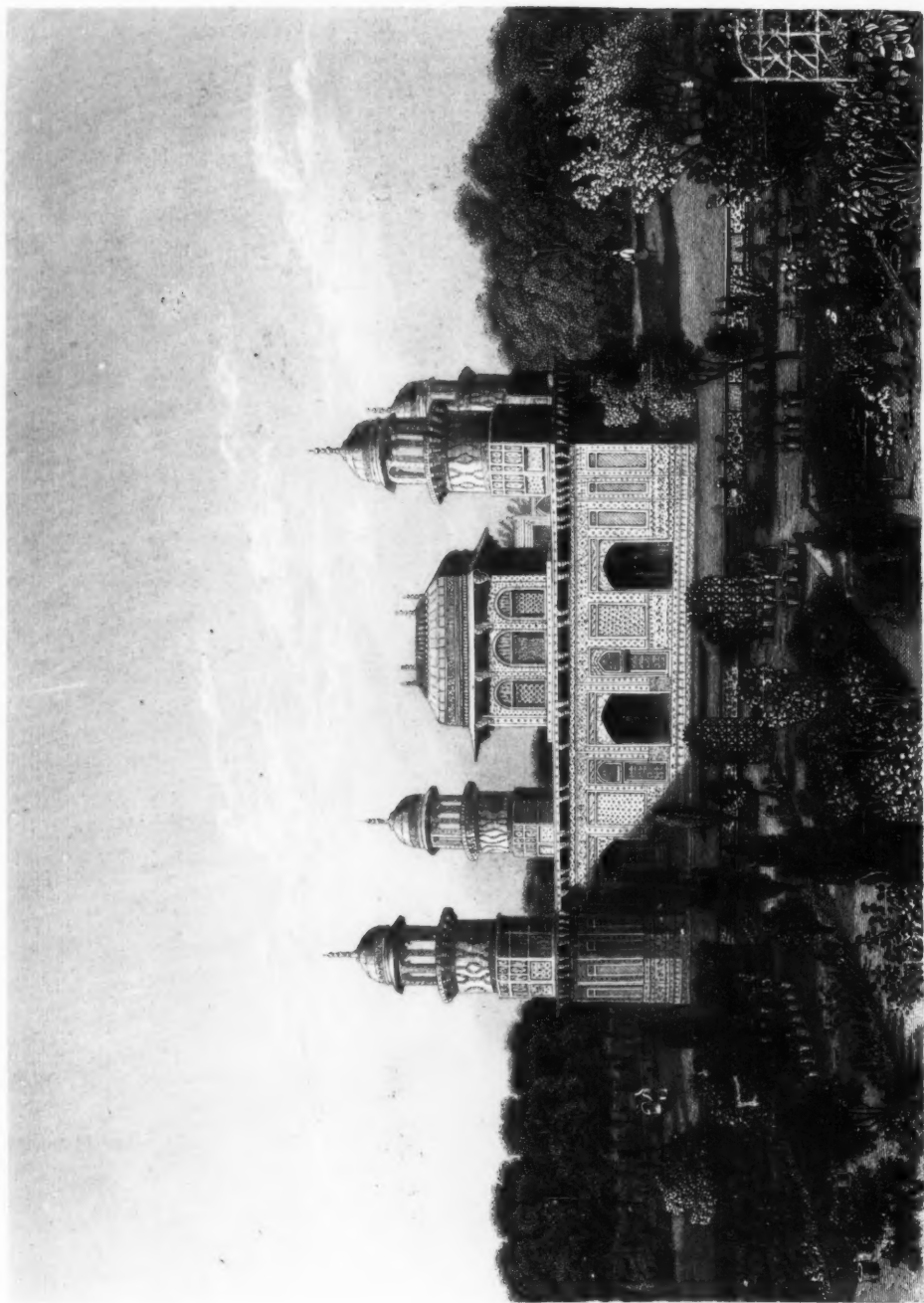
Resolved, That the editors of the religious and secular press will contribute important aid to an effort they must all approve by inserting these resolutions in their columns.

BUSINESS A MEANS OF GRACE.—Instead of business becoming a feeder to covetousness under the prompting of nature it must become a stimulus to benevolence under the promptings of grace. Dr. Hawes, in his biography of Norman Smith, a merchant in his congregation, says he never grew in grace more rapidly, or shone brighter as a Christian, than during the last six or seven years of his life, when he had the greatest amount of business on his hands. From the time when he devoted all to God, and resolved to pursue his business as a part of his religion, he found no tendency in his worldly engagements to chill his piety or enchain his affections to earth. His business became to him a means of grace, and helped him forward in the divine life, just as truly as the reading of the Scriptures and prayer.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.—This institution will begin its sixth annual term of twenty weeks at their new college in Twelfth-street, corner of Second Avenue, the first Monday in November. For announcements, giving full particulars, address, with stamps, the Dean, Mrs. C. S. Lozier, M. D., or the Secretary, Mrs. C. Wells, box 730, New York.

FROM the shortness of time, and the uncertainty of life, we should learn neither to love any mercy inordinately while we have it, nor mourn inordinately when we have lost it.





THE GREAT MOSQUE AT AGRA

Engraved for the Great Exhibition

